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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

C R O W N E.

IV.

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THE DRAMATIC
WORKS OF JOHN CROWNE.

149

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



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THE ENGLISH FRIAR.

OR,

THE TOWN SPARKS.

VOL. 4.

1

The English Friar: or, the Town Sparks. A Comedy,
as it is acted by their Majesty's Servants. By Mr Crowne.
London: Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in St.
Paul's Church-yard. 1690, 4to.

It has been said that Crowne "who in several of his plays had preached up Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, and who had written 'City Politics' on purpose to expose the Whigs, in his dedication of this play [the English Friar], censures the late times, 'when treachery to our country was called fidelity to our king, and betraying the laws was called loyalty.'" * This is not correct. The comedy of "City Politics" was written at a period when Titus Oates and his patrons kept the whole of England in a state of perpetual ferment. Why blame him, therefore, for the severity of a satire against a faction which imperiled the existence of a monarchical government?

Upon the death of Charles, his brother succeeded to the Crown without opposition, and although his religion was not that of the majority of his subjects,—if he had not shewn an unmistakeable determination to force it upon the country, he might have died King of Great Britain. How he lost his crown everybody knows. Duly warned by his sincere friends of what would be the result of his determination to restore popery, he paid no regard to them, but hurried on to his ruin with open eyes, commencing by making his Confessor a Privy Councillor,† and sealing his fate by sending the seven bishops to the Tower.‡

However great might have been the affection entertained by Crowne towards Charles, who was kind and considerate to his dependants, he could have none for James, who never shewed, after succeeding to the Crown, the least inclination to patronize him, and having no partiality, as may be seen from his writings, for priestly domination, he did not choose to renounce

* Geneste, Vol. I., p. 471.

† The 11th Nov. 1687, "Father Petre, clerk of the closet to his Majesty, was sworn of his Majesties Privy Council." *Luttrell*, Vol. I., p. 419.

‡ 3th June 1688. They were acquitted 29th June thereafter.

the religion in which he had been brought up by his father, a Protestant clergyman in Nova Scotia. Had he become an Apostate, he would doubtlessly have been noticed and promoted, and if this had been so, and he had subsequently wheeled round, after James had been set aside, and abused him and his Court, he might then have been justly censured for tergiversation. But he never swerved from the religious principles inculcated in him while a youth.

As James had never, during his brief reign, shewn the least favour to the dramatist, there was no reason to spare him or his Courtiers. Hence it was that Crowne availed himself of the opportunity, in his comedy of the "English Friar," to lay open the frauds and practices of the priesthood to the public, and to shew the danger which Protestantism had run during the rule of the arbitrary Monarch.

That the satire galled the adherents of James is evident from the opposition which the play met with on its production. It has not been ascertained whether any of the characters were intended for particular individuals. Perhaps "Father Finical, a prior of the convent of St James," was intended for Father Petre,* clerk of the closet to King James, nor is it unlikely that Crowne in his amusing character of Lord Stately had some empty Court parasite in view.

It has been suggested that he was indebted to Moliere's "Tartuffe" for his plot. But the two plays are essentially different. The object of Moliere's celebrated comedy was a general exposure of hypocrisy, whereas that of Crowne was purely political, describing in no measured language the dangers to which the Protestant faith had been exposed under James II., and the drama has a value apart from its merits, which are considerable, as cotemporary evidence of the influence acquired by the English Friars. In his preface, to which our readers are referred, the author has very ably defended himself, which renders further remark unnecessary, excepting that the

* Luttrell, 29th November 1688, has noted down "that Father Petre hath packt up several great chests from Whitehall, and sent them away." P. 480. Again "Father Petre is now quite gone, and retired beyond sea."

opposition to the performance of the play exhibits both the wrath and the power of the Jacobites.

In 1717, a comedy by Colley Cibber, with a similar object to that of Crowne, was brought out with great success at Drury Lane, under the name of the "Nonjuror," also alleged to be founded on the "Tartuffe" of Moliere, but the author, we rather think, stands more indebted to Crowne himself for many hints. An English "Tartuffe" had been acted in the Theatre Royal in 1670, which received great applause. It was written by Mathew Medbourne, and was an attack upon the French Huguenots, who were alleged to bear a strong resemblance to the English Puritans.* The author was an actor of considerable repute in the Duke of York's theatre, but, being a Roman Catholic,† and inflamed with a too forward and indiscreet zeal for the religion he had been brought up in, became entangled in Titus Oates' plots, on which account he was committed, November 26, 1678, to Newgate, where he died. His piece was printed at the time it was performed, in 1670. It was reprinted, December 28, 1717, "in which may be seen the plot, characters, incidents, and most part of the language of the 'Nonjuror,'" and it was again acted, June 20, 1718, according to Geneste, who has this brief notice. "Not acted thirty years, 'Tartuffe; or, the Hypocrite.'—Comedy. Bullock, Spiller, &c." Cibber's "Nonjuror" had been brought out at Drury Lane upon the 6th of December preceding.

Medbourne's "Tartuffe" was revived the year following at Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whether subsequently performed, has not been traced. "The Nonjuror" met with great success in the representation, taking a run of eighteen nights; the subject itself being its protection, and its enemies not daring to shew more than a few smiles, as it were, of silent contempt. The

* Medbourne published a religious play in 1677, called "St. Cecile, or the Converted Twins," said, on the title page, to be written by S. M., but of which, the *Biographia Dramatica* alleges, "he was supposed to have been the author," although no authority is offered for this. See Introduction to "Charles VIII." *Crowne*, vol. i.

† *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. II., p. 506.

consequence was what the author foresaw ; viz., the stirring up against him of those who would scarcely suffer anything he wrote afterwards to meet with fair play, and who made him the constant butt of *Mist's Journal*, and of all the Jacobite Faction." *

This was precisely the case with Crowne, who suffered for his exposure of the practices of the Roman Catholic priests, as personified in "Father Finical the English Friar," the petted darling of the ladies, the mouthpiece of the church—and a bishop *in partibus infidelium*. Cibber was more fortunate, for although he may have incurred the enmity of Pope by his attendance upon the Roman Catholic priesthood, and obtained the most prominent place in the *Dunciad*, he never suffered the privation or want of health such as Crowne did, but enjoyed the Royal patronage ; and, having been chosen Poet Laureate in 1730, the salary attached to which being added to the personal property previously acquired by him, he was enabled to leave his profession—acting only occasionally at the rate of fifty guineas a night. "After a number of years, passed in the utmost ease, gaiety, and good-humour, he departed this life at Islington on the 12th of December 1737 ; his man-servant, whom he had talked to at six in the morning in seeming good health, finding him dead at nine, lying on the pillow just as he had left him. He had recently completed his eighty-sixth year."

Although the "Nonjuror" was a more successful drama than the "English Friar," it is inferior in every respect as a comedy. It is dull—and some of the hints are taken from the latter ; for instance, Father Finical becomes a bishop, so does Dr Wolff, both priests are of an amorous complexion ; Finical courts the maid, Wolff the mistress, both are detected, and pretty much in the same manner. The *Biographia Dramatica* says, "The Coquet Maria is truly original, and most elegantly spirited ;" is not this precisely the character of Laura the eldest daughter of Lord Stately, who is described amongst the *Dramatis Personæ* "a great

* *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. IV., p. 87. Geneste says it "was acted twenty-three times. The success of it seems to have galled Cibber's enemies."

Gallant and Coquet?" Not to multiply points of resemblance, it is plain that Cibber had some remembrance of the "English Friar" when he was preparing the "Nonjuror" for the stage.

On the other hand, Crowne's play is very amusing—the characters are well drawn, and the situations excellent. Lady Pinchgut and her half-starved servants are very good, and the worship of Priests by the ladies, old and young, true to the life. Lord Stately is a capital picture of a proud, empty-headed nobleman, conceited, and standing greatly upon his rank—but mean enough to humble himself to the holy Father to obtain the blue ribbon of the garter.*

The "Nonjuror" was altered by Bickerstaffe, and performed at Drury Lane in 1760, under the title of the "Hypocrite." A new character was introduced, named Mawworm, a devoted attendant upon and worshipper of Dr Cantwell—the name assigned to Dr Wolff—and it was frequently acted in the present century when Dowton as Dr Cantwell, and Liston as Mawworm, never failed to attract crowded audiences.

Never was a saintly hypocrite so exquisitely portrayed as was Dr Cantwell by Dowton.

The nobleman to whom Crowne dedicates his comedy

* Lady Pinchgut still survives. There are many characteristic instances, but one will suffice: A lady of fortune and family, resident not a hundred miles from Modern Athens, was reputed to be rather sparing of food to her servants. Having on an occasion sent her coachman to enquire after the health of a neighbouring proprietor, he, on his return, waited on his mistress to report the result of the enquiry—and deeming it a fitting time to afford his lady a delicate hint, added,—"The family send their kind regards to your ladyship,"—after a short pause—"they're real nice folk."

"Ah, indeed!" said the lady.

"Ay, ye see, after I had speered hoo they a' were, an' what not, I was ta'en down to the kitchen whar I got as muckle to eat as I could weel pit in my skin, forbye a big bottle o' raal gude yill—the best I ever drank."

"Indeed," was the reply, "you can go down."

Before the man was half way down stairs to the kitchen, a voice was heard calling from the landing:—

"Cook, you need not give John any dinner; he has dined already."

was William Cavendish, fourth Earl, and subsequently first Duke of Devonshire. He succeeded his father, the third Earl, in 1684, and incurred the displeasure of James II. for having, in his Majesty's presence chamber, pulled Colepepper, one of the Court minions who had insulted him, by the nose, and led him out of the room. For this offence he was fined the large sum of £30,000, and ordered to be imprisoned. The latter part of his sentence he evaded by leaving London and retiring to Chatsworth, his magnificent seat in Derbyshire, but he was compelled to grant a bond for payment of the fine to the King, who, fortunately for him, was too busily engaged in endeavouring to restore Popery to take measures for enforcing the obligation; and the Earl was too wise to put James in remembrance of it by presenting himself at Court, where his presence was at no time pleasant, he having been one of the nobles who had supported the Bill of exclusion. The bond was found by William III. amongst the papers of his predecessor, and by him restored to the Earl.

His Lordship was one of the foremost supporters of the Revolution, and, as a natural consequence, was, upon the settlement of the Kingdom, amply rewarded for his services. He was honoured with the Garter, made Lord Steward of the household, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Derby. In May 1694 he was made Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. Although a staunch member of the Church of England, he was a friend to religious toleration, and fearlessly reminded William that he came over, not to persecute Papists, but to protect Protestants. His Grace died at Devonshire House in London in 1707, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was author of an Ode to the memory of Queen Mary.

It was for many years assumed that the Dukes of Devonshire were the direct descendants of the author of that charming biographical work usually called "*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*." This was not so. The author was *George Cavendish*, Gentleman Usher of the Cardinal, and elder brother of Sir William Cavendish, Auditor of the Court of Augmentations, who died in 1557, and was the husband of the well known Bess of Hardwick, who

originally built Chatsworth. Of this marriage the existing Dukes of Devonshire are the direct male descendants, whilst from their second son came William, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle, one of the worthies of the civil wars, alike remarkable for his loyalty, valour, and literary acquirements. He was a patron of D'avenant who was his quartermaster-general during these unhappy times. He endeavoured to rival his friend as a dramatic writer, and has four plays attributed to him of no inconsiderable merit, two of which are undoubtedly from his pen. His second wife, Margaret, whom he espoused in 1645, was daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta of England. She was as remarkable a person as her husband. She shared his poverty, which was excessive, whilst abroad, and rejoiced in his prosperity on his return from exile. She was, like her illustrious consort, addicted to literature, and was the authoress of various folio volumes now not often seen. From one of them, entitled "Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life," Lond. 1656, Sir Egerton Brydges has extracted "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, written by herself"—*Kent—Lee Priory Press*, 1814, *royal 8vo*, with a prefatory notice of much interest. The Duke died at the advanced age of eighty-four, upon the 25th of November 1670, and the honours of Newcastle in the Cavendish family are extinct. His losses during the civil wars have been estimated at close upon a million.

Whilst the junior branches of the family of Cavendish were rising in the world, the elder one was sinking. The name was not of historical interest when George Cavendish became Gentleman Usher to Cardinal Wolsey. George and William were sons of Thomas Cavendish, clerk of the Pipe, by Alice, daughter and heir of John Smith of Padbrookhall, in the county of Suffolk. The will of the father is dated 13th April 1523, and he is said to have died the following year.

In the pedigree given by Singer, George, the biographer of Wolsey,* is designed of Glemsford and Caven-

* *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, vol. ii., p. lx. Chiswick, 1825, 8vo.

dish, and husband of Margery, daughter of William Kemp of Spainshall, Essex, niece to Sir Thomas More. He is said to have been born about 1500, and to have died about 1561 or 1562. He was succeeded by his son William, designed *Gentleman*, and owner of the Manor of Cavendish, in 1562. In 1569 his grandson, also called William, of London, *Mercer*, 25th July 1569, made over Cavendish and other lands to William Downes of Ludbury, Esq.

Whilst Wolsey had the confidence of his master, the extent of his patronage must have been great. It is but natural to suppose that the Cardinal's usher would endeavour to influence his master on behalf of his brother, and it was in this way that William got an appointment from the King, and was thus enabled to lay the foundation of his future fortune, and to obtain the hand of Bess of Hardwick, a striking instance of the mutability of all human affairs—the elder branch sinking into insignificance, whilst the offshoots of the younger became magnates of the land.

Of the actors who performed in the original cast of this piece, Leigh is noticed in the introduction to Crowne's "City Politics," Kynaston in the prefatory memoir to Sir William Davenant's works, Underhill in the introduction to Crowne's "Country Wit," and Sandford in the introduction to Crowne's "Juliana."

Further of Underhill, Colley Cibber thus remarks :—
 "Underhill was a natural comedian, whose excellence lay in characters of still life, the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid; in some of these he look'd as if it were not in the power of human passions to alter a feature of them: a countenance of wood could not be more fix'd than his, when the blockhead of a character required it. His face was pale and long; from his crown to the end of his nose was the shorter half of it; so that the disproportion of his lower features, when soberly composed, with an *unwandering eye* hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish, moping mortal that ever made beholders merry; not but at other times he could be awaken'd into spirit equally ridiculous. In the coarse rustic humour of Justice Clodpole in 'Epsom Wells,' he was a *delightful brute*."

The same authority says :—" Leigh was of the mercurial kind, not a strict imitator of nature ; yet not so wanton in his performance as to be wholly out of her sight. In humour he loved to take a full career, but was careful to stop short when just upon the precipice. He so excelled in ' The Spanish Friar ' that the Duke of Dorset had his picture drawn in a whole length in that character by Kneller, and the whole portrait is extremely like him. He was much admir'd by King Charles, who us'd to call him *his actor*. He died of the fever a week after Mountford, in December 1692."

" Powell seems to have been formed by nature," says Cibber, " for a first-rate actor, but to have ruined himself in a great manner by his negligence and drunkenness." He was much hurt at Wilks' success, who though intellectually inferior, superseded him.

Boman, or Bowman, was supposed to be near ninety years old when he died ; no coquette was ever more careful to conceal her age than this actor. To those who asked him his age, his constant reply was " Sir, I am very well." So says Davies in his notes to Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus*.

Williams is said to have been a good actor but too fond of his bottle. He seems to have retired from the stage about the same time as Sandford and Kynaston, *i.e.*, 1700.

Bowen, who succeeded Lacy in eccentric comedy, offended at being told that Johnson acted *Jacomo* in the " *Libertine* " better than he did, sent for Quin, who had been of the party, to a tavern, drew upon him, and, despite all remonstrance, pressed so furiously upon him, that Quin being compelled to draw in his own defence, so wounded him that he died within three days. For this, Quin was tried but honourably acquitted. This happened in 1718. " Bowen," according to Chetwood, " had a strong voice which made him considered as an actor of spirit. He was born in Ireland in 1666, and played on the Irish stage several years ; he came to Drury Lane about 1689. He left a natural son who contrived to travel at the expense of government.

" Mrs Bracegirdle was now," says Cibber, 1690, " *blooming* to her maturity, her reputation as an actress gradually rising with that of her form. Never was any

woman in such general favour, which to the last scene of dramatic life she maintained by not being unguarded in her private character. This discretion made her the *cara*, the darling of the Theatre. She had indeed no greater claim to beauty than the most desirable *Brunette* might pretend to; but her youth and lively aspect threw out such a glow of health and cheerfulness, that on the stage few spectators that were *not past it*, could behold her *without desire*." This concluding observation seems strange to those whose habit it is to go to a Theatre for the purpose of seeing the play in a poetic, not in a sensual aspect, and who regard the performers merely as the automatons engaged to work out and illustrate the object the author had in view, and not as individual specimens of humanity of a low order, entirely apart from their theatrie glory, who could for a moment be thought of for baser uses. The spectators who delighted in the drama before the introduction of women on the stage, could not possibly have any other attractions than those arising from the play itself, its poetry and action; and those who go to a Theatre with other thoughts and designs have no true sense of the intention of Stage Plays, and certainly no feeling for its poetry.

Mrs Bracegirdle retired from the stage in the year 1710, in the height of her favour, when most of her contemporaries she was bred up with were declining. She played once after, the part of Angelica in "Love for Love," for the benefit of her old friend, Mrs Betterton. She had acquired a handsome fortune, and died 12th February, 1748.

"Mrs Leigh, the wife of Mr Leigh the Comedian before mentioned," as Colley Cibber again remarks, "had a droll way of dressing the pretty foibles of superannuated beauties. She had in herself a good deal of humour, and knew how to infuse it into the affected mothers, aunts, and stale maids that had *miss'd their market*. In these she was extremely entertaining, and painted, in a lively manner, the blind side of Nature."

Mrs Butler was recommended to the stage by King Charles. She was the daughter of a decayed knight, and proved a good actress, besides being allowed to

sing and dance in perfection. In speaking, her sweet-toned voice, with her naturally genteel air, and her sensible pronunciation, rendered her wholly mistress of *the amiable* in many serious characters. In parts of humour she had a manner of blending her assuasive softness even with the gay, the lively, and alluring; as in the second Constantia in the "Chances," in which Mrs Oldfield's lively performance did not equal hers. She having only forty shillings a week, and being denied the addition of ten more, went with Mr Ashbury to Dublin, who offered her any conditions.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lord Stewart of Their Majesties' Houshold, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Derby, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of Their Majesties' Most Honourable Privy Council.

MY LORD,—The world no doubt will think I judge this play a faultless and excellent piece, when they see it presented to your Lordship, who cou'd never be tempted by Kings, to countenance faults in any man. I will not here say what my opinions are of this comedy; perhaps some part of mankind and I differ about it, and I will not be guilty of the ill manners, I may say the ill morals, to wrangle in the presence of a nobleman, who gives all persons an obliging and entertaining reception. It would therefore be ingratitude to offend him who pleases all. I shall for that reason refer all disputes to a place where they may be manag'd with more decency; and here I only beg leave to tell your Lordship, I approach you not as an author, but as an Englishman; not to beg protection for my errors, but to make my just acknowledgments to those qualities and deserts that have made all Englishmen your debtors. It has been our misfortune to live in a vicious, degenerate age, where men were thought great Wits, that had no more wit than what wou'd serve vicious pleasures; Where men were thought great politicians, that had no more policy than what serv'd the Court's

ambition or their own : Where men were thought able lawyers, whose best skill was in confounding and overthrowing law : When men were thought the best divines, and truest sons of the Church, who were for delivering up the English Church, and Protestant Faith, into the mercy of a Church which has neither faith nor mercy, but boasts of infidelity as a virtue. And we have fal'n into the same miserable mistakes ; virtue has been so strange and unknown amongst us, vice has pass'd for virtue. Treachery to our country was called fidelity to the King ; betraying the laws was call'd loyalty, which is fidelity to them : baseness of spirit was called Christian fortitude : and therefore men did all they could to dispirit us, in order to improve us. They practis'd upon us the arts of the Virtuoso ; they emptied our veins of the Englishman, and transfus'd a sheepish nature into us, which dispos'd us to slaughter : and, when they had done this, they thought they completed us. In such an age, a little wisdom and virtue would shine, and be of excellent use ; but your Lordship, even in this age, has set an example that might have shone in the best times, not only of England, but perhaps of Rome itself. When all virtues were at the greatest height, they ever were among mankind that we know of ; then wou'd your lordship have been eminent for good sense, valour, honour, constancy, faith, friendship, and the most noble of Roman virtues. What then is owing to your Lordship from this age, when much of these had been unknown to us, had they not been maintained by yourself, and some few great men more, but by very few in so eminent a degree as you have done ! Who begun so early ? In youth, a time when most men think not at all, or of nothing but pleasure, then did you think and act right, and was one of

the greatest patrons of truth and right in the Kingdom. Not that you wholly rejected pleasures, which some do more from a narrowness than greatness of mind; they cannot attend to many things at once. Your lordship entertain'd pleasures; how cou'd you shun them? They will follow the young, fortunate, and accomplished. They who please all cannot miss pleasures. You entertained them, but with a spirit that went beyond them, and made public service the chief of your pleasures. This must needs give you a lustre in an age, when so few seek the public, and so many themselves. How many of our pretended patriots have taken our liberties under their guardianship only to sell them? No wonder they sold ours, when they sold their own. How many of our seeming pious men paid great devotion to the Crown in show, but indeed to themselves? The wise men adored for the sake of a star, called the Disposal of Church dignities. When this star fixt over the Popedom, how unanimous were the wise men in their adorations of the Pope, and their acknowledgements of his divinity! When it wander'd, and began to shine over the Crowns of Princes, the wise men began to alter their motions too, and differ among themselves, but all agreed to follow the star. But whither should they go who had no such star for their guide? They would seek the public good, but knew not where to find it; for too many of our learned men have done all they could to make us ignorant, and with too great success. They have attain'd to delude wise and great Princes, and made them believe they were the public, even when they were enemies to it. Codrus, the Athenian King, had better instructions among his Pagans. When he was told the enemies of Athens plotted to save him, in observance of

oracles, that had promis'd them victory provided they kill'd not him, he to save his people plotted his own destruction. Had he been bred under our modern oracles, he would have plotted with the enemy, to save himself by his people's destruction. And if wise Kings have been deceiv'd, no wonder weak thoughtless men, and credulous women, souls prepar'd by nature for folly, abounded with it, when it was sowed thick amongst them. And what successes it has had among these is too apparent by our ill successes. How industriously do thousands oppose their own preservation, and pass with themselves and others, for the most religious and wisest Protestants, and true English, because they wish the ruin of our religion and nation, and desire to see England conquer'd by French slaves, and Irish fools ! These follies are the dregs of a corrupt age, and too nauseous to be generally swallowed. But they are the genuine consequence of those things too many great men have taught amongst us, though they have been so ill logicians as to prove the premises and deny the conclusion. How much to your Lordship's honour has it been, that you in youth had more understanding than those oracles that pretend to give the Kingdom wisdom ! More integrity and noble zeal, than many who were our confessors, and are now our martyrs. They maintain'd, indeed, self-denying opinions, and rend'ring all to the will of another, but with secret designs of having that other under their will and direction. And now many suffer for the public in shew, but indeed for their private credit among their believers and admirers, as we have too much reason to suspect. Your Lordship in youth saw that truth our seers could not see, and supported it for its own sake ; not because it supported you, for you have often suffered by it.

Nor did you only begin well ; you have held on with a resolution and constancy rarely to be found. You have been always one and the same great man, above all temptations or threats of Courts, and changes of fortune, ever adhering to a friend, and a cause, if good, though their fortunes were never so bad. Ill Courts could not awe or buy you ; you had more honour than they, and were better able to advance them than they could you. To give them greatness by all honourable ways was your sole ambition ; and this when you were not possessed of your present splendid fortunes and dignities, that your greatness was in yourself. Then could nothing sway you but the public interest, of which a King is always a considerable part. Therefore, your opposition never was to Kings, but to Princes, who would not be Kings, but something apart from the public, and what we did not understand. Now we have a King indeed we find your Lordship one of the principal ornaments of his Court, and supports of his reign.

One thing I must not omit, though no man has more greatness than you, no man has more condescension. Though you are above the allurements and threats of Princes, you are humble to the meanest of subjects : You are most obliging to all men, and yet have given proofs by your sword, and otherwise you fear no man. These qualities are very attractive, and no wonder if all persons court you. And I doubt not but your Lordship will pardon me, if I, by humbly dedicating myself, and so much as there is of good sense in my following poor labour, to your favour, endeavour to do myself honour ; I am not so vain to believe I can add any to you. That I may approach your Lordship with the less offence, I beseech you give me leave to shew the present I offer you comes

from hands more clean than some suppose. 'Tis true I oppos'd some that oppos'd the faults of Courts; but 'twas because I thought they did it in so faulty a manner, as made the better cause appear the worse; and confounded it with many a bad one. Ill manners is certainly a cause no man ought to defend; and is not among the rights of the people. To expose this cou'd not offend any man of sense and quality; and therefore certainly not the Earl of Devonshire, who is judg'd by all men to be one of the best bred gentlemen in Europe. I had much bread from the Princely bounty of King Charles, and claims to more from his justice for a great province of vast value given in his reign to the French; half of which was my father's rightful property and mine, as his heir. This fixt me in a dependence on that Court, for I could have my compensation no where else; yet my aversions to some things I saw acted there by great men, carried me against my interest to expose Popery and Popish courts in a tragedy of mine, call'd, *The Murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester*, which pleas'd the best men of England, but displeas'd the worst; for ere it liv'd long, it was stifled by command. Nay, in what I wrote for the Court, I spar'd not their tampering with knavish lawyers, magistrates, and Irish evidence. But I am a subject not to be relish'd, after what is gone before. I'll give it over, for I shall sufficiently recommend myself to the esteem of all good men, under the title of,—My lord, your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

I would say nothing in defence of this comedy, if all the world were against it. It must be a great cause indeed that can justify a war upon the whole world ; but there being multitudes, and some of very good sense, that cry out on the injustice done me, I think I cannot in gratitude or manners fling up the cause as defenceless, and disparage their judgments, who seek to give me reputation. I shall not trouble the reader with much defence, because I do not hear much said against me. The complaints that I hear of plead in part for me. The faults they lay on the characters are, there is not enough of any one of them ; this is a plain confession they are pleasant, else never so little would be too much of them. They say many persons of quality, of both sexes, are exposed in them. That's more than I know, who aim'd at no particulars ; but this is a plain proof they are natural. They say there are many incongruities in them. Lord Stately, contrary to his pride, goes a-wooing for his daughter, and begs Lord Wiseman to accept her. They that say this are thick-sighted, and do not see far enough. He woos for his daughter, but 'tis in order to woo for the Court. The Court earnestly desir'd to get Lord Wiseman, and Lord Stately pimps for the Court ; a thing very agreeable to a Court slave, practised at all times by such men, and never more than in the last Court, when the greatest men in the kingdom went up and down, begging the laws of the meanest of the people. Nor is it unnatural to a proud man to do a shame-

ful thing ; on the contrary, the prouder he is the more a fool, and the more likely to do nothing else. Proud men frequently take those ways to honour that procure them contempt. They say 'tis preposterous and absurd in the Frier to rush so boldly into a lady's chamber. 'Tis granted, and for that reason I shew it, because it was the frequent impudent practise of the late priests and Friers. They who are displeased with my shewing this, are pleased with the conduct of the Friers, and fain would have them again. Some say 'tis ridiculous and disagreeing with the pride of the Frier, to court a waiting gentlewoman ; on the contrary, he would therefore court a waiting-woman, because he was proud. The pride of the Frier was not the pride of a foppish beau, who thinks the enjoying a woman of quality one of the supreme glories of the world ; 'twas the pride of a Popish Prelate, Apostle, and converter of nations. And he was to maintain, with all possible caution, a character of sanctity, which might be endangered by an address to a woman of quality. If she rejected and exposed him she would be believed. If she received him, yet familiarities with her would be difficult ; and if they appeared, scandalous stories from a waiting-woman would be slighted, and he could trample on them with scorn ; and if she receiv'd him, they might converse unsuspected. Besides, chaplains and waiting-women naturally love like twins. They are bred together, and have often one kind of birth. And who so likely to bear the Frier, when he was grown a Right Reverend Romish bull, as a waiting-woman, who used to bear him during his whole growth from a calf of a chaplain ? And Right Reverend is a name that sounds much better in a Cathedral than an amour ; 'twill not

come well into a song or a billet-doux ; and, if it stirs up a wanton love passion, it must be by the money that attends it, and therefore most tempting to a waiting woman. Some say there's no plot in the play : they may if they please say I have no eyes ; if they do, I have no way to convince them of the contrary, but by desiring them to open theirs, and look. I am not old enough to love telling stories twice, and will not do it ; 'tis unjust to put the bookseller to charge for their folly. They that saw no plot in the play may wash their eyes from the dust my enemies made, and look again. If they will not, but will condemn me without a trial, whose will be the shame ? That they saw no plot in it the first day, it's possible my enemies made such confusion in the pit ; and, by consequence, among the actors upon the stage, no plot could be well seen or heard, but one in the pit to damn me, that was visible and audible enough. A play ought to be calmly heard before it is judged, and heard more than once, if it has anything to say for itself, as most acknowledge this has ; Judges that have passed hasty sentences have oft been forced to recant. Plays that have been condemned a while have been pardon'd and favoured, nay, doted on after ; and plays that have been doted on a while have been whipped and branded after. And this play, notwithstanding all the barbarous usage it received, began visibly to lift up its head, and take revenge on its enemies ; but the players thought fit to keep it down, to preserve the peace of the stage, for otherwise they would never have given over a play that brought so much good company together, as this did on the third day, by its own strength. For I never did, or will, make court to multitudes, and therefore they never did, or

will, make court to me. I have much ado to get my right from them; they who court them more get favours from them, but all that can be got this way is so small, I love not to go out of my way for it. No man can conclude of the infirmity of the play, barely from the mischiefs it received; if a house tumble of itself, though it appeared never so strong, most certainly 'twas weak, but if it be torn all to pieces, and tossed in the air, the devil was in't; nobody can judge more or less of the strength or weakness of the building. This play, before it came on, pleased all that read it, all that I read it to, all that heard it rehearsed; all the actors, they studied their parts with great delight, and expectation of success, and feared nothing more than not to maintain them so well as they deserv'd. Since the acting also, it has pleased multitudes, and all are forced to confess, that there are many things new and pleasant, both in the wit and characters; yet, after all this it is render'd horrible by some, as if it had nothing in it but monsters. Over-nice Sparks turn their backs on it, and ladies are kept from it lest it shou'd fright them into fits; this must proceed from the devil, there's nothing of man in it: And what ill spirits were at work, I think every man knows. I have not read of any battle, siege, or skirmish, where any of the enemies of the government behav'd themselves with such mettle and boldness, as that party did that attack'd this play: They ran upon edge and point, and fought it with head, stick and heel; and I commend them, for their heels and canes being as wise as their heads, but much harder, gave the play the worst blows. Had they trusted only to their heads they might have been worsted, but striking the ground perpetually with stick and heel made such a noise

and confusion, that none but butchers, and others us'd to bull-baitings, cou'd take any pleasure in the house. To these they made such an agreeable entertainment, and others they so deaf'ned, that none could attend to the players. On the contrary, the audience was become actors, and the actors an audience; seeing a play begun in the pit, the actors were bound in good manners to let their parts fall, and give way to their betters. And so it is generally said, they did. Some acquit me, and lay great fault upon them. That I will not do, for some of them kept up their parts to a very good height, and those that let them fall when they perceived them disgustful to any were not in fault, but shewed more modesty than some actors in the pit, who act parts nauseous to the whole world; parts for which they have been scorn'd already by the Court they serv'd, and yet they desire the return of it, to be scorn'd again. For will that Court be more humble by conquest, and these men more worthy of favour by being twice fool'd? I will acknowledge, the opposition these men gave me rather encreas'd than diminish'd my reputation among good men that knew them; but these murderers of my play had not the mark of Cain on their forehead, they had agitators that drew many well-meaning people to their sides, who knew not whither they went. 'Tis very common with men to grow sick at a play, and not to know whence the disease comes; they often think 'tis caused by some ill air from the play, and it proceeds wholly from some pestilent neighbour that blasts it. And as men that have the plague often desire to infect a sound person, so half Wits, whom heaven has left to commit wicked songs and verses, and by such iniquities catch reproach, are always very desirous to give others some of their

shame. None have run upon me with more eagerness than some of these did. How severe have some been against me who could not furnish out a song completely with sense, but have been forc'd to fill half on't with trash, as Cardinal Campeius did his sumpters, and fell into his disgrace: their Muses stumbled as his beasts did, and out came all their empty marrow-bones. 'Tis well known in this town there is a standing army of such fops as these, to maintain the reign of foppery, and fight all opposers of it that will not truckle to them and flatter them. This play then must have had great vigour had it stood, for there were against it all of the Romish religion, all Protestants that would betray their religion; besides, all the statelies, ranters, coquets, airy's and half-wits: A torrent able to bring soil enough. And I wonder not the fancies of any were pall'd. And I do not wonder if any honest gentleman of sense, and my very good friends, went away displeas'd with a play imperfectly acted, and furiously opposed: I shall lay no fault to their charge, but over much modesty; they suffer their good judgements to be borne down by a crowd of ill ones, and with over much precipitance. Besides, for ought I know, they have reasons for their dissatisfaction I have not heard of; if they have not, yet I shall not blame them. A play may disgust the fancy when reason can find no fault. Some hate tragedies though never so good, and others find no pleasure in comedy. After all, I do not pretend the play wants faults, or that men of sense cannot, with a little painstaking, find matter in it to be displeased. And, if any of my friends take pleasure in being displeas'd, I shall submit, and be glad I can give them pleasure any way. My opposition in this defence is chiefly bent against those, who, without

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regard to right or wrong, treated me with so much injustice ; some, as themselves have boasted, to revenge on me what I once wrote against them ; others to revenge what I now wrote against them. These last I have least reason to complain of ; they have used me as well as they desire to do their country and themselves, for whose shame and ruin they study, and with passion long.

PROLOGUE.

Heaven to the Muses well may coin deny,
Pleasures attend on 'em no gold can buy.
Our poet even in poetry is poor,
Yet he so charming finds his little store,
All England seems to him less rich than he,
For he's content, which England ne'er will be.
All sects and parties lend him stuff for plays,
And his delight, though not his fortune raise.
Goods borrowed thus he does not long retain,
But on the stage brings fools and knaves again
To those that lent 'em, that they may have use,
Profit and pleasure of their own produce.
To-day he does make bold a farce to shew,
Priests made and acted here some months ago ;
They turn'd to farce the Court, the Church, the
Laws,

It met awhile some fortune and applause.
Now sure, the Wits that did assist it then,
And fain wou'd have it acted o'er again,
Will like it on the stage ; 'tis cheapest here :
Priests are good actors, but they're cursed dear ;
And will, if they return, have greater pay,
With reason ; oh, they lost a hopeful play.
Truth is, if ever priests return, they come
With all the hunger, rage, revenge o' Rome,
And, therefore, we had best no longer jar,
We shall agree too late when in the snare.
Nay, they who once serv'd priests, and still pro-
mote

France, Teague, and Jesuit, in their secret vote ;
And are so mad, they'd give up England's glory,
Only to keep the wretched name of Tory.
Had better quit their plots, and cheaply sit
To see us act the product of their wit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD STATELY, <i>Father of</i>	}	MR LEE.
<i>Laura and Julia, . . .</i>		
LORD WISEMAN, <i>in love with</i>	}	MR KINASTON.
<i>Laura, . . .</i>		
BELLAMOUR, <i>in love with Julia,</i>	}	MR POWELL,
FATHER FINICAL, <i>A Friar, of</i> <i>the Convent of St. James's,</i> <i>and made a Bishop in part-</i> <i>ibus in fidelium, . . .</i>		
YOUNG RANTER, <i>A young de-</i> <i>bauch of Quality, . . .</i>	}	MR WILLIAMS.
OLD RANTER, <i>His father, . . .</i>		
DULLMAN, <i>A companion of the</i> <i>Ranters, . . .</i>	}	MR BRIGHT.
LADY PINCH-GUT'S <i>Coachman,</i>		
SIR THOMAS CREDULOUS,		MR SANDFORD.
LAURA, <i>Lord Stately's eldest</i> <i>daughter, a great Gallant and</i> <i>Coquet, . . .</i>	}	MRS JORDAN.
JULIA, <i>Laura's sister, . . .</i>		
AIRY, <i>A young, gay beauty,</i> <i>privately debauch'd and kept</i> <i>by Lord Wiseman, . . .</i>	}	MRS BUTLER.
LADY PINCH-GUT, <i>A rich,</i> <i>covetous widow, . . .</i>		
LADY CREDULOUS, <i>Sir</i> <i>Thomas's wife, a bigotted</i> <i>papist, doting on priests; an</i> <i>admirer of Father Finical.</i>	}	MRS BOWTELL.
PANCY, <i>Lady Credulous's woman,</i>		
LADY ADMIRERS <i>of Father</i> <i>Finical,</i>		

SCENE : *London.*

THE ENGLISH FRIAR

OR

THE TOWN SPARKS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room.*

Enter LORD WISEMAN, *and his* GENTLEMAN.

Gen. I wonder your Lordship thinks of marrying i' this family ; there's folly enough in it to make ten families miserable. 'Tis true, my Lord Stately is a great man.

Lo. W. A great man ? He's a vain silly old boy, that at threescore is fond of toys, of the smiles of those above him, and the cringes and bows of those below him, that will rave if the Court don't dandle and please him. He's made a slave by slaves, and a fool by fools, and is more inconsiderable than thou art.

Gen. I, my Lord ? I'm a great man in comparison of him. I have a more noble employment. I serve your Lordship, a man of honour, and you serve your country and religion ; my Lord Stately serves priests and friars, yet, which is strange, is a Protestant, and a very proud man.

Lo. W. Oh ! your proud man is ever servile. He's humble to those above him, in order to domineer over all below him.

Gen. Will not your Lordship disgrace yourself by marrying this Lord's daughter ?

Lo. W. I will not marry his daughter but his enemy, for so she shall be if I marry her. I mean an enemy to his faults and follies. And so, by marrying her, I shall make war upon him, and give the Kingdom some reprisals for the wrong he has done it.

Gen. But does your Lordship hope to get her consent to marry you without a fortune?

Lo. W. I confess, 'tis not likely I shou'd prevail with a sparkish coquet to be a martyr for laws, who wou'd be lawless, and values a billet-doux above Magna Charta. To be a martyr for religion, who goes not to adore but to be ador'd, and cares not what faith men have in religion, so they have a true faith in her beauty.

Gen. I wonder your Lordship loves her.

Lo. W. Love is seated in the veins not in the reason. And she is very handsome, and has much wit in her head, though little in her conduct; and virtue in her heart, though levity in her behaviour. Her fault is not too little virtue, but too much vanity. Truth is, the luxury she finds in her beauty corrupts her understanding.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord, here is my Lord Stately's gentleman usher!

Lo. W. Ha! Then my Lord has heard o' my address to his daughter, and by his coming shou'd approve of it, and by consequence of our side. Call the Usher!

Enter USHER.

Ush. An't please your Lordship, my Lord sends to enquire of your health, and if this be a convenient season for your Honour to receive a visit from his Lordship.

Lo. W. A fool is never in season. (*Aside.*) I shall be glad to see your Lord; when will he be here?

Ush. Immediately, my Lord his Honour is but at the next door, making a visit to a person of Honour, and, just as I came away, their Honours were upon taking their last solemn leaves.

Lo. W. Never to see each other more, sir? are they travelling?

Ush. No, my Lord, they see each other daily, and never meet or part without many great and solemn ceremonies.

Lo. W. Coxcomb! there's no such thing as a solemn ceremony. [*Aside.*]

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, here's your Lord's footman come from your Lord, to tell you your Lord's hat is blown out of his hand.

Lo. W. Why did not the footman take it up?

Ush. He durst not, my Lord; it is above him.

Lo. W. Where? A top o' the chimney?

Ush. Above his office, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Lo. W. How does this fool for want of solid greatness swell with empty ceremony, and fortify himself without works. That a man must dig through rubbish to come at an ass! Oh! here he comes.

Enter LORD STATELY and USHER.

My Lord, your Lordship has surpriz'd me. I intended to receive you at your coach.

Lo. S. My Lord Wiseman, I am your creature. Upon my honour, you have a pretty house here—ha!

Lo. W. Indifferent, my Lord.

Lo. S. What?—

Lo. W. Indifferent, my Lord. Pox on him, he counts it a piece o' State to have no ears—or at least none for anything but a Minister o' State.

[*Aside.*]

Lo. S. Who's that ?

Lo. W. My servant, my Lord.

Lo. S. Is he of a good family ?

Lo. W. I don't know, my Lord.

Lo. S. Not know ? Oh ! that's a fault—a fault—persons of Honour shou'd have men of fashion about them. I mind nothing in my gentlemen so much as families ; and so anciently all persons of Honour did : but the civil wars undid us, embezzell'd all the grandeur and ceremonies of England. Sir, set your Lord and me a couple of chairs ! Will your Lordship give me leave to sit ?

Lo. W. Oh ! my good Lord——

Lo. S. I mean by your Lordship's example ; till you sit I stand——

Lo. W. Oh ! good, my Lord——

Lo. S. To all eternity ; I stand to eternity.

Lo. W. A fool is troublesome even with his courtesy. (*Aside.*) My Lord, I'm at your command——

Lo. Sta. My Lord, your humble—very humble——

[*After much ceremony he sits and blows.*
Now let me see—come—pooh ! [*Blows.*]

Lo. W. Pox o' this boisterous fool ! what devil brings him hither ? [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. Let me see—come—pooh ! [*Blows.*]

Lo. W. Now is he thrashing his brains for prate and has nothing in them but chaff. Wou'd he were beating hemp in Bridewell. [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. My Lord, I have not had the honour to see your Lordship a considerable time ; your Lordship comes not to Court, which I could wish you would. It becomes a man of quality to follow the

Court. It has been the glory of our family, there has not been one person in it these four hundred years, that has not followed the Court, served the Court, voted for the Court, fought for the Court, nay, many of us have had the honour to lose our heads for the Court; and is not that a great thing? ha? what?

Lo. W. No doubt, my Lord, 'tis very honourable to pay reverence to our Princes, and all obedience to their lawful commands; but I am very unwilling to pay respect to priests and friars that abuse the Court and nation.

Lo. S. Oh they are great favourites, and 'tis a piece of good breeding to honour a favourite. Pray, come to Court, my Lord, and make a figure there as I do; it will be very well taken. I'll assure you, your Lordship was nominated this morning at the Royal levee, with a very high character, as a person whose service would be greatly acceptable to the Court. Whereupon I presently reflected upon some informations I lately received, that your Lordship is pleased to think well of a daughter of mine. Is it so, my Lord? ha!

Lo. W. All the world are admirers of both your Lordship's fair daughters.

Lo. S. My Lord, your humble—very humble. I resolved to discourse the matter with your Lordship, and that's the affair that brings me hither. My Lord, come to Court! I have a lady at your service. What? what?

Lo. W. A very fine pimp. (*aside.*) Your Lordship's most humble servant.

Lo. S. Which of my daughters is it that has most power over your lordship, ha?

Lo. W. The eldest, my Lord.

Lo. S. Ha!

Lo. W. The eldest, my Lord.

Lo. S. Very well ; she's a great Gallant, and has much o' the air and spirit of the Statelys. My youngest daughter has something more of a negligent air ; but they are both fine women, very fine women. Well, my Lord, pray let me see you at my house ! what ?

Lo. W. My Lord, you do me too much honour.

Lo. S. Why, that's well said.

Lo. W. 'Tis not safe to slight him. [*Aside.*

Lo. S. I'm come to be your neighbour. I live hard by at my lady Pinch-guts. Ha !—

Lo. W. Indeed, my Lord ? I thought I saw her servants at the door.

Lo. S. Oh ! There's a knack in that ; a notable knack—my Lady and I understand one another.

Lo. W. Your Lordship is not upon marrying the Lady ?

Lo. S. Some such matter, ha ! what ?

Lo. W. I think she's a Roman Catholic.

Lo. S. Oh ! never the worse, I shall make my court that way to the Court. Whatever her religion be, her own merit is great. 'Tis true, she's a citizen's widow ; Sir Thomas Pinchgut was a citizen, but her father was an honourable Lord Viscount ; and she has a fair estate, which her own excellent parts have much improved.

Lo. W. By starving herself, and all her servants. [*Aside.*

Lo. S. Now the truth is, I would as soon as possible secure my daughters, by noble marriages, from the rude attempt of ruffians. You know one young Ranter, my Lord.

Lo. W. I do, my Lord.

Lo. S. He boasts himself to be the cock-drinker, cock-fighter, and cock-wencher o' Christendom.

Lo. W. He does so, and is as proud of it as if he were Emperor of Christendom.

Lo. S. Ay, there's a folly reigns among us; your young fellows now are proud of having no manners, no sense, no learning, no religion, no good nature; and boast of being fops and sots, and pox'd, in order to be admired. Now my daughter was at a play in a box, and young Ranter talks to her, gallants to her coach, follows her home, all whether she would or no, and there ruffles my maids, beats my men, breaks my windows, and runs away like the devil conjured out of a house.

Enter a FOOTMAN, running.

Foot. My Lord! my Lord! my Lord!

Lo. S. So, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord! this fellow and I are companions. Pray, Mr Footman, how long have you been so great? Do you not know the orders of my house, sirrah! that no footman must deliver a message to my own person, but hand it reverently to me by my gentleman?

Foot. An't please your honour, I come about business o' consequence.

Lo. S. Sirrah! Manners is business of consequence. What you have to say, deliver to my gentleman usher.

Foot. Look you, sir—

Lo. S. Look you, sir! what a saucy preface there is to his message, and how he chops up my gentleman usher. Sirrah, I'll have you corrected!

Foot. I don't know how his Honour would have me speak, but while his Honour is teaching me to speak, his coach and horses will be lost.

Lo. S. What says the fellow? my coach and horses lost?

Foot. Yes, an't please your Honour. One Mr Ranter and his father, old Squire Ranter, and one Mr Dulman, and a great heap o' bullies and whores, and fiddlers, came all drunk out of a

tavern, and, seeing your Honour's coach, pulled the coachman out o' the box; and away gets a heap o' whores into the coach, and a heap o' fiddlers o' top o' the coach, and a heap o' bullies behind the coach; and young Squire Ranter gets into the box, and old Squire Ranter gets o' top o' one of the horses for a postilion, and away they drive, kicking and whipping, and singing and fiddling, and bawling and roaring, all to the devil. And I believe your coach will be broke, and your horses killed, or run away with.

Lo. Sta. So—very brave!——

Lo. W. Ha' you sent nobody after them to stop them?

Foot. We did what we cou'd to stop them; but they drew their swords, and threat'ned to cut us in pieces: Then we threat'ned them with a Justice o' Peace, and then they swore they'd kill all Hickes'-Hall.

Lo. Sta. Let them go! I am glad o' this; to steal horses is flat felony. I shall have an opportunity to rid the world of a damnable pest, that threatens to depopulate us; a nation o' savages, born among ourselves, over-run and destroy us! The play-house is as dangerous as a campaign; before we go thither, we ought to enter our guts in an Insurance Office.

[A noise of singing, roaring, and fiddling without.]

Lo. W. I'm in a horrid fear these Barbarians are invading us; this is their martial music.

Foot. My Lord, they're come! I see them.

Lo. Sta. Draw! I'll fight them.

Lo. W. Do not, my Lord! Ranter is stout.

Lo. Sta. Stout? Sir, I am as stout as he——

Lo. W. But yon ha' not so strong a party; do not bring mischief on yourself.

Lo. Sta. I value no mischief like dishonour. Shall I suffer rascals to trample upon me? What?

Lo. W. I think 'twill dishonour your Lordship's greatness to contend with sots.

Lo. Sta. You say right! 'twill be not very graceful to peck with jack-daws; and I'm in your Lordship's house, I'll be govern'd.

Enter young RANTER, old RANTER, DULLMAN, Bullies, Whores, Fiddlers; the Fiddlers playing, the rest singing and dancing.

O. Ran. My Lord Wiseman—confound me—how dost do?—confound me—

Lo. Sta. Atheistical and nonsensical.

Y. Ran. Wiseman, kiss mine a—, with a “lero—lero—lillibullero”—— [*Sings.*]

O. Ran. Is not my son a pleasant dog?

Dull. You're happy in a son—rot me——

Lo. Sta. Rare refin'd conversation.

Y. Ran. We, wanting coaches, make bold with an honest Lord's coach; but, i'faith, I'm afraid we ha' done it some damage. So, being very civil persons, we come to beg his pardon. Oh! here he is—Gentlemen, beg his pardon! My Lord, I beg your pardon with all my soul.

O. Ran., Dull., Bullies. My Lord, we beg your pardon——

Y. Ran. My Lord, we beg to be more acquainted with you.

O. Ran., Dull., Bullies. We beg to be more acquainted with you, my Lord.

Lo. Sta. These fellows will murder me.

[*All stumble on him, and toss him to and fro.*]

Y. Ran. We are lewd fellows, my Lord.

O. Ran. As lewd as Sillybub the King of devils.

Lo. Sta. Sillybub! Belzebub the fop means.

He serves the devil, and does not know his master's name.

Y. Ran. My Lord, pray take notice of this fellow ! he's my father, and a very honest son of a whore.

Lo. Sta. He calls his father, son of a whore !

O. Ran. A pleasant dog.

Lo. Sta. He calls his son, dog.

Dul. Rare company, really.

Lo. Sta. Well sir, what have you done with my coach ? and where is it !

Y. Ran. In my a—, my lord ; your most humble servant.

Lo. Sta. An impudent fellow !

O. Ran. Ha ! ha ! Witty rogue ! He says a thousand o' these things in a day.

Dul. He's the glory o' the nation.

Lo. Sta. If I have not these fellows beaten, I'll forfeit my coat of arms.

Y. Ran. Wiseman, we have been boxing the heavens all night with oaths, till the face o' the sky look'd black and blue.

O. Ran. Ha, boys ! the rogue has more wit than half the nation.

Dul. Than forty nations really.

Y. Ran. Will you rob, my Lord ? You and I'll take a purse together——this fellow and I have done it often.

O. Ran. We have, i'faith—we rob—ha ! ha !

Lo. Sta. Rob ? a very good jest—why do I stay to hear the nauseous prate of these beastly fellows ?

Y. Ran. Are you going, my Lord ? Pray don't let's lose your company—Ladies, my Lord is a courtier, he'll not deny you anything. Caress him, caress him ! [*The Wenches ramp on Lord Stately.*]

Lo. Sta. Stand off, you impudent queens. I shall be ridden to death with night-mares ; stunk to death !

Lo. W. Away, you sluts!

Lo. Sta. Sirrah, you are an impudent saucy fellow, to abuse a man o' my Quality. I'll send your baggages to Bridewell, and break your pate.

Y. Ran. Break my pate?—ha! ha!

O. Ran. Thou break my boy's pate?

Lo. W. Laugh at these fellows, my Lord! do not honour them with your anger.

Lo. Sta. 'Tis true, I make them too considerable; farewell, my Lord!

Lo. W. Pray, let me see your Lordship in your coach.
[*Exit with Lord Stutely.*]

Y. Ran. Sirrah, get you gone, you old-fashion'd tag! and hang at your master's breech.

[*Kicks out the Usher.*]

O. Ran. Thou Cæsar, thou Alexander!

Dul. He's a greater man than either of them.

Enter LORD WISEMAN.

Y. Ran. So, have you dispos'd o' your moral proud puppy?

Lo. W. Ah! thou cully, how art thou cheated out of thy wit, thy manners, thy good nature, by the brutal fools of the age, that palm false sense upon thee. Thou art by nature a good virtuous fellow.

Y. Ran. Virtuous? there's a character for a girl! shortly he'll say I have the green-sickness.

O. Ran. Virtuous? If I thought he was virtuous I'd cut his pate.

Y. Ran. You cut my pate? Have you a mind to have the handle o' your face wrung off, old brazen nose?
[*Pulls his father by the nose.*]

O. Ran. Do you see the dog? look o' the boy! look o' the boy! ha! ha!

Dul. The best company that ever was born.

Lo. W. I tell thee, thou art as arrant a

hypocrite in vice as some are in religion; thy lewdnesses are all borrowed, yet art thou proud of them. Thou may'st as well be proud of borrowed clothes. I had rather wear a fool's livery than his folly, and be his footman than his ape. Leave these things! nature designs thee not for them; thou hast no call to them.

Y. Ran. No call?—

[*Pulls out a cat-call and squeaks.*]

O. Ran. There he has him again. Wit again—ha! ha!

Dull. Incomparably pleasant!

Lo. W. Dost thou take this for wit? This may entice cats to thee. But this and thy other follies, will drive all men and women o' sense and quality from thee.

Y. Ran. Has Stately's daughter, your mistress, neither sense nor quality?

Lo. W. Oh! sir, I have heard o' your behaviour there.

Y. Ran. You shall hear more of it shortly, sir. And you shall find I am no such virtuous good-natur'd fellow, as you take me for. And don't you abuse me with such a pimping character. I scorn virtue and good nature, and all things that belong to 'em. I never will do one good thing, or say one true word while I breathe. Why do you think I make love to your mistress? because I don't like her, and every word I speak to her will be a lie.

O. Ran. Oh! brave soul.

Dull. Oh! a noble soul really.

[*Exeunt all but Lo. W.*]

Lo. W. So, this young fellow is like to go right. He has a false understanding, and he's put to school by his father to brutal bullies, that are worse fools than their lewd disciple; and made him believe all sorts of brutality very fine. Thus

too much of our nation is corrupted at the fountain-head, the youth.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. My Lord, here's Madam Airy!

Lo. W. She did not meet the Ranters, I hope?

Ser. No my Lord, she came in the usual way at the back door.

Lo. W. That's well! I love her so well still to be tender of her reputation. [*Aside.*
Call in the hopping, chirping, singing bird!

Enter AIRY dancing and singing.

Airy. When the kind wanton hour
Gave me into his power,
He never trembled more
To go on duty,
When he to win renown,
Scal'd a proud lofty town,
As to lay gently down,
A yielding beauty.

Bon jour, Monsieur. You see all your cruelty shall not take my good humour from me. What! you have been serenaded by the Ranters?

Lo. W. Did you meet 'em?

Airy. No, I need not meet 'em, they follow me fast enough. Ranter makes love to me; I shall not want for lovers when I ha' lost you.

Lo. W. Nay, you'll do very well in his consort, for you tune your fiddle much after his manner.

Airy. Well, I have done nothing but laugh, since you fool'd yourself by courting that vain coquette, my Lady Stately's daughter.

Lo. W. She shall be worth having when I marry her.

Airy. In money, you mean?

Lo. W. In virtue and honour.

Airy. She must borrow them then, for she has none of her own.

Lo. W. Then she must keep better company than you are, for you can lend her none.

Airy. I have more honesty than she has, for I don't pretend to virtue, when I have none.

Lo. W. You mistake her character; she has virtue, but does not pretend to't. I do confess she's too liberal of her reputation.

Airy. But not of her heart. You think she loves you; she has a passion for one of more desert.

Lo. W. Who's that?

Airy. For the whole town; you han't more desert than the whole town. She has appointed this day to meet the whole town i' bed.

Lo. W. Meet the town i' bed? What de'e mean?

Airy. She has given notice to the whole town she intended to be sick to-day; that is, she receives visits i' bed, pretending to be indispos'd, but her design is to charm the men, and dazzle the whole town, with the glory of her bed equipage.

Lo. W. Dares she do this under her father's eye?

Airy. Oh! he scorns to come into his daughter's chamber.

Lo. W. I wish you never came thither, for I believe you do me mischief; but I forgive you, for I love you, and wish more good to you than you do to yourself. I wish you honesty, which you care not for. I have committed a fault with you; to make you amends, and keep you out o' temptation, I allow you two hundred pounds a-year. Use me how you will, it shall be continued to you, provided you do no harm to yourself, by a vicious course o' life.

Airy. Oh! sir, do what you will with your pension. As long as I enjoy the sight of that ridiculous false grimace o' yours, I desire no more to

make me fat ; so, much good may you do with your new mistress—ha ! ha !

Lo. W. That ever such a potent and belov'd Queen as beauty should have such a weak counsellor as woman !

Error, by help of wit, is often brought
In dark disguise, to steal upon the thought.
By help of beauty it has open sway,
And folly triumphs in the sight of day.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lady Pinchgut's House.*

Several walking in the Hall.

Enter LORD WISEMAN.

Lo. W. Who belongs to this house ?

Enter PORTER and COACHMAN.

Por. Here's more company come, and we ha' no liveries, we shall disgrace my Lady.

Co. Who's fault is it ? A miserable covetous woman—she's gone abroad, and has lock'd up our liveries in her closet, and forgot to give the key to the housekeeper. Let her be disgrac'd an she will. Who'd you speak with, sir ?

Lo. W. Who are you that ask me the question ?

Por. We are my Lady Pinch-gut's men, sir.

Co. Her men ? no, her mice. We live upon crumbs, and a good cat would run away with us all.

Lo. W. I thought you did not belong to my Lord Stately.

Co. No, we are not so lucky.

Por. We may in time, sir ; there's kindness between my Lord and my Lady.

Lo. W. I wonder at it. My Lord's humour is very opposite to hers; he loves grandeur.

Co. So does she, sir, but hates to pay for't. She will ha' servants for a show, and they shall ha' liveries for a show, when company comes: But when company's gone we are stripp'd and starv'd; a damn'd papistical heathen. She's a papist, sir, but no Christian. She'll give money to a cross, but not a farthing to a Christian.

Por. Yes, she'll give money to the priests.

Co. Why, are they Christians? Prithee thou art a fool, they are cunning knaves; they have more wit than to trouble themselves with religion. They'll have religion for you, if you'll pay for't, and such as shall fit you to a hair. If you be a fool, they'll give you nonsense shall make you ten times more a fool. If you be a knave, they'll teach you tricks shall make you ten times more a knave. Here's my lady is bad enough of herself, but when she has been with her priest, she plays the devil with a good conscience.

Lo. W. Nay, 'tis a common trick with all parties, to take up with some easy Church device, instead of honesty and virtue. But how came my Lord and Lady to be both in a house; my Lord is not a lodger sure?

Co. No, but my Lady is, or rather a mumper; she has begg'd the backhouse, the gardens, to lay herself and her goods in, on pretence she cannot get a house to her mind; and, 'tis true, she never will till she has one for nothing.

Por. My Lord wanting a porter, I do duty as his porter; I ha' no gown, indeed, but that's not my Lord's fault. My Lord nobly gave his gown to the porter he turned off; my Lady bestows her gown upon the hooks in her closet.

Lo. W. Is my Lord within?

Co. If he be you can't speak with him, unless you be a great man. Here's company come out o' the country by his own order, yet they have worn out their boots in his hall, before they cou'd speak with him.

Por. Ay, sir, they have walk'd many a mile in his hall. Well, I'll call the usher to you. [*Exit.*]

Enter BELLAMOUR.

Lo. W. Oh, Mr Bellamour, your servant. Are you busied in State affairs, that you visit this great Lord Stately?

Bell. My Lord, I'm busied in love and matrimony, the great foundation of States and Governments.

Enter USHER.

Ush. My Lord Wiseman, your humble servant, and Mr Bellamour, your servant; will you be pleas'd to walk up into the dining-room?

Enter LADY PINCHGUT.

Co. Here comes our Lady Devil.

La. P. Why, you rascals, you villains!

Co. She has been at confession. [*Aside.*]

La. P. How dare you use a person of my quality thus? Bless me! I ha' no comfort in my estate, nor my honour. I'm a person of Honour, and can't live without servants, and I'm a person of understanding, and can't live with them; they are such rascals and fops. Because I won't let these fellows wear my liveries to huff and strut in for their pride and lewdness, to pick up strumpets, they wont wear them for my honour, but, when my back is turn'd, disgrace me out of malice. If these fellows had serv'd my Lord Viscount Father so, he'd ha' knock'd them down.

Co. We are so starv'd you may blow us down.

[*Aside.*]

Por. 'Twas not our fault, your honour lock'd them up in your closet, and carried away the key in your pocket.

La. P. How ? How ? Call my Housekeeper !

Enter HOUSEKEEPER.

You slut, you careless treacherous slut ! why did you suffer me to carry the key of my closet abroad and so these fellows could not come by their things ? you did it o' purpose to disgrace me, you slut. These common people hate us persons of Honour ; I swear they do. Fetch the fellows their things, you slut !

Ho. K. We have a fine time on't here ; neither meat, drink, nor good words. [*Aside. Exit.*]

La. P. How, gossip ! do you mutter ? I'll knock your teeth down your throat.

Co. Teeth may be spar'd i' your house ; here is no great business for them. [*Aside.*]

Enter HOUSEKEEPER with liveries, and a SERVANT with candles.

La. P. Bless me, what a pass servants are at ! put on your clothes. And see how that maid carries the candles, wasting of 'em ; When I come to be your Lady I'll teach you better huswif'ry.

Co. Oh ! how careful she is of candles ! they are the only servants in the house she endeavours to keep out of consumptions. I'd desire no longer lease of a house than during the lives of three candles of hers. But she can waste us. I'm starved into a skin fit for nothing but to make a budget for a tinker— [*Aside.*]

Enter USHER.

Ush. Gentlemen all, you that wait to speak with

my Lord ; his Honour sends to let you know his Honour sees no company.

[*The Company go away shaking their heads.*]

La. P. How ? does he see no company ? pull off your clothes ! Put out my Lord's candles ! Why should his candles be wasted to no purpose.

Co. So, now to the old trade again. [*Aside.*]

La. P. Now I think on't, I'll go to Court ; put on your things again.

Co. The devil's in this woman. [*Aside.*]

La. P. Put my horses i' my coach—and you, sirrah ! come to me for my flambeaux.

[*To a Footman. Exit.*]

Co. Put the horses i' your coach ? I can put all their flesh i' my pocket.

Por. What a hell have we !

Co. A hell ? why we ha' no fire, except what comes out of her damnable chops ; she warms that way, I confess. [*Exeunt Co., Por.*]

Enter Young RANTER, Old RANTER, and DULLMAN, all half drunk.

Y. Ran. Bitches, bawds, sons of fifty fathers, who dares live here ? who dares be above ground while I am ? I will,—will—make all the rascals in this nation die, for fear I kick 'em to death.

O. Ran. Here's a mettled rogue !

Dull. All soul ! confound me.

Y. Ran. You sons of whores !

Enter AIRY in a chair. Young RANTER draws at the Chairmen, and they run away.

Airy. How now ! what is the matter ?

Y. Ran. Who ? Madam Airy ?

Airy. Why do you draw upon my Chairmen, Mr Ranter ?

Y. Ran. I owe the sons of whores ten pounds ;

so I would ha' run 'em through. That's my way o' discharging debts.

O. Ran. Your servant, Madam Airy! how de'e like my boy?

Airy. Like him? I would feign admire him, and he won't let me.

Y. Ran. Not let thee, child?

Airy. No, nature has made you a fiddle to entertain ladies, and you make yourself a tabor, and pipe for the bears.

Y. Ran. What! wouldst ha' me be a dormouse?

Airy. Be yourself, a fine gentleman.

Y. Ran. My dear.

O. Ran. De'e hear? all the world admires my boy.

Dull. He's a curious fellow, really.

Y. Ran. Now would I feign say a fine thing to thee, and I have good things i' my head, but they lie so oddly I can't come at 'em—a pox on 'em!

Airy. You spoil the spring o' your brain; 'tis always i' the wet.

Y. Ran. Hang prating: I love thee, and will love with any man in England.

Airy. So you said before, and yet run after my Lord Stately's daughter. Did not you go home with her t' other night?

Y. Ran. No, my legs and arms, and some part o' me went with her, but my soul was with thee. 'Tis true she's a magnificent whimsey, and I'd give a thousand pound, only for the glory of her, and to triumph over Wiseman.

Airy. How de'e mean? To have the glory of her love and admiration? The glory of having her dote on you to death? If you mean no more, I'll assist you in it; I am willing all the world shou'd love and honour the man I love,—tis an honour to me.

O. Ran. De'e hear? she honours my boy. All the world dotes on my boy.

Dul. They've reason——confound me!

Y. Ran. By thy bright self, I mean no more.

Airy. Then behave yourself as you ought; I'll conduct you to her. I am going now to visit her; she's above stairs.

Y. Ran. Oh! lead me to her, I'll behave myself like any ginger-bread.* But first I must marshal my dress at a glass.

Airy. I'll lead you to a glass, and then to the lady, and you shall see such a night-piece; she's now in a tempting night-dress i' bed.

O. Ran. I' bed? go up, go up, Jack!

Y. Ran. Go up? I'll boil up! I've such a fire in me that all the claret i' my stomach is burnt, and all the sack is mull'd.

Dul. Rare! really.

Airy. (*Aside.*) So, this is excellent! may be I may get this fool. However, I have the pleasure of plaguing Wiseman. Now he'll find Ranter with his mistress.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, a Room.

Enter LORD STATELY, and USHER.

Lo. S. Bring 'em in—bring 'em in!

Enter LORD WISEMAN, and BELLAMOUR.

Come, my Lord Wiseman, your humble——very humble——Mr Bellamour! how dost thou do, Mr Bellamour? hast thou a kindness for one of my daughters? Ha?

Bell. Yes, my Lord.

Lo. S. What?

* Qy.—Ginger-bred?

“What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?”—*Shakespeare.*

Bell. Yes, my Lord. Pox on him ! he's deaf to every thing but a Lord. [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. Well, Mr Bellamour, I shall condescend to't, though you be but a commoner—you have a good estate, and you are of a very good family for a commoner—What ? But I must tell you I consent with some reluctaney to match with a commoner. Anciently the distance was vast between nobles and commons. No commoner cover'd before a nobleman ; and none but noblemen went into the privy chamber, and privy galleries, and was not that a great thing ? what ?

Lo. W. This fool makes the whole business o' greatness to be foppery and impertinence. [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. I make distinctions of persons, and whenever I uncover to any man I weigh my hat.

Bell. Weigh your hat, my lord ?

Lo. S. Ay, with gold weights. To a nobleman I give an entire behaviour, (*puts his hat low*). To all gentlemen I give only a kind of a demicaster, (*poises his hat over his shoulder.*) To a common fellow I give a bend of my brim, and a cock : the bend to shew my courtesy, the cock to shew my quality and superiority.

Lo. W. The cock to shew you are a coxcomb.

[*Aside.*]

Lo. S. Mr Bellamour, be not discouraged at my discourse ; you have a nobleman's estate, and I design you the title of a nobleman. I have a great interest with the friars, but especially with Father Finical, a very pretty Father ; and a handsome young Father ; he has great sway at Court, o' the women's side.

Lo. W. I know him, he's a lap priest indeed ! the loved, sick, washed, clean, combed, curled shock* o' the ladies ; fed at their trenchers, and,

* " I would fain know why a shock and a hound are not distinct species."—*Locke*,

being of a tender constitution, 'tis thought he lies between their sheets.

Lo. S. Away, my Lord ! have you a mind to undo me ? what ?

Lo. W. Oh ! my Lord, can you fall lower than under such fellows ?

Lo. S. Sir, they are great favourites, else I would despise 'em. I despise Popery as much as you can do ; Popery ? foppery, foppery ! You shall see I am a Protestant. Ring the bell to prayers there !

Enter USHER.

Ush. An't please your honour you cannot go to prayers, the Groom o' your chamber is abroad.

Lo. S. Why, what a saucy knave is he !

Bell. Pray, my Lord, what office has your Groom in prayers ?

Lo. S. Oh ! sir, he keeps my carpets and cushions, without which I cannot pray with ceremony, decency, and grandeur ; and I'm very much for ceremony.

Lo. W. I thought humility had been most decent in prayers. *[Aside.*

Lo. S. Come, I will now do what I never did in my life ; I never was i' my daughter's chambers. A great man makes a foolish figure in a girl's chamber. But now I will lead you thither, that you may see their conduct. I'll shew you such women—but first you shall see my horses—bring us galloshoes—Not you. *(To his Usher.)* This is a gentleman of a family—come your ways ! *[Exit.*

Bell. Pox of his horses ! Lead a lover to see horses ?

Lo. W. They're better company than he is.

SCENE, LAURA'S chamber.

LAURA on the bed, in a fine night-dress. JULIA.

Lau. Sister, how do I look ?

Jul. Not well, sister.

Lau. Not well?

Jul. No, because you don't look half so wise as you are. In my opinion you take great pains to prejudice your beauty; and, as you order it, 'twill lie on your hands, and never get you a husband.

Lau. A husband? now thou mak'st me laugh. Dost think, when for my diversion I entertain whole consorts of lovers, I ever think of such a jarring untuneable country fiddler as a husband? I swear, sister, after naming the clownish phrase, thou dost not look half so genteel as thou didst.

Ju. Pray, sister, what do you aim at by your gallantry and intriguing?

Lau. Doing justice to myself, and punishing fools. By my gallantry I do justice to my own quality, and punish the usurpations of inferior women, who will needs put themselves into my rank of bravery, and shoulder my Lord Stately's daughter—this is a fire which burns this proud town, and will in time consume it. I, to put a stop to it, set 'em such an extravagant example as blows up whole families. All this bed-equipage is but a train laid for the ruin of several little Court, town, and city ladies, that mean to visit not me, but my bed, and the whole business of visits is vieing gallantry. Since they will be vieing, I vie with 'em.

Jul. But, sister, you do not only endeavour to punish women, but to charm men.

Lau. May be so, sister; where is the woman that would not be thought the top beauty of the world? Women who have no beauty endeavour to compound it by art; and nothing so much studied by ladies as a receipt to make beauty, or the wretched conserve of beauty.

Jul. But, sister, you intrigue, and receive addresses.

Lau. 'Tis true! if men o' Quality do me the honour to admire me, I am so well bred as not to scorn 'em. If little sparks approach me, I encourage 'em to undo 'em, and punish their arrogance. No man shall come near me twice in one suit of clothes; and he must ha' the manners to lose a hundred guineas to me a-night at cards. And all he gets from me is to be laugh'd at; it may be he gets a quarrel, in which perhaps he's kill'd, and then there's an end of an ass.

Enter WAITING-WOMAN.

Wait. Madam, here's madam Airy, and young Squire Ranter, and others!

Jul. Oh! bless me! sure, sister, you won't suffer men to visit you in your bed-chamber, and the most rude and debauch'd of men, Ranter?

Lau. He's a handsome, brave, young fellow, and deserves very well a place among my jesters, fools, and madmen.

Jul. But not i' your bed-chamber. Desire the men to be gone! tell 'em my sister receives no visits from men; besides she's ill, and keeps her bed.
[*Exit Wait.*]

*Enter AIRY, Young RANTER, Old RANTER,
DULMAN.*

Airy. Come in! come in! I'll conduct you. Dear sister Laura, how dost do, dear child?

Lau. Why really I am, I am—I don't know how I am.

Airy. I believe so—(*aside.*)—Sister Julia, how dost do, child?

Jul. I don't desire to be libelled with the name

of your sister; I don't like your conduct—(*aside.*)—Madam, why did you bring men into our chamber?

Airy. To season our conversation; women are mere fresh fish, fresh fish.

Y. Ran. Madam Laura, I am your most humble slave, dog, puppy, bear, bagpipe, what the devil you will; and, if I had not seen you, I had been your ghost, fairy, goblin.

Airy. He tells you true, sister; he adores you. He has been this hour at your glass calling all his clothes to confession, to see if there was any sin about 'em that might offend you.

Lau. That fop is just at Bedlam gate, I'll thrust him in, if all my charms can do it. I'll shoot a glance at him shall rob him of his rest for ever—(*aside.*) Mr Ranter, you very much honour me, and nothing troubles me more in my indisposition, than that it abates the pleasure I should otherwise receive in your conversation.

Dul. Dost hear Jack? she's thine, faith!

[*Aside.*

O. Ran. Madam, thank you for my boy; for your respect to my boy.

Lau. You are happy in a son, sir?

Dul. Ay, madam, really.

Y. Ran. Madam, you charm me, burn me! your beauties make the room a fiery furnace; if I 'scape my name shall be Abednego. Don't be jealous! I do but banter.

[*Aside to Airy.*

Lau. You are obliging, sir.

Airy. Do but see her bed and dress.

Y. Ran. She's paradise with cuts; she's Venus encamp'd; oh, that I might storm those trenches!

O. Ran. Is not my puppy good company, madam?

Lau. Oh, a very fine gentleman.

Dul. A pretty fellow, really, madam.

Enter WAITING-WOMAN.

Wait. Oh, madam, your father is coming.

Lau. My father? impossible! he never comes hither.

Wait. I heard him say he would.

Lau. Undone, undone! give me a hood to cover my dress, and convey these gentlemen away.

Wait. 'Tis too late, madam; my Lord is at the door.

Enter LORD STATELY, LORD WISEMAN, and MR BELLAMOUR.

Lo. S. Come, I'll shew you such women! How now?

O. Ran. My Lord, I have brought my boy here to see your daughter.

Y. Ran. My Lord, your most humble servant——

Ju. My Lord, I humbly beg your Lordship to believe me; they came hither unknown to my sister or me.

Lo. S. You need not ha' said that. I know them, I know you, and I know myself; I know how to govern my family. Sir, what wrong have I done you, that you put these abuses on me, sir?

Y. Ran. Your daughter flung fire-balls at me.

Lo. S. Fire balls?

Y. Ran. Her eyes. They ha' burnt my heart as black as a shoe; I come to shew what a pickle 'tis in. What, do you think I am not flesh and blood?

O. Ran. Do you hear the rogue? My Lord, prithee marry thy daughter to my puppy, prithee do!

Lo. S. Do you hear this familiar beast? Prithee do—here's the manners o' the commons o' England! I know a very fit family for him to match in; they have a noble seat hard by Fleet Ditch. There are ladies fit for him. Get you to them, sir, and visit

my daughters no more, sir; if you do, sir, you shall find scurvy entertainment.

Y. Ran. De'e see, madam, the power of your charms? Of a lion they have made me a humble bee; your father may blow me away with his hat. I'm gone! now, sir, am I intimate with your mistress or no?

Lo. W. You shall be intimate with my sword, sir; if I meet you in place convenient, I'll pink your skin for you.

Y. Ran. Oh, with all my heart, sir; I scorn a plain skin, as much as I do plain linen: I'm for cut work.

Lo. S. Get you out o' my doors, and come here no more; if you do—I'll entertain you with a blunderbuss.

Y. Ran. Oh, my Lord, we must come taste your blunderbuss.

O. Ran. Ay, we'll broach your blunderbuss.

Dul. We will, really.

O. Ran., Y. Ran., Dul. Your blunderbuss's humble servant!

[*Exeunt Old Ranter, Young Ranter, and Dulman.*]

Lo. S. Oh, these are likely fellows to conquer France! In a tavern they may vanquish the French; but they'll shed no blood but the blood of the grape. And instead of conquering France, always do homage to it; by tumbling under French wine and French poxes. Daughter, why are you a bed? what?

Lau. I was taken ill on the sudden, my Lord.

Lo. S. Let me feel your pulse! I ha' judgment.

Lau. Oh, I tremble! he'll discover me. [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. She's very hot——she burns!

Lo. W. She may be hot. A young beauty baking in bed, whilst bundles of season'd ruffians were blazing about her (*aside.*)—I'm sorry to see you thus, madam.

Lau. He suspects me.

[*Aside.*

Airy. Now what think you of your fine new mistress? did ever I serve you thus?—

[*Aside to Lord Wiseman.*

Bell. You have had rude visitants here to-day, madam.

[*To Julia.*

Ju. Ay, sir; Mr Ranter is none o' the best company in the world.

Lo. S. She's very hot! I'll take some blood from her. Run for a surgeon!

Lau. Oh, my Lord, I can't endure bleeding. I shall be well presently.

Lo. S. Hold your tongue, you know not how bad you are, you durst not keep your bed, if you were not sick! Run for my doctor! I keep my children at distance, but I'm tender of 'em.

Lau. Oh, I shall be undone! they'll discover me.

[*Aside.*

Lo. S. De'e see how impatient she is? She's very bad; very bad.

Enter FATHER FINICAL.

Fin. Where's the sick lady?

Lo. S. Oh, Father Finical! how dost do, good Father Finical? Gentlemen, pray salute Father Finical! he's a very pretty Father.

Lo. W. A Father? this is one of the gallants of the church.

Lo. S. Who told thee I liv'd here, Father, for I came lately hither? what?

Fin. I did not know your Lordship honour'd this place with your residence. I was passing by the door, and heard there was a lady sick in bed; I did not know who the lady was, however I thought it was my duty humbly to offer her the assistance and consolations of the church.

Lo. W. Here's confidence! to come into houses

without leave, and disturb sick ladies. What would these men do if the laws were gone? Yet your Lordship would take away the laws.

Lo. S. Away, away!—what? what? away!

Fin. Pray permit the gentleman; my very good Lord, sir, your humble servant; we have leave, that is to say, a warrant, for what we do.

Lo. W. Have you a warrant, sir, to commit treason? What you do is treason; you may as well have a warrant to commit adultery.

Bell. Had you a warrant to go into Tartary, you would not so readily obey it; but let the foul witches there, that have a hell upon earth, have the devil when they're dead for you.

Lo. W. Oh! they love to turn souls that have fine bodies tack'd to 'em.

Lo. S. What? are you mad? what?

Fin. Oh! my very good Lord, give the gentlemen their liberty; we are all for liberty.

Lo. W. Oh! dear sir, how you are alter'd for the better of late? Time was when a poor heretick cou'd not be damn'd for nothing; but you wou'd take all he had and make hell pay chimney money.

Lo. S. Away, I'll hear no more o' this; is't possible?

Fin. No matter, my noble Lord, there's no harm done, except to the sweet young lady i' bed; we disturb her. I wou'd most humbly beg your very good Lordship to command the room to be private, and leave me to perform what I can in the service of this delicate lady.

Lau. Oh! blessing of this friar; he'll free me from my father. *[Aside.]*

Lo. S. Oh! prithee, Father, don't take my daughter from me; 'tis daughter and a Protestant, ha! what?

Fin. She has the more need, my Lord, of my most humble service; besides, I cannot answer the neglect of it to my superiors or the Court.

Lo. W. What service can you do the lady, sir? she's sick, and you only bring her some beads and pictures, and toys. Be pleas'd to bring them when she's well, and we'll have a box and dice, and raffle for them.

Fin. Ha! ha! your servant, gentlemen! you are very ingenious gentlemen, and very good company, for I suppose you only rally. My Lord Stately is a person of more prudence and conduct than to entertain any persons that do really turn the religion o' the Court into ridicule,—and so you are very pleasant! ha! ha!

Lo. S. Do you hear? you don't know what mischief you do me. Between you and me, I expect a blue riband. [*Aside, to Lo. W. and Bell.*]

Bell. A blue riband? ha! ha!

Lo. W. Honesty is worth all the blue ribands in Christendom.

Lo. S. My Lord, I must be plain with you; I take this ill. And, Mr. Bellamour, 'tis presumptuous in a commoner to ridicule a nobleman. Pray do me the favour to give me the liberty o' my house—what?

Bell. I'm sorry your Lordship so resents it.

Lo. W. We'll ease your Lordship of us. Preposterous fool! he's proud to men of quality, humble to rascals; valiantly slavish, timorously honest. (*Aside.*) Madam, I am sorry to leave you thus! I hope when I see you next, to find you better dispos'd. [*Exeunt Lo. W., Bell.*]

Ian. Those words have a double sense; he understands me, I doubt. [*Aside.*]

Lo. S. Well, Father Finical, you are a great favourite; I'm better bred than to refuse a

favourite anything: I'll trust my daughter with you. But, hark you, about my blue riband——

Fin. My Lord, the convent of St James's have a very great honour for your Lordship, and resolve to make you a present of two thousand guineas.

Lo. S. Away, away! de'e think I'll take money from poor friars? I scorn it, the blue riband— mau—

Fin. My Lord, it will be wrapp'd in the blue riband, thus. A person of Honour offers to deposit in our hands, five thousand guineas for the blue riband, and we are resolv'd to make a present of it to your Lordship for three thousand, which will be two thousand out of our poor pockets.

Lo. S. Oh! is it so? a pox o' you and your pockets. I see how the world goes. (*Aside*). Well, I'll send you the money,—a pack of knaves!

[*Aside, Exit.*]

Lau. I'm scap'd! ha! ha!

Airy. Oh! sister; I'm glad to see you so merry.

Fin. So am I, madam. I thought you had been sick.

Lau. Oh! dear, I forgot the friar. Oh! yes, I'm very sick, but I felt a little ease all o' the sudden, and a strange pleasant thought came into my head; but now I pay for't. Oh! dear, how ill am I! Oh! 'las! I have such pains and faintings. Sir, I must beg you to refer this obligation you are designing me to another time, and to ease yourself at present——oh!——

Fin. Alas, madam, the more danger you are in, the more need you have to make use of your precious opportunity. Ladies, will you be pleased to leave us together?

Jul. Leave you with a lady in bed? do you think we'll be talk'd on for a friar?

Airy. Is this a time to choke a lady with your

creeds, when she can hardly swallow stewed prunes ?

Lau. Now this fellow will be a plague to me !

[*Aside.*

Enter LADY CREDULOUS *and* PANSY.

Lau. C. Oh ! where's Father Finical ? Oh ! good Father Finical, I'm glad to meet with you. Oh ! madam ! how de'e do ? how de'e do ? Sir Thomas Credulous is a dying ! my poor dear Sir Thomas ! I shall lose my dear Sir Thomas ! I have been all up and down to find Father Finical, and cou'd not hear of him ; at last one told me he was here ; and it joys my heart to find him. Can you spare the Father any time, madam ?

Jul. Ay, madam, we desire to be rid of him.

Lau. C. Oh ! fie, madam, you don't talk well ; you talk very badly, very badly ! Come, dear Father quickly, quickly ! poor Sir Thomas is going, I have been getting what little matters I can.

Fin. And do they do him no good, madam ?

Lau. C. Not for him, for you, Father. Sir Thomas is gone, is gone ; I have been making some provision for you, Father, to entertain you when you come ; that you may want for nothing.

Fin. Oh ! sweet madam.

Lau. C. Nay, I don't know what I have got neither. I have been so distracted for Sir Thomas, that I don't know what I say, or what I do. I was fore'd to leave the care of all to my woman. What have you got for the Father ?

Pan. Some half a dozen pretty dishes, madam !

Lau. C. Oh ! you must get half-a-dozen more, for he has a weak stomach, and can't make a meal, unless he has a dozen pretty dishes to piddle, piddle, piddle upon.*

* " From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding." *Swift.*

Fin. Oh ! it needs not, good madam.

La. C. Come, you shall have 'em ; come, dear Father, come ! I have brought my warm bed-coach, that you may ride soft and warm, and a night-gown to wrap you in, which I present you withal.

Fin. Oh ! by no means, madam.

La. C. Nay, nay ; if you don't accept it, it will trouble me mightily ; you need not be asham'd on't, 'tis a good rich breard. Come, help it on the Father ! help it on !

Fin. Good madam, I wou'd not take this from you, but that you are in trouble ; I'm loath to grieve you.

Jul. He wou'd not rob her, but that she's in grief——

[*Aside.*

La. C. Oh dear, I wou'd not for the world any hurt shou'd come to your body. And I have also brought some little matters for you to eat and drink as you go, to keep the cold out of your good stomach.

Fin. Oh ! good lady.

La. C. Some lights, some lights ! because the stairs are bad—not for me—not for me—no matter for me—for the Father, for the Father ! have'a care of him, pray now. Your servant, Lady Laura ! servant, ladies ! come, come, Oh ! dear !——

Fin. Your servant, madam ! I am now call'd away, but I'll wait on your sweet ladyship another time.

[*Exeunt La. C., Fin., Punsy.*

Lau. Oh, I must rise, or I shall be strangled with laughing. Ha ! ha !

Airy. Rare girl, I love thee i' my soul. Ha ! ha !

Jul. Pray sister, no more o' these dangerous adventures.

Lau. The priests and Popes brag of being the pillars of the Church ! I say we women are the pillars of the Church.

Airy. Then the Church won't stand, sister, for we are falling pillars. Ha! ha!

Law. No, sister, we are strong in folly and iniquity,

O'er which no wit, or grace will e'er prevail;

Therefore the Church is certain ne'er to fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter LADY PINCH-GUT, COACHMAN, PAGE, FOOT-MEN *with bits of flambeaux.*

La. P. Come page, hold up my train!

Co. Page? one wou'd rather take him for a pick-tooth, but that she has no occasion for any such thing—— [Aside.

Foot. Madam, these flambeaux won't light your honour half the way to White-Hall.

La. P. I don't intend they shall. What? you are a new fellow, and have liv'd with some proud foppish lady, that thinks 'tis a fine thing to fling away her money; I'm no such fop, I am a woman o' sense, you coxcomb. Light me my flambeaux just as soon as I come to White-Hall gate, and not before. And, when I return, let 'em burn no longer than till I get out o' sight o' the Court.

Enter LORD STATELY.

Lo. S. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant. Is your ladyship going abroad, madam?

La. P. Yes, I'm going to Court.

Lo. S. That's very well done, madam, and shews

your ladyship a well-affected and well-bred person. 'Tis a clownish thing not to go to Court. I am wonderful punctilious and ceremonious in my respect to the Court. If I go out o' town but for a day, I go Court, humbly take my leave, and most solemnly kiss the hands of his Majesty, her Majesty, and of their Royal Highnesses, nay, also of the Royal nurses; I profess I do. And, when I return to town, though but the next day, I repair presently to Court, and in most solemn manner kiss all the princely hands. Well, madam, I perceive there's a very harmonious agreement and sympathy between your Ladyship's noble temper and mine. And no wonder, madam; there was a friendship between us, commene'd in our parents. I have heard my Lady Countess, my mother, speak very honourably of my Lady Viscountess, your Ladyship's honourable mother.

La. P. Oh! my Lady Viscountess, my mother, lov'd my Lady Countess, your mother, very much.

Co. Pox! how they fill our ears with windy stuff; wou'd they'd fill our guts with some victuals.—

[*Aside.*

Lo. S. Well, has your Ladyship taken into your thoughts the propositions of marriage I humbly tender'd your excellent ladyship?

La. P. Yes, but I han't told my priest of 'em, and I can do nothing without my priest. If he consents, I shall consent, for I like you indifferent well.

Lo. S. Madam, you inflame me.

La. P. But if I marry you, you must not keep such a rabble o' fellows i' your house, nor have such a deal o' slibbery slobbery eating and drinking.

Co. So, she'll bring starving into this family too?

[*Aside.*

Lo. S. Madam, I will have no more than what is necessary to our grandeur.

La. P. I am for grandeur ! but I will have no more grandeur than is convenient. You have ne'er a porter, and so I'll keep my porter ; I must have a coachman, but I don't like this fellow.

Co. Don't you so, madam ? I as little like your honour ; I ha' been starv'd in your service.

La. P. Here's a saucy fellow !

Co. Madam, you know 'tis true ; you allow us neither meat, drink, fire, nor candle. I ha' seen a man eat more fire in a morning than you allow us in a week.

La. P. Do you hear this fellow, my Lord ?

Lo. S. I do with the ears of a Statesman, reflecting on the sauciness of the Commons of England,—Go on, sirrah, come !——

Co. An't please your honour I speak truth. We have nothing to eat or burn but bones, and my lady grudges us them too ; by her good-will she'd burn 'em in her own bed-chamber.

Lo. S. How, sirrah ? A lady o' Quality burn bones in her bed-chamber ?

Co. She has a stomach to do't ; she may as well do that, as lock up oats in her closet.

Lo. S. Why, sirrah ! dare you say she locks up oats in her closet ?

Co. Yes, that I dare ; and I'll prove it too ! I'll prove all that I have said, and more too, by all the servants in the house. Here's the Porter ! Hark you, porter ! pray bear witness, before my Lord, how my Lady has used us. My Lord is a person in authority, and can make her do us justice.

Enter the PORTER.

Por. My Lady, I hear, will keep me ; I won't anger her. (*Aside.*) An't please your Honour, my

Lady is a very good lady, the coachman is a joking fellow, no body minds the coachman——

Co. Oh! you lying rogue.

Lo. S. Oh! you are a bold rascal; I suspected you were a rascal. If you had been starv'd, you wou'd not have caprioll'd with your witty conceits. I'll send this fellow to the house o' correction.

Co. For speaking truth? Pray, my Lord, give the porter his oath.

La. P. I shall be sham'd.—(*Aside.*) To shew you are a rascal, and I am a lady too good for you; mend your manners, I'll keep you, sirrah!

Co. I won't be kept, if you won't give me some victuals.

Lo. S. Sirrah, you are fed too well. Madam, you have pamper'd this fellow. Get you gone, sirrah!

Co. (*To the Porter.*) Sirrah, I'll thwack you!—
[*Exit Co.*]

Por. An't please your Honour, here's my Lord Wiseman, and Mr Bellamour!

Lo. S. Bring 'em in! My Lord, your humble, very humble——

Enter LORD WISEMAN, and BELLAMOUR.

Come Mr Bellamour! my Lord! here's a noble Lady will shortly be of a piece with us. 'Tis the Honourable Lady Pinch-gut, widow of Sir Thomas Pinch-gut, citizen, but daughter of a very Honourable Lord Viscount, a friend o' mine. Madam, will you let these gentlemen have the honour to salute your fair hand? This is a noble Lord.

La. P. Your servant, my Lord.

[*Lord Wiseman salutes her.*]

Lo. S. This is one Mr Bellamour, a private gentleman; but a man of a very good family.

La. P. Pshaw! must I be slap'd over the lips by

every fellow ? (*aside.*) Come, sir ! (*turns her cheek,*) Well, my Lord, your servant ; I must to Court !

[*Exit.*]

Lo. S. Your Ladyship's most humble servant, and great adorer—some chairs ! I have had lately with me a French gentleman that was employed under the principal Secretary o' State in the Court o' France ; and he has given me admirable intelligence concerning the excellent conduct of that great Minister, sir ; he did most punctually consider the just claims and merits of all persons who approach'd him.

Bell. That was admirable indeed, my Lord.

Lo. W. Did that great Secretary prefer all persons of merit that approach'd him to places in Court ?

Lo. S. To places in Court, sir ? no sir ; I do not say so ; persons of great Quality had in his presence chairs with arms ; others had chairs without arms. Was not that admirably distinguish'd ? I am resolv'd to follow his excellent conduct. Mr Bellamour, you are but a commoner, and no Minister o' State ; you must content yourself with a chair without arms. Bring chairs with arms, and a chair with no arms ! Here—What ?

Lo. W. I thought no knave shou'd have had a preferment.

Lo. S. Come, sit !—for I must ; I have had a great collation this afternoon, and I am full—pook !

Lo. W. Full o' the English beast, but empty o' the Englishman. Our luxuries destroy us, and our cattle eat up our people. (*Aside.*) My Lord, we do not come to be easy ; we hope not for it. We come to let your Lordship know, we cannot have any more correspondence with you, unless you will break off your friendship with the friars and

priests; not that we have the least indifference for your fair daughters; on the contrary, we highly honour them, and will never do any thing shall make us unworthy of their favours.

Lo. S. At that rate, I am unworthy to be their father; am I? I know what I do, and have tender'd you in these matches greater advantages than perhaps you have just title to. Mr Bellamour, you are but a commoner; and my Lord Wiseman, though you may shine with many golden qualities, your title is but a lacker, an Irish title, which these friars you so condemn, cou'd and wou'd have double hatch'd with an English title.

Lo. W. Do they prefer English titles to Irish ones? An Irishman is a great title now at Court; then what is an Irish Lord?

Lo. S. So bold, sir? I ha' committed persons for less than this.

Bell. 'Tis true, my Lord, you ha' committed persons for saying nothing.

Lo. S. For nothing?

Bell. Ay, for nothing, my Lord! the County where your Lordship is Lord Lieutenant, and Custos Rotulorum, when you mov'd them to take away the laws, had the confidence, to your face, to say nothing. Your Lordship committed several for it.

Lo. W. And therein your Lordship us'd more boldness to yourself, than we presume to practise to you, for, in endeavouring to remove the laws, you acted not only against your interest, but inclinations and judgment; your Lordship is for keeping up the laws.

Lo. S. I am so, sir, and I wou'd hang Jack Presbyter if I could. I hate Jack Presbyter as much as I do the Pope, but, since it is the will of superiors to have it otherwise, I have the manners to submit, which I perceive you have not. And I

desire no more conversation with you : pray both of you quit my house.

Lo. W. My Lord, you affront me !—pray, both of you quit my house !

Bell. My Lord, we'll obey you ! we are for the true doctrine of Non-resistance ; that is, not destroying law and legal right by violence. Your Lordship by right commands here, and we'll obey.

L. W. Yes, my Lord ! we'll do you more right than you receive,

From erring preachers, or from Courtly knaves,
For these betray, those cant you into slaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, LAURA'S Chamber.

Enter LAURA, JULIA, and AIRY.

Lau. So—so—break off !

Jul. Nay, pray sister, mind me—

Lau. Ay, dear sister—break off this last lamenting kiss !

Jul. So she will go on with her love verses.

Lau. Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.

Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this ;

And let ourselves benight our happiest day.

We'll ask none leave to love, nor will we owe

Any so cheap a death as saying so.

Oh ! I dearly love a passion well expressed. Go,
and if that—

Jul. Nay, pray sister, no more o' your verses.

Lau. Go ! What would'st thou have with me,
my dear sister ? For I swear I don't mind thee.

Jul. I see you don't, sister ; you mind nothing
but your love verses, and love matters.

Lau. What should we mind else, dear sister, whilst we have any share of youth and beauty ? I do love Love. I wou'd have all the love i' the world ; and I have good store ; when I go to Court all eyes are upon me, all tongues are whispering that's my Lord Stately's fine daughter ; all press towards me and bow, only to get half a glance from me. When I go to the plays, the minute I appear the whole pit turns round as moved by an engine ; to please themselves with the sight of me, the most entertaining scene in the house. Some stand gazing on me, with their arms across their heads languishing as opprest with beauty. The brisker fellows fall a whetting their arrows presently, that is, comb their wigs, and prepare their eyes to tilt with mine. When I go to Hyde Park, my motions seem to turn the world, for, as I turn, all the coaches i' the circle turn to meet mine ; the ladies to see my dresses, the men to see me. There do I ride i' my shining chariot, like the moon on a bright cloud, while all the little beauties move round beneath me, like fairies. Come, sister Airy, we'll to the play in vizards ; and I'll so bepoint and bejewel myself, that we'll draw all the sparks in the house to us, undo the ordinary vizards ;—make 'em sow their half-crowns in vain,—and nothing shall spring up but the briars and the burrs of the pit to tear them.

Airy. Ay, sister, as young maids go a-maying we'll go a-squiring, a-knighting, a-lording, a-duking, and bring away our arms full of little squirelings, and knightlings, and lordlings, and dukelings.

Jul. Sure you will not, sister, when you ha' pretended to keep your bed.

Lau. We won't be known ; besides we ha' been abroad already.

Jul. Oh ! bless me.

Enter WAITING-WOMAN, followed by LORD WISEMAN and MR BELLAMOUR.

Wait. Madam, here's my Lord Wiseman, and Mr Bellamour !

Lo. W. Ladies, behold a pair of exiles ! sentenc'd by your father to eternal banishment from hence.

Bell. Yes, ladies, but not for any faults, but for such virtues as we hope will fix us faster in your favour.

Lo. W. Our faults are our love to our own, and your father's honour ; we will not treacherously encourage him in ways that will dishonour and ruin him.

Lau. My lord, I commend you.

Jul. So I do you, Mr Bellamour ; you are a man of Honour but unfortunate. In doing this, you shall have my esteem, but not me. I will marry no man without my father's leave, and yet I will marry no man that gains his leave on dishonourable terms.

Lau. Now I will marry no man that thinks of my father, fortune, or anything but me, or regards any leave but mine.

Lo. W. Madam, here's such a man ! You I have long sought but never your father, till he sought me. And now we have been so far from aiming at your fortunes, that our business with your father was to reject his favour, and by consequence all hopes of your fortunes.

Jul. 'Twas generous ! and, Mr Bellamour, you have gain'd so much of my esteem, that if possible I will never see you more, because it will be a trouble to see what I must for ever lose.

Bell. Oh, madam ! must that be my reward ?

Jul. The fault lies in our destiny.

Lau. On the contrary, had my Lord sought any-

thing but me, I wou'd never ha' seen him more. Now I shall be willing to see him often.

Lo. W. A thousand blessings on you.

Airy. Are you coming so close? I'll part you.—
(*aside*) Have a care, sister, he's a false man; I know a lady he has a child by— [*Aside to Laura.*

Lau. How?—no matter, he forsakes her for me.

Airy. So, she likes him the better; I have given her a proof of his manhood. [*Aside.*

Lau. One word, my Lord: may not this seeming generous contempt of my fortune proceed from a real contempt of me? Have you no engagements with other women?

Lo. W. Did you drop this poison in her ear? If you did, you starve. [*Aside to Airy.*

Airy. I did not! It proceeds from her levity and vanity; she wou'd be lov'd by all, and love none.

[*Aside.*

Lo. W. Madam, I have no engagements.

Lau. Never had any?

Lo. W. I cannot say so, I am a man; were I an insensible statue, I were more fit for your garden than your chamber. I have been wounded by beauty before, but never so deeply as now. You conquer all my conquerors, and the more they have been the greater your triumph, since I renounce 'em all for you.

Airy. Oh, bold knave! [*Aside.*

Jul. Well, 'tis time we break off conversation; if my father should find us together here, he would be much displeas'd, and these gentlemen are more generous, than, for their own satisfaction, to prejudice us.

Bell. Heaven forbid, madam! I will rather part, that is suffer death, than cause the least suffering to you. [*Exeunt Ju., Bell.*

Lau. I shall beg your Lordship also to withdraw elsewhere: I shall be willing to see you as soon as my health will admit.

Airy. Her health?—ha! ha! [*Aside.*]

Lo. W. I hope, madam, 'twould not prejudice your health, to change the air, and come abroad with speed. I am sure 'twill be for the health of the world, who will be sick till they see you.

Lau. My Lord, you are obliging; to requite you, I'll venture my health and meet you three hours hence, at my sister Airy's lodging.

Lo. W. Madam, I shall attend you there with infinite impatience. [*Exit.*]

Airy. At my lodgings? I shall put 'em to better use. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear sister; what have I forgot? my Lady Galloper desired me to invite you to a great entertainment, that will be this night at her country-house; near the town; and you are to go a horse-back; and there will be above forty horse wⁱ you, all beauties and beaux. And there you are to dance all night, and gallop all day: and to tell the truth, this entertainment is made all for you, by a great Italian Prince lately come over, who has seen you, admires you, and spends two hundred pounds to get into your company.

Lau. Oh! I'll go, I'll go! my horse, my horse! and my riding equipage, quickly!

Airy. Oh, dear, will you disappoint my Lord Wiseman?

Lau. Pshaw! don't talk of him now: now I think on't I'll send to him to excuse my not coming. About three hours hence, go to my sister Airy's lodgings! you will find there my Lord Wiseman: Tell him, I have done myself great prejudice by leaving my chamber too soon, that I am forc'd to take my bed again. As soon as ever I come abroad, he shall have notice: in the mean-

time, desire him, for my sake, to abstain from coming hither. [*Erit Waiting-woman.*]

Airy. Do you think he won't hear of this journey?

Lau. Oh, if he does I'm undone, and hear he will.

I won't go: yes, I will. I'm resolv'd on liberty.

Airy. So—the assignation is spoil'd! now will I give him notice of her falsehood—(*aside*). What will you do with all these lovers?

Lau. Fool 'em all, I'll marry none of 'em! When I marry, I make a fool of myself.

The hour of marriage ends the female reign,
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our Lords who were our slaves,
And bribe our lovers to be perjur'd knaves.
Oh, how they swear to Heaven and the bride,
They will be kind to her and none beside,
And to themselves the while in secret swear,
They will be kind to every one but her! [*Ex.*]

SCENE, SIR THOMAS CREDULOUS'S *House*: *A room with a pallet bed.*

Enter SIR THOMAS CREDULOUS and PANSY.

Sir Tho. Dear honest Pansy, bring this to pass, and thou wilt make thy own fortunes and mine. Thou wilt help me to an estate by saving me one, which this priest, if he goes on, will cheat me of by the means of my honest, simple, believing wife, and I dare not hinder him for fear the rogue will poison me to get my wife a popish husband. So I am forc'd to pretend I am a convert, and sick and dying.

Pan. I warrant you, they shall not discover you; the doctor, the apothecary, nurse and I, are all in a combination to assist you.

Sir Tho. Nay, the priest little thinks in what a snare he is, and what visions and revelations I have

had in my pretended sickness ; that I have heard him talk lewdly to thee and endeavour to corrupt thee.

Pan. My lady will never believe it, sir.

Sir Tho. Will she not believe her eyes ? We'll contrive it so that she shall see and hear his roguery. I'll pretend to go out of town by the doctor's order, as my last remedy, to take my wife and all the servants with me, but thee, whom I will leave behind on some occasions I'll devise. Then, will the priest run furiously into the snare, and when he is in, we'll shew him to my wife.

Pan. Oh, that will do very well, sir, but I wonder he follows me, when so many fine ladies come after him. Here are now several waiting in their coaches, to have the reversion of him. Some of them are a little antiquated, those I observe he dispatches presently ; the younger ladies he takes some time withal.

Sir Tho. Oh ! good reason for that. The young ladies having most sins upon their backs ; for they have fresh loads every day. The elderly ladies have been unpack'd a good while since, and turn'd to grass.

Pan. But how comes he to tamper with me, when he has so much temptation among the fine ladies ?

Sir Tho. There's more security with thee. If he should knock at a wrong door there, he were undone. There would be such a bustle about his ears. But he thinks his reputation is able to master thee ; then there's less trouble with thee. A Lady of Quality has a great many troublesome formalities about her, and a man is often a long while a fumbling before he can lay 'em decently aside.

Pan. Well, sir, pray betake yourself to your

bed ; as soon as ever the stop of coaches is over, my lady will drive like mad. She was so impatient she met with a stop, and ordered me to get home before, and keep up your spirits by telling you she's coming with the priest.

Sir Tho. That he's coming to cheat me, comfortable news ! but as much care as she takes of my soul, she takes more of his guts. He must be fed before I have my spiritual collation.

Pan. That he must, sir. All's got ready against he comes. Hark, they are come ! to bed—to bed !

[*Sir Tho. lies down.*]

Enter FINICAL, LADY CREDULOUS, and other LADIES.

Lau. Oh dear, what an unhappy stop have we had ! It may be the ruin of Sir Thomas's poor soul. If he should die without oil and holy water, what would become of him ? Well, dear sir, how de'e, how de'e, after your journey, ha !

La. Ay, how do you, good sir ?

2 La. I hope you ha' catch'd no cold, sir.

Sir Tho. So, I'm the sick man, and they all enquire how he does. [Aside.]

Fin. Thank you, good madam ; thank you, ladies all. I cannot do amiss under the conduct of my incomparable Lady Credulous.

1 La. Oh dear madam, thank you for your kindness to the Father.

Ladies. We all thank you for the Father, madam.

La. C. Oh I can never do enough for him. Now we see the good Father is well, let's look after Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Look after me last. [Aside.]

La. C. What ! art got here, my love ? ah ! my love, my love.

Sir Tho. Don't take on so, my dear.

La. C. I can't help it my love, my poor dear love !

1 La. How do you, Sir Thomas ?

Sir Tho. Very bad ! but my doctor says, if I go into the country, change of air may do me good.

La. C. Does he so ? ah he revives my heart ; when, when wilt thou go, my love ? prithee go as soon as thou canst, my dear !

Sir Tho. I'll go with all speed ; I've been settling my affairs with Pansy, for that very purpose. I intend to leave her behind upon some business.

La. C. Do my love. Ah ! my sweet dear, what comfort dost thou give me ?

Fin. And me too ; what a door is here opening to come at Mrs Pansy ! *[Aside.*

Sir Tho. I have a great fancy I shall do well in the country.

La. C. Ah ! send thou dost.

Sir Tho. Well, if I do not, I shall go into a better country, I hope.

Fin. I do not doubt it, Sir Thomas.

La. C. Ah, sir ! he may thank you for it. If you can't send him to a good place, nobody can, that I know.

Fin. Madam, I have used my best endeavour, and truly I think with success. Sir Thomas has to my great joy given many proofs of the sincerity of his conversion. The greatest proof he can give, which I have formerly advised him to, and now, by the authority of a priest require from him, is this ; that for the offence, Sir Thomas, you have given the church in the days of your heresy, you make her compensation by settling all your estate on this blessed pious member of it, your lady, my Lady Credulous.

Sir Tho. That you may have it— *[Aside.*

La. C. Don't do it, Sir Thomas, for my good, but for the good of your soul. I'll promise you

faithfully, I'll live upon bread and water, and the Father shall have it all.

Sir Tho. The Father shall be hanged first! you shall not have my estate till you have more wit. (*aside*) Well, I promise to settle every foot I have, upon your back-side, in time convenient, you cheating rascal— [*Aside.*

Fin. Bear witness, ladies.

Sir Tho. Ay, every foot, every foot!

Fin. Your soul, Sir Thomas, will find the comfort of it.

La. C. Ay, 'twas a happy day, when he met with you, sir!

Sir Tho. To be cheated. [*Aside.*

La. C. Well sir, you will be some time about Sir Thomas, therefore you had best take a little refreshment first. Won't thou have anything, my dear?

Sir Tho. A little wine, if you will.

La. C. Thou shalt, my dear. Oh lack! my grief distracts me; I quite forgot to give the Father anything to warm his stomach when he came in—some chocolate with sack in it. Ladies, will you help me? for I know not what I say, nor what I do.

Ladies. With all our heart, madam.

Fin. Oh! by no means, ladies.

La. C. Nay, let 'em, it will joy their good hearts to serve you, sir.

Sir Tho. So, so, I am sick, and he must be nurs'd. [*Aside.*

Enter PANSY with chocolate.

Pan. Madam, I have got the chocolate ready, as you order'd, and the collation too.

La. C. That's well—that's well!

Pan. Where shall we lay the cloth, Madam?

La. C. Here, here! this room is more pleasant and airy. The room within is close and choaky; we'll carry Sir Thomas thither.

Sir Tho. Ah! pox choke him: He must stay here to be treated, and I must be carried in to be chok'd—— [Aside.

La. C. Ladies, I must look after dear Sir Thomas. Will you bear the Father company? I never eat any thing on a fasting-day, but a crust o' bread, or so. But the Father is of a tender constitution, and takes a great deal of pains, so he's indulg'd, and I'm glad of it. Ladies, if any of you be indulg'd, pray share with him.

1 *La.* Thank you, madam! I'll wait upon him, but I eat nothing.

2 *La.* I always keep a fast very strict, madam, but I'll wait on the Father.

Ladies. So we will all.

La. C. That's very well done, Ladies. Pansy, do you wait on him too. Come, dear love!

[Exit Lady Credulous, leading Sir Thomas.

1 *La.* Come, give us the cloth! we'll all help to do something.

Ladies. All, all!

Fin. Oh! Ladies, by no means.

Ladies. Pray, sir.

Fin. Nay, pray Ladies.

Ladies. Nay, pray sir.

Fin. Ladies, in one word, if you proceed thus, I fast.

1 *La.* Oh! dear sir; rather than so, we'll deny ourselves the happiness to serve you, sir.

2 *La.* Well sir, since it is so, I'll humbly take my leave. Pray, sir, when shall I have the happiness of enjoying you an hour, sir?

Fin. Indeed, madam, I cannot exactly tell. I have much business upon my hands: But the first

opportunity I can possibly compass, I will not fail to make my attendance on your very good ladyship.

2 *La.* Your servant, sir.

Fin. Her breath is strong. [*Aside.*

1 *La.* When shall I be so happy with you, sir?

Fin. Madam, the sooner the better. To-morrow, in the evening if you please, madam, at my chamber.

1 *La.* Your servant, sir.

Fin. This is a sweet young lady.

2 *La.* Well sir, when do you think you shall be at leisure for me?

Fin. Very soon, madam! She's handsome too.

3 *La.* Your servant, sir! Come ladies, we'll all go together.

Fin. Ladies, you'll give me leave to wait on you to your coaches?

1 *La.* By no means.

2 *La.* Oh no, the air is bleak, and you'll catch cold.

3 *La.* Indeed you shan't! if you do, we'll take it very ill.

2 *La.* Thrust him back, and shut the door upon him!

Fin. Your servant, ladies! you make me unmanly. I wish you well home. [*Exeunt Ladies.* So, Mrs Pansy, you and I are left together. I am not sorry for it: you are a pretty woman. I must kiss you, Mrs Pansy!

Pan. Fy, sir! you are a priest, you have no kissing stuff about you.

Fin. Oh, Mrs Pansy, when we shave our crowns, we do not shave our thoughts, and, had we no kissing-stuff in our own blood, we have enough poured into our ears every day from confessions. Oh! they have set my blood a-boiling many a time

and it sinners now ; come, I must kiss you, Mrs Pansy.

[*As he kisses her,*

LADY CREDULOUS *enters.*

Ha ! my lady ? Oh, dear madam—good Mrs Pansy is at confession.

La. C. Is't possible ? Oh ! I'm sorry I disturb'd you. But Pansy, you shou'd ha' been down to the Father. Good sir, how eager are you of these things, that you shou'd do this before you have eaten ? Pray, eat first, sir. Who's there ? why don't you bring in the things ? If I don't look after things, there's nothing done. Bring in what you ha' got ; and when the Father has eaten, put Pansy and him together, and let no body disturb 'em. And so much good may it do you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fin. Well, Mrs Pansy, now you are mine by your lady's order.

Pan. Sure, sir, you do but jest with me.

Fin. Indeed, I am in earnest Mrs Pansy, as I will soon convince you. Carry the collation into the next room ; this room is not private.

Enter SERVANTS with dishes.

Pan. Nor the next neither. Pray don't offer me any rudeness, sir ; the servants will take notice.

Fin. Well, we'll be discreet ; we need not be venturesome. Your master is going out of town, and then we shall have liberty without danger.

Pan. But sure, sir, you won't do any such ill thing !

Fin. Upon my word, Mrs Pansy, there's no harm in it. You shall find, I'll give you full satisfaction ; we do not study for nothing.

We go to subtle schools,

For tricks to make the world our slaves, and fools.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Laura's Chamber.*

Enter LAURA and AIRY, in hats and feathers, cravats, Periwigs, and men's coats. All the upper Dresses like Men.

Lau. Now, hey for my Lady Galloper's!

Jul. I can't devise what you mean to do there.

Airy. Dance, sing, laugh, play, gallop!

Lau. I'll make the sparks dance without a fiddle. I never look'd on a young brisk fop i' my life but I set him a cap'ring; legs, arms, head, comb, wig, all fell a dancing. I have given him a lash with a glance, and he has turn'd round on his heel like a gig.

Airy. Oh! that's *A la-mode de France*; when an airy Spark comes into a room, to shew his spirit and transport; he makes an address to all the company, by turning his backside to 'em, and fencing against the wall.—Sa! Sa!

Lau. 'Tis true; but, oh! heaven, deliver me from an Irish Mac. transforming himself into a French Mounsieur. Methinks when I see the awkward fool jumping and capering, I see a French Monsieur stuck in an Irish bog, endeavouring to get out, and cannot.

Jul. What do you think my father will say when he hears of this?

Lau. He'll not hear of it, or if he does he won't believe it. Han't I possest him I'm sick? and now, to hinder him from enquiring further about me, I have sent him word I'm past all danger, only not well enough to come out of my chamber: so he'll think I'm there.

Jul. What will my Lord Wiseman think?

Lau. I ha' secured him too. So ! did you find my Lord Wiseman ?

Enter WAITING-WOMAN.

Wait. Yes, madam, and I told him what your ladyship commanded me.

Airy. And I let him know how your jiltship has serv'd him. [*Aside. Exit Woman.*]

Jul. Well, sister, this galloping abroad will give your reputation no very good complexion.

Airy. Oh ! a lady's reputation ought to be a sort of a brunette ; then it has an attraction in it, like amber. A white reputation is as disagreeable to men, as white eye-brows, or white eye-lashes.

Lau. I'll keep my virtue.

Airy. And trouble enough, in conscience. Virtue, i' this world, has no great spirit ; 'twill hardly keep ; and no very agreeable taste, for 'tis never ripe, and so one must sweeten it with pleasure to make it palatable.

Jul. Coddle it, and dip it in sugar and rose-water !

Enter WAITING-WOMAN.

Wait. Oh ! madam, will your ladyship give me leave to get ten guineas by you ?

Jul. How now ? she has a mind to sell us ?

Lau. Prithee, which way ?

Wait. Squire Ranter can't get in ; so he sent for me, and offer'd me ten guineas to help him to kiss your hand.

Airy. Oh ! let him in.

Lau. Ay, take his money and make an ass of him. [*Ex. Woman.*]

Jul. I wish you don't make fools of yourselves.

Enter YO. RANTER, OLD RANTER, DULMAN *booted.*

Lau. How now ! bootel, Gentleman ? whither are you going ?

Y. Ran. Nay, what know I? You know best. We heard you were going out o' town, so we resolv'd to go with you. Go where you will 'tis for thy sake I go, dear rogue; I care not if she were damn'd.

[*Aside to Airy.*

Airy. I believe you, Mr. Ranter, and for that reason gave you notice. [*Aside to Ran.*

Jul. Sure, you won't take these plague-sores with you? If you do, all the world will run from you. They that are pester'd with these should be lock'd up, and have *Lord ha' mercy on 'em* writ upon their doors.

O. Ran. Come, madam, your sister will be wiser than to refuse my boy; if she finds fault with my boy, she finds fault with a fat goose.

Y. Ran. A goose, you sot!

Dul. Madam, confound me! Jack is as brave a—confound me!

Y. Ran. Sots both. I've brought a fine intrigue into the world, and these boobies will over-lay't with nonsense.

O. Ran. Madam, this rogue will drink with any nation in Christendom, and sink 'em dead by his side.

Dul. That he will, really.

Jul. A pretty commendation! now, methinks, it would be a more honourable employment to go to sea, and sink 'em there.

Y. Ran. I have honours and honourable employments enow; I am Admiral of Bourdeaux, Duke of Burgundy, Earl of Champaign, Viscount Canary, Baron Sherry, and Governor o' the eighteen-penny gallery i' the play house.

O. Ran. Oh! brave boy.

Dul. A rare fellow, i' faith.

Jul. Oh! sir, you are Governor o' th' whole house; no person shall hear any more than your

noise pleases ; you'll take up six benches in the pit by sprawling, and pay for none of 'em ; quarrel with the men ; talk scurrilous stuff with the masques in the hearing of all the boxes ; wrestle with the orange-maids, throw 'em down, kiss 'em ; then offer Ladies o' Quality their leavings ; foh ! foh ! get thee hence !

O. Ran. How, madam ! is this treatment for a gentleman ? my boy has good blood in his body !

Jul. So has a pig. Wou'd he had some good manners, and good sense.

O. Ran. Good manners, and good sense ! what occasion has he for learning or manners ? he's of as good a family as any is in England.

Jul. No, the families that ha' manners in 'em are better families.

Lau. Now I'll fool the fellow to death—(*aside.*) Oh, sister ! what, de'e mean to treat a fine gentleman thus ? Mr Ranter, I beseech you do not think my sister speaks my sense ; upon my word she has put me into great confusion.

O. Ran. This is a lady o' sense.

Dul. A fine woman——

Y. Ran. Madam, you transport me. A bowl ! I'll drink her health i' my blood. [*Offers to draw.*

Lau. Oh, Mr Ranter, what are you doing ?

Airy. What are you doing, indeed ?

Y. Ran. Nothing to hurt myself, child ; I'm only bant'ring this lady-fop. Prithee, hold me——

[*Aside to Airy.*

Jul. Oh, don't hinder him ; go on, Mr Ranter !

Y. Ran. At your command, madam ? I'll do nothing to obey you.

Jul. I'm sorry I hinder'd thee.

[*Young Ran. puts up.*

Lau. So am I—(*aside,*)—Oh ! Mr Ranter, I'm ready to swoon.

Airy. De'e see how concern'd she is? fool her! kiss her hand!

Y. Ran. Enough—(*aside*,)—oh! sweetness! oh! whiteness! when thou wert got, thy mother fed on roses, thy father was on a milk-diet.

Lau. So—I have turn'd this beast a-grazing in a field, where all the lillies he gathers have death or madness at the root. See his eyes roll! his brains begin to turn: I'll give 'em a whirl.—(*aside*,)—Sister Airy, Mr Ranter is very handsome.

Y. Ran. Am I so? I hear her, she's on her journey to Punk-Hall; she's at halfway house—I'll lash her t'tit. (*Aside*,) my dear—

[*Kisses her hand ardently.*]

Airy. By the pricking o' my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Here's Wiseman!

Enter LORD WISEMAN.

Lau. My Lord Wiseman?

Y. Ran. Let him come—let him come
To his appointed dreadful doom—

Let him come, let him come! [*Sings.*]

Jul. So, now she'll see her error—I'll be gone.
[*Exit.*]

Lo. W. Oh! Madam, did you counterfeit a sickness, and send to secure me, that you might in private steal a fool? you might ha' begg'd him at Court.

Y. Ran. Rail on! I'll give losers leave to speak.

Lo. W. Madam, I am troubled, not for myself, for I deserve you not with all your faults, but for you, madam; that such excellence as yours shou'd be cast away by ill pilots, for you have 'em about you.

Airy. The knave means me. [*Aside.*]

Lau. I'm in disorder, and know not what to say.
[*Aside.*]

Lo. W. Madam, you converse with ladies, that give themselves extravagant liberties; you think they mean no more than you do,—gallantry and conversation. Madam, the most of 'em are debauch'd.

Airy. Oh! rascal!

[*Aside.*

Lo. W. They attain their ends, which are their vicious pleasures; you lose yours, you only mean to be ador'd. Madam, you are laugh'd at, hated; for you deceive yourself and the men too.

Airy. And how did you deceive yourself there, when you quitted me, for this false woman?

[*Aside.*

Lo. W. Madam, I understand you,—this lady, I confess, is unintelligible. (*Aside.*) Madam, I woo you not so much (*to Laura*) to me, as to yourself; value yourself! you have much excellence, do not spread it up and down till it be slight as leaf-gold, nor gild every clock with your favours. You take a pride to conquer wretches I scorn to beat.

Y. Ran. To beat?

O. Ran. You beat my boy?

Y. Ran. Thou had'st better flea a living lion than talk thus elsewhere.

Lo. W. I will flea thee! To improve thee, I'll stuff thee with straw, then thou wilt have something in thee, and thou may'st be a squab for the lady's dog to sleep on; sure she designs thee for no other use.

O. Ran. Jack, we are all dipt! We must fight.

Dul. Ay, Jack, pray don't leave me out.

Y. Ran. 'Tis said I have no manners, no temperance; now judge who has most, he or I. See how provoking he is, and how I govern myself in your presence, madam.

O. Ran. Ay, here's a genteel rogue.

Dul. A curious fellow, really.

Y. Ran. Never dog was so hungry after carrion as I am to devour this puppy. Madam, when I catch him abroad, I'll boil him alive to make puppy-dog-water for a wash for you. [*Offers to go.*]

Lo. W. Hold! and I'll along with you. Since the lady has honour'd you with her favour, you shall have the honour of fighting me.

Y. Ran. Keep back, sir! are these your tricks?

Lo. W. Tricks! what tricks?

Y. Ran. To follow me roaring and bellowing, that all the town shall see we go out to fight, and so we shall be hindered. Ha' you such shirking tricks? I thought thou hadst been a braver fellow. I'll see you damn'd before you shall put your tricks upon me.

Lo. W. Here's a fetch! Would you 'scape me that way, sir?—

Y. Ran. Sir, stay behind with the lady, or I'll post you.

O. Ran. Here's a clear spirited rogue!

Y. Ran. I'll make him fight me! bolt him in.

[*Exit.*]

Lo. W. The rogue has shut the door and got away; so now will he think to save his skin and reputation too; to pass for a lion by putting on a lion's skin; but I'll make his ass's ears appear, though I wish him valiant, madam, for your sake, that your love to him may be the less reproach to you.

Lau. My love to him?

Lo. W. Yes, madam, did not you entertain him, —favour him?

Lau. To laugh at him! and shew you what assurance I had of your love, and how firmly I repose my heart in yours.

Lo. W. Then you received Ranter to oblige me? I thank you, madam, for the tenderness you shew

me. Since you have pained me, you are willing to give me a little ease; but your opiate is too weak to lay my just jealousies asleep. Do not love, or pretend to love, a man you believe can be so easily deceiv'd. I have so much honour for you, I believe you are sincere to Ranter, and I wish him valiant that I may fall by his sword, and you have your lover with honour at the cost of my life.

[*Exit.*

Lau. He's brave and generous!

Airy. So, her lover's lost. [*aside.*] They're gone to fight! won't you hinder 'em?

Lau. Not for the world! The duel will be an infinite glory to me. 'Tis true, 'twill cost me a thousand painful fears beforehand, and ten thousand killing griefs after, if the brave Wiseman should fall. But glory cannot be bought too dear.

Enter LORD STATELY and USHER.

Lo. S. I hear noises here! what's the matter?

Lau. My father? [*Laura and Airy run away.*

Lo. S. Ha, what's that? what? I thought I saw a couple of young squabs with petticoats about their heels. They ha' been a-bed with my daughters' maids, and had not time to put on their breeches. Fetch 'em out there—The impudent lewdness of this age! Call my daughters; I'll know if they know anything of this matter.

Enter USHER, with LAURA and AIRY.

Ush. An't please your honour, this is one of the young ladies—the Lady Laura; and the other is Madam Airy.

Lo. S. Ha! what? my daughter! I confess I ha' [*blows*] seen these follies elsewhere but never thought to have seen 'em within my doors. Madam half man, I would not for a thousand

pounds, my Lady Countess, your mother, or my Lady Countess, my mother, were alive to see this. Get you hence! [*To Laura*]

Madam Airy, pray divertise some other family with these entertainments; I don't understand 'em. What a monstrous age is this? whores go like hectors, and hectors go like whores. Fetch me—fetch me—sirrah why don't you go? I'll knock you down!

Ush. Your honour does not say what you'd have me go for.

Lo. S. Ha! did not I say what I'd have? I don't know what I'd have.

Enter FINICAL, in a long black cloak cassoock, with a gold cross, attended.

Oh! Father Finical? prithee don't trouble me, I'm out of humour.

Fin. I trouble you? don't you trouble me! what ails the man?

Lo. S. What ails the man? whose man am I? what's the matter with the fellow? the fellow knows not who he talks too.

Fin. Yes, the fellow talks to his fellow; I'm your equal, my Lord.

Lo. S. Oh! I ha' been disordered and forgot myself. He's made a bishop in Turkey, a Mahometan Bishop, my Lord of Amas—no, Galliop—my Lord Gallimaufry—I think—We have both bad memories. I forgot he was a bishop, and he forgot he was a lousey friar. [*aside.*] Well, my Lord, I cry you mercy! I did not call your advancement to mind; you shall see I understand how to treat your quality; fetch him a chair with arms!

Fin. Let your chair with arms alone! I don't come to lose time with you.

Lo. S. Lose time with me, sir? you are rude! Sir, I won't lose money with you! What ha' you done about my blue ribbon? What?

Fin. I don't know, I ha' things of more consequence to look after.

Lo. S. Sir, I think this is of consequence. I sent three thousand guineas to you, like a man of Honour.

Fin. Your Lordship neither did nor can send anything to me. Religious men have no separate interests; what's given to a single person of an order, is given to the whole Order; and the truth is, what's given to an Order is given to the whole Church.

Lo. S. The devil take your Order. My money is got into a bottomless pit they call a Church. Well, sir, the nation's beholding to you and your brothers for playing these knavish tricks; they've undone you—you got power by our folly, and you've lost by your own, you fops!

Fin. Do you threaten us, my Lord? have you a mind to be sent to the Tower?

Lo. S. By what law?

Fin. What has your Lordship to do with the laws? you have given 'em up.

Lo. S. He says true, the more fop I.

Fin. But say we have no laws of our side; we have lawyers. Laws are but rusty cannons kept for show, men are the mounted guns to do execution, and we can turn their muzzles any way; we have men of our side, gown-men, and sword-men, and you have laws, that is, letters, A's and B's. Take the whole criss-cross row if you will, we have forty thousand hands, and the hand of Heaven.

Lo. S. And the devil's claw! if either godliness or wickedness can do your business for you, 'tis done.

Fin. Come, your Lordship is imprudent, and will do yourself wrong ; we have done you none, but what we were compelled to, by an eminent Father of the Court, who disposed the ribband unknown to us, though he knew 'twas our turn.

Lo. S. Your turn ? These fellows ply at all preferments like watermen at all stairs ; and shortly they'll cry *next Friar, next Friar !* Sir, I don't believe the Court will approve this knavery.

Fin. Let not your Lordship trust to that ; the Court have their sense from us.

Lo. S. And their nonsense too. What base slaves are we ? we are slaves to slaves ; ecclesiastical blacks, but not half so honest or useful as the blacks we have from Guinea. [*Exit.*]

Fin. We must tickle this fool with some feather.

Enter LADY PINCHGUT.

La. P. Oh, my Lord ! I give thee joy of thy advancement.

Fin. Madam, you must not treat a Prelate with that irreverence.

La. P. Oh, the fellow's grown proud ! [*Aside.*]

Enter COACHMAN.

Co. Oh ! here's her priest ; I'll tell her priest of her. An't please your Honour, I'd fain have a word with you.

Fin. What are you ?

Co. My Lady Pinch-gut's coachman. She starves all her servants. I desire your Honour to command her to give us some victuals.

La. P. Oh ! this rascal ! (*aside.*) Sirrah ! how dare you say this ? do I look like a person that starves people, sirrah ?

Co. You don't starve yourself, indeed !

Fin. Come, madam, there's too much truth in

this. Friend, leave your affair to me ; you shall see the advantage of having Roman clergy among you. You know, madam, I have threatened you with severe penances for this sin, but spar'd you, hoping indulgence wou'd win upon you. This indulgence was cruelty and only encourag'd you to proceed in it ; which you have done to that degree 'tis broke out into open complaint, that now your sin will be the sin and shame o' the church, if we do not shew our resentments.

La. P. What will he impose upon me ? Oh ! the slavery we suffer under these fellows. [*Aside.*

Fin. Considering your fortune, quality, and the disgrace you ha' done the church, I might lay a fine upon you of five thousand pounds.

La. P. Five thousand pounds ? Oh ! he has struck me dead. [*Aside.*

Co. Five thousand pounds ? There will be six or seven hundred pounds to my share. I'll set up the best hack in England. [*Aside.*

La. P. My Lord, I find myself mighty ill all o' the sudden ! I'll take my leave at present, and we'll discourse of this another time.

Fin. Hold, hold, madam !

La. P. I cannot possibly stay.

Fin. You shall !

La. P. I cannot.

Fin. You shall !

La. P. My Lord, you don't know how ill I am. I'm mighty ill.

Fin. You shall stay for that reason ; you may die before you have given satisfaction, and so prejudice your soul and the church.

La. P. Well, if I find myself very bad, I'll leave something in my will.

Fin. Your will ? you are to make no will without me : no lay-persons in our communion must

have any will or understanding, but what they have from priests.

La. P. Sure, you won't make me pay five thousand pounds ?

Fin. No, I will not, nor five hundred neither, nor one hundred. To shew how tenderly I'll deal with you, in hopes of amendment : I'll only order you to pay fifty pound to be dispos'd of as I think good.

La. P. That's a great deal o' money. Well, if Protestants be sav'd, they have Heaven cheaper than we have by fifty per cent. [*Aside.*

Fin. Do you mutter ? I won't take it now.

La. P. No, my Lord, I'll give it with all my heart.

Fin. I won't take it.

La. P. I have it here, in guineas——pray take it, my Lord.

Fin. No, keep your money, and part with the church. I'll excommunicate you !

La. P. Oh, my Lord, do ye think I'll be damn'd for fifty pound ? Pray take it, my Lord——

Fin. If you be sensible of your obstinacy——

La. P. I am, and ask your pardon with all my heart, my Lord ; and beg your Lordship to accept this.

Fin. To let you see you have an indulgent spiritual Father, I condescend to accept this.

La. P. I humbly thank your Lordship. But for you, sirrah, you are an impudent saucy rascal, and I'll spit in your face !—

[*Spits at the Coachman. Exit.*

Fin. You see, friend, what a well-govern'd Church ours is ; methinks this should encourage you to come amongst us.

Co. Ay, an't please your honour, with all my heart. I did not think it had been such a brave Church.

Fin. Very well, I'll assure you I myself will present you—

Co. Thank your Honour.—

Fin. With Mass-books and Catechises.

Co. Catechises? We would ha' something to eat, an 'please your Honour.

Fin. You shall ha' that too; I'll make my Lady provide for you.

Co. Ay, for the time to come; but for the fifty pounds, an't please your Honour, she has given at present—

Fin. Well, I'll give you an angel.

Co. An angel, an't please your Honour? I believe my share will come to six or seven pound.

Fin. Your share, child? this money is not for you; this is for the Covent, sweet heart.

Co. Covent, my Lord? why so? she did not starve the Covent, she starved us, and pray let us have reparation.

Fin. I ha' nothing to do with persons out of our communion; when she starv'd you, you were out of our care, now you are come amongst us, let her wrong you if she dare. However, in what she did she disgrac'd us, therefore we have made her give us satisfaction, and giving us satisfaction we give her absolution.

Co. That's very brave! you make money of our guts. She starves us, and you pardon her.

Fin. What says the fellow?

Co. Hang you, take your popery again! I'll ha' none o' your popery. Is this your tricks? you bind yourself prentice to the devil, and we must give money with you.

Fin. Turn the rascal out!

[*Exit Co.*]

A Gent. An't please your honour, my Lady Credulous, and other ladies are coming.

Fin. Pshaw! I'll be troubled with her husband

no more ; we have settled his affairs. Tell my Lady I'm ill, as indeed I am. I must lie down—I'm heavy and drowsy. [*Fin. lies down on a couch.*]

Enter LADY CREDULOUS *and* LADIES.

La. C. Where's my good Lord ? Alas ! Alas ! lain down ? Now do I tremble, for fear your Lordship is not well. Oh ! dear, I'm sick for you. Nay, nay, lie still !—don't stir !

1 La. Ay, lie still ! pray my Lord.

Fin. Oh ! ladies, I'm so oblig'd to you. I wish my strength were greater for your sakes ; and the sakes of many more such good people. I'm of a weakly constitution ; and great affairs lie upon us. The whole Kingdom lies upon four of us.

La. C. It does indeed, my Lord ! We come to beg a favour of your Lordship, that you will be pleas'd to accept some little ornaments we have provided to serve your Lordship, at your consecration, or when you please. I've brought you some loose jewels to put in your mitre ; they're all we have in our family.

Fin. Oh, good madam, the Court will provide.

La. C. Oh ! my Lord, must the Court only be happy ? pray let us have the blessing to serve you. I'm sure no persons do it with more zeal.

Fin. Oh, madam ! the Church has a great deal of comfort and honour from your Ladyship.

La. C. My Lord, you make me weep for joy.

Fin. Good Lady, spare your tears ! you shed enow for your poor Sir Thomas.

La. C. Oh ! my Lord, my Lord—there's a happy change in our house since your Lordship was there ; my dear Sir Thomas is recovering.

Fin. Recovering, madam ?

La. C. To a miracle : you wou'd stand amaz'd to see him.

Fin. Then does he not go out o' town?

La. C. Oh! yes, my Lord, the rather for that: I can venture the poor soul now. Well, no body can imagine the pleasure o' my heart. My dear Lord, will you be pleas'd to come and give him your blessing before he goes?

Fin. I will, madam.

La. C. And pray let us have the comfort and honour of serving your Lordship, and the Church, with these humble offerings: we do not know how long we shall enjoy these happy opportunities.

Fin. Of being gull'd—simple, well-meaning soul.

[*Aside.*

Well, madam, I know your pious intentions, and generous temper; I will not grieve you by rejecting your offerings. I shou'd sin if I shou'd; I accept 'em.

La. C. Thank you a thousand times. Oh! this is a good man!

1 *La.* I hope your Lordship will be as kind to me: my present I confess is so small, that really I'm asham'd to offer it. But your Lordship will have the goodness to consider my circumstances. I have the misfortune to have a Protestant husband, that will not trust me with any money for fear I shou'd present it to such good men as your Lordship. That I profess is all I cou'd rob him of, or all I cou'd coax him of, was only to buy these embroidered gloves for your Lordship.

Fin. Oh! good madam; the Court will provide.

La. C. Nay, nay, accept 'em! don't grieve the good lady.

2 *La.* My circumstances, my Lord, are just the same with the other lady. I cou'd get no more than to buy some points for your Lordship's surplice.

Fin. Alas! good madam, the Court will provide.

La. C. Must no body be sav'd but the Court, my Lord? pray don't reject the ladies' piety, when you see what trouble they are at to shew it.

Fin. Well ladies, I heartily accept your religious off'rings.

l La. Your Lordship highly obliges us.

La. C. Oh! we can never do enough for my Lord. Well, can we serve you? shall we stay and wait upon you?

Fin. De'e think I'll be so rude, madam?

La. C. Can Pansy do you any service?

Fin. Truly Mrs Pansy is a handy person, and I am not well. I believe I shall be forc'd to refresh myself with a little sleep before I can stir from hence.

La. C. Alack-a-day, what pains he takes!

Fin. When I have slept, I shall go hence; and then Mrs Pansy will be useful to me.

La. C. I'm glad of it, with all my heart. Pansy, I charge you go home with my Lord; and do whatever he commands you!

Pan. I'll see him hang'd first. [*Aside.*]

Fin. Thank you, good madam. Ladies will you give me leave to lie down?

La. C. Oh! do, good my lord, and let us lay your cushion for you; and cover you. Will you ha' nothing over you but your cloak?

Fin. No madam, more will make me too hot; well, I'm afraid I shall be so unmannerly to fall asleep.

La. C. Oh! do if you can, pray my Lord.

Fin. I'll accept your courtesy.—Sirs, go about my business, and leave me to Mrs Pansy—(to his servants.) Ladies, your humble servant!

La. C. See, I think he sleeps already!—he snores, ah, that's good news. Now let us steal away—soft, soft—
[*Lady Credulous and Ladies steal away.*]

Fin. Are they gone?

Pan. Oh! this is a false priest, or rather a true priest. [*Aside.*
Awake, my Lord? I thought you had lain down to get a nap.

Fin. I lay down, Mrs Pansy, to get thee, who art worth all the naps in Christendom.

Pan. Pshaw, you will be always jesting.

Fin. Upon my word, Mrs Pansy, I never was more serious.

Pan. I know not what you mean. But if you mean any good, I'll be willing to hear you.

Fin. Then come, my dear, go home with me!

Pan. You had better stay till my master is gone out o' town, which will be presently. For I shall be left behind; and we may be together with more decency, at my master's than at your lodgings.

Fin. 'Tis very true; th'art discreet. Well, then go home, and give me notice when thy master and lady are gone.

Pan. I will, my Lord. Your servant! [*Exit.*

Fin. So, she's mine!

My trade is a fine easy gainful cheat,
How easy 'tis Saintship to counterfeit;
And pleasing fables to invent and spread;
And fools ne'er find the cheat, till they are dead.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field.*

Enter LORD WISEMAN, BELLAMOUR, *and a* GENTLEMAN. YOUNG RANTER, OLD RANTER, *and* DULMAN.

Ld. W. So, by good luck, I have lighted upon

him : and brought him to the stake, and he seems to come willingly. (*aside.*) Come, Jack, I'm glad to find thou hast courage.

Y. Ran. I should be glad to find it too.—A girl in love can get a conjuror shew her the devil : Can't I have the courage of a girl ? Let him put the devil in his arm, I'll meet him. (*aside.*) Hem ! come, sir ! here's Colonel Hacker, for you ; the top of the two families of the Hackers and Pinkneys. This Bilboe has shew'd more brains than our Statesmen do. Well, he and I have had good flesh in our time. [*Shews a broad sword.*]

Lo. W. I'm glad you are so merry.

Bell. Who falls to my share ?

O. Ran. I will, sir. Pox ! 'tis but a push and be disarm'd, and all's well.

Gen. Then you are mine, sir. [*Aside.*]

Dul. That's more than you know ; I have danc'd this dance before now.

[*They all fight, and Old Ranter falls.*]

O. Ran. You will not kill me when I'm down, sir ?

Bell. No, I scorn it, sir.

O. Ran. Then the devil take me if I rise.—[*Aside.*]

Y. Ran. Are you down ? Get you up, you old son of a whore.

O. Ran. I'll see you hang'd first, you young son of a whore. [*Aside.*]

Lo. W. Your sword is mine, sir.

[*Disarms Young Ranter.*]

Dul. Nay, then take mine too ! I won't fight by myself.

Y. Ran. Oh, you blund'ring blockhead ! you have thrown down all the honour I have been building these seven years ; hacking and hewing with all the pains of a carpenter.

O. Ran. Pshaw, the honour of a dueller is but the honour of a lottery-fool ; he stakes all he has to get

on a spoon, and is proclaim'd a cully by a strumpet. In this as in all other gaming the box wins all ; that is, the coffin.

Y. Ran. I'll be hang'd if this fellow got me. Some Cæsar pass'd my mother's Rubicon ; wou'd I had his commentaries.

O. Ran. Come Jack ! shall we go drink ?

Y. Ran. I drink with such dull rogues as you, that droop over your wine, like willows over water ? I can find better employment.— [Exit.

O. Ran. 'Tis a witty rogue, and rare company. He does many a time, by singing, playing on a pipe, or one trick or another, coax me to drink, as a country-man by whistling does his horse. Well, Dulman, you and I'll drink.

Dul. With all my soul !

[Exit *Old Ranter*, and *Dulman*.

Lo. W. This fellow is not truly valliant anywhere but in a tavern or bawdy-house ; there he is bold, and ventures on dangerous stuff.

Bell. I wish dangerous stuff were vented nowhere else ; that none came from our schools and pulpits.

Lo. W. You say well, Mr Bellamour. Come, let us to our mistresses ! [Exit.

SCENE, *A Room.*

Enter *AIRY* singing, *LAURA*.

Airy sings.

Oh, the wakings,
Heart aking,
Fears, longings, and cares,
With the pantings,
And faintings,
That a poor lover bears.

Come sing, child ! if thy lover and fortune go,
let 'em vanish, as they say good spirits do in music
and songs. And, if sorrow rap saucily at thy
heart, do as some mettled ladies do ; fling claret on
his head.

Lau. I'm secure both of lover and fortune ; my
lover is fast i' my snare, and my father has more
regard to the honour of his family, than to cast
his daughter off. Come, sing the song I like !

Airy sings.

I once had virtue, wealth, and fame,
Now I'm a ruin'd sinner,
I lost 'em all at love's sweet game,
Yet think myself a winner.

Since that dear lovely youth I gain,
My heart was long pursuing,
I'm rich enough, nor shall complain
Of such a sweet undoing.

I'll laugh at cruel fortune's spite,
' While I have any feature
To keep his love, for that's delight
Enough for mortal creature.

The sport's so pleasant, you will own,
When once you have been in it,
You'd gladly be an age undone,
For one such charming minute.

Enter WAITING-WOMAN.

Wait. Oh ! madam, I shall be as rich as a banquer.
Mr. Ranter offers me ten guineas more, to bring
him to you.

Airy. Take the money, and bring him in !

[*Exit Wait.*

Lau. Do, I long to speak with him, to know the
success of the duel. My Lord Wiseman and he

went out to fight ; I hope in heaven my Lord has receiv'd no harm, for, if he has, it will cost me some sighs, and I would not be melancholy a minute.

Enter YOUNG RANTER.

Airy. He's come ! I'll steal away, and send for Wiseman.

Y. Ran. Alone ? Oh ! I shall be a happy dog. [*Aside.*]

Lau. Mr. Ranter, your servant !

Y. Ran. Madam, your Emperor ! your favours crown me. To celebrate my coronation, my veins have run claret : I have been tilting with Wiseman, and had cut him in a thousand pieces, if my father had not been an unlucky whelp, stumbled and spilt all my fortune.

Lau. Then my Lord has come off ?

Y. Ran. Yes, hang him ! the fellow fights pretty well.

Lau. Thank you for the honour you ha' done me, Mr. Ranter.

Y. Ran. Thank you for the favour you shew me, madam, and count me a dull dog if I don't make the most of 'em. I'll strip and enjoy her, or at least have the credit on't—(*Aside*).

[*He unbuttons, and she looks in her pocket-glass.*]

Lau. Now will I fool him into bedlam. Ha ! he behaves himself modestly, keeps his distance (*aside*). Mr. Ranter, I perceive you know how to demean yourself to a lady in her chamber.

Y. Ran. She's right—(*aside*) I warrant you, madam ; doubt not my behaviour. Pox on't ! eagerness makes me fumble. [*Aside.*]

Lau. Well, Mr. Ranter (*turns and sees him undrest*) Oh ! heavens ! who's there ? who's there ?

Y. Ran. Are you mad to spoil all ?

Lau. Spoil what, villain? didst thou think I'd be debauch'd by thee?

F. Ran. And did you think I'd marry you? To marry you had been only to chain you in a church, like the Book o' Martyrs, to be turn'd o'er by every man. Why all this ice to your wine? we are both eager enough. If you did not love venison, you'd ne'er hunt bucks all day.

Lau. I may love to shoot 'em, but I care not if the dogs have the flesh, especially such as thine, that's cried up and down the streets, and offer'd to every trull. This fellow has been us'd only to common sluts, and knows not what belongs to women o' my quality.

F. Ran. Yes, I know flesh and blood belongs to you; you are as arrant women as they are, more pamper'd, and by consequence more wanton. Th' accomplishments you get by education are only arts of tempting men to sin, and then your honour is an art to hide it; that you are more dishonest than the common women, for they fairly tell us what they are.

Lau. Who's there? alas! I dare not call out for fear of my father. Sister Airy, why wou'dst thou leave me with this fellow?

Enter AIRY.

Airy. Oh! false fellow, hast thou left me thus? and oh! madam, I could not have thought this of you.

Lau. This of me? this what?

Airy. Nay, you know best. Oh! I'm wrong'd, I shall swoon!

F. Ran. Be'nt troubled, child, I'll do as much for thee, as I ha' done for her.

Lau. I shall run mad! she believes I have abus'd myself, and will report it to the world; and here's my Lord Wiseman too!

Enter LORD WISEMAN.

Y. Ran. Toll-loll-de-roll! (*sings.*) Now sir, have I women o' quality?

Lo. W. Your servant, ladies! I'm sorry I disturb you— [*Offers to go.*

Lau., Airy. Hold—hold—my Lord—my Lord!—

Lo. W. Your pleasure, ladies.

Lau. Beat this fellow out o' my chamber!

Airy. Force him to do me justice! he addrest to me, and now has forsaken me for this lady; and I shall not only lose the man I love, but my reputation by keeping her company.

Lau. How! base woman? I'll stab thee to the heart. [*Laura runs to Ranter's sword, and draws it.*

Airy. Do, if you can.

[*Airy draws Lord Wiseman's sword.*

Y. Ran. Ha! the ladies fight for me.

Lo. W. Hold ladies, hold! let me hear your case. Did this fellow force himself upon you?

Airy. No, we did admit him. I had reason to do it, he pretended serious passion for me, and I was cursed to love him.

Lo. W. Oh! this dissembler. (*Aside.*) And do you love him too, madam?

Lau. Love him? I ever scorn'd him. He addressed to me, and for diversion sake I admitted him. I confess I do love to take all liberties innocence allows; I take no more, and so much is our due by the custom and courtesy of England.

Lo. W. England is indeed a courteous nation to ladies. A Countess dowager may marry her footman, and be a beggarly Countess by courtesy; married ladies may ramble and be lewd, or at least infamous by courtesy. But ladies are discourteous to themselves, who take liberties discretion will not allow, though innocency may. Madam, though

you be innocent, your reputation will suffer, and all your excellence be lost. Your beauty, like the field of an out-law that endures no government, is condemn'd never to be sowed: no ill man can attain you, no wise and good man dares. Ladies, I leave your lover wi' you; share him betwixt you.

[*Exit.*]

Airy. Share him? I'll have him all! he's my right.

Lau. No, I'll have his ears; then do you take the rest.

Airy. Mr Ranter, do me justice, or I'll fetch those that shall.

Y. Ran. I will! come, here's a bed within.

Airy. A bed, do you take me for such a woman? I'll have thy throat.—

Y. Ran. So I shall be carv'd.

Airy. Oh I'm full of laugh, and must give it some vent.—(*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*]

Lau. Ha! I'm alone with this fellow?—Who's there? help! help!

Enter LORD WISEMAN, and AIRY peeping.

Lo. W. She calls help!

Airy. Mind her not.

Lo. W. Peace, or I'll ruin thee.

Y. Ran. I have the reputation of enjoying you, now I'll have the pleasure. Consent! or I'll kill you.

[*Pulls out a pistol.*]

Lo. W. Oh villain!

Airy. Pshaw, raillery—

Lo. W. Peace!

Lau. Villain, I'll rather take thy bullets into my breast than thee. Thy villany, and my folly have made my life hateful, deprived me of my Lord Wiseman, the bravest of men, and, my honour, he's gone for ever! My honour and I will recover.

Kill me villain, or to prove my innocence I'll kill thee!

[*She seizes Ranter's sword, and pursues him.*

Lo. W. I'll fire!

Lau. Do! [*Ranter retreats.*

Lo. W. Hold, cursed monster! Oh! madam, I want words to speak your praise.

Airy. And I to speak my confusion. Madam, I am greatly troubled—that you are come off with this credit. [*Aside.*

Lau. I am now sensible of my folly, and henceforward, my Lord, I will receive your love as it deserves.

Lo. W. How happy do you make me!

Airy. I'm mad at this, but no matter. I'll comfort myself by fopping Ranter into marriage—(*aside.*) And must I be wretched with so much love and innocence?

Lo. W. You shall not! I'll punish Ranter by marriage with thee. (*aside.*) Ranter, you have abus'd me in my mistress and my kinswoman; but your villanous attempts on my mistress have been so fortunate to me, I forgive you for 'em. And I am in so good humour, that, in hopes you will amend, I desire you may be kinsman, by marriage, with my cousin Airy.

Y. Ran. I marry your punk?

Lo. W. Such another word.—

Airy. Oh cruel! I'll poison myself.

Y. Ran. Poison yourself, and be damn'd!

Airy. I cannot bear it! I'll break my neck down stairs.

Lo. W. Stop her, stop her! Oh! thou barbarous wretch, how canst thou be so cruel to so much love and beauty? In short, sir, your addresses to her have gain'd her heart and injur'd her reputation. You shall marry her.

Y. Ran. P my conscience, she loves me! I had better have her than this puppy's sword; he'll fight me again. (*aside.*) I'm not to be huff'd, sir. The lady's love has wrought upon me; I'll be a man of Honour, and do her justice.

Airy. Oh! my joy. Thank you, dear sir; I'll be a most fond wife, as ever was born—as ever was born.

Lo. W. And, Mr Ranter, I'll be your kind friend and kinsman; so, Cousin Ranter, your servant.

Airy. Never any one took so much pains to press grapes, or make cider or verjuice, as I ha' done to make false tears and faces. [*Aside.*]

Enter JULIA, BELLAMOUR.

Jul. I hear strange noises!

Lau. Oh! sister, here's a miraculous cure wrought on us all. Now, my Lord, whatever is of value in me I resign to you for ever; what is vain and foolish in me, I for ever renounce, as I do all mankind but you.

Lo. W. Oh! I am happy.

Bell. De'e sec, Madam? they're advanc'd far in happiness; shall we stay behind?

Jul. No, Mr Bellamour, we'll keep pace with them, and go as far as they in acknowledgments of love; I'm sure my sister will go no farther, without my Father's leave.

Lau. No, sister, our lovers will be more generous than to press us to it.

Lo. W. We need not, madam; we shall speedily be in your father's favour. The partition will be remov'd, I mean the priests; we have discovered rogueries o' theirs.

Jul. That my Father has done to his cost. Finical has cheated my Father o' three thousand pounds.

Lo. W. Has he, madam? I'm sorry your Father bought the knowledge of him so dear. I'll help him to a better bargain presently; a discovery of another roguery of Finical's, that shall cost my Lord nothing, but some blushes for favouring such a knave. Sir Thomas Credulous has long counterfeited a sickness.

Lau. Has he not been sick?

Lo. W. Of no disease but the priests that make the whole nation sick. 'Twas all a trap laid for Finical, who has long haunted his house, for some lewd ends as Sir Thomas suspected, h'as now discovered, and is resolv'd to reveal to the whole world. Sir Thomas is my very good friend, I lately gave him a visit, when he told me the whole plot, and desired me to be assisting in it. I promised him I would, but my own affairs put it out o' my head; however, 'tis yet time enough. I will to Sir Thomas presently, and we'll get your Father there on some pretence or another.

Jul. That you may easily do. My Lord is related to my Lady Credulous.

Lo. W. I'm glad of it. Meanwhile, Cousin Ranter, you shall have the start of us in happiness, and be married before us. Ladies, will you do my cousins the honour to be present at their marriage?

Lau. With all our hearts! we'll be bride-maids.

Bell. And I'll be brideman.

Lo. W. Do, and when the marriage is over, come all to Sir Thomas's. I'll borrow his house to keep the wedding in.

Y. Ran. I'm in no haste. I fancy 'tis better living in the suburbs of marriage, than within the walls.

Airy. Good, Mr Mayor Elect! you shall exercise no authority till you are within the walls, and solemnly sworn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. SIR THOMAS CREDULOUS'S *house*.

Enter SIR THOMAS, LADY CREDULOUS, LADY PINCH-GUT, *and other* LADIES, PANSY.

La. C. Look, look ! if the poor soul be not able to walk alone—oh ! my joy.

Sir Tho. I swear this is miraculous—

La. C. Oh dear ! now cannot I bear my joy. Ladies, a thousand thanks to you for this kind visit. I must entertain you, that you may share my happiness, or I shall run distracted.

1 La. Don't trouble yourself for us, madam.

La. P. Yes, yes, let her alone ! she's a good woman, and I love good people, and good junketing.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

La. C. Oh ! thank you, good madam.

Foot. Madam, my Lord Stately's coach is at the door.

La. C. Oh ! receive him with all respect possible.

Enter LORD STATELY.

My Lord Stately, your Lordship's most humble servant. I humbly thank your Lordship for the great honour you do my poor husband by this visit.

Lo. S. Madam, Sir Thomas is a gentleman of a family, and your Ladyship is my kinswoman : I respect you both. Pray be mistress o' ceremonies, and direct me how I must behave myself to these ladies : have I e'er a sister among 'em ? ha !

La. C. A sister, my Lord ?

Lo. S. A sister Countess ? ha !

La. C. No, my Lord ! they're only private ladies that come to visit me.

Lo. S. Then a general compliment shall suffice. Ladies all, your humble servant! Harkyon, madam, speak to the ladies now I am here, to let down their trains; 'tis not manners in the presence of a man o' my quality, to cock up their tails.

La. C. Pray pardon 'em, my Lord! they only come in dishabillees to visit me, and did not expect your Lordship.

Lo. S. Well, where's the sick man? Oh! Sir Thomas, how dost thou do, Sir Thomas? what?

Sir Tho. Oh! my Lord, I'm strangely recover'd all o' the sudden.

Lo. S. Ha! recover'd? Oh! alas! here's my Lady Pinch-gut. Oh, Madam! how unfortunate was I not to see your Ladyship.

La. C. I thought you wou'd not have taken notice o' me.

Lo. S. Madam, 'twas my misfortune! I beg millions o' pardons. Will your Ladyship be so charitable to let me confer with the sick man?—well! recover'd? ha!

Sir Tho. Recover'd? ha! He thinks o' nothing but his State and greatness; he minds not whether I am sick or dead. Because he's above the common rank o' men, he thinks he must be above common sense, and humanity. [*Aside.*

My Lord Wiseman, you are welcome!

Enter LORD WISEMAN.

Lo. W. Your servant, Sir Thomas! My Lord Stately, your Lordship's most humble servant!

Lo. S. He here? then I shall be uneasy.

[*Aside.*

La. C. Oh! my Lord, you are welcome to a wedding! Sir Thomas is a new man, and I'm a new bride; we are a new couple again.

Lo. W. Your Ladyship can tell me no news con-

cerning that matter, but I can tell some to you, and all this good company; considerable news, that concerns their honour, religion, and some part o' their fortune.

Lo. S. How, now! what's that? what?

Ladies. Oh! let's hear! let's hear! we long to hear.

Lo. W. In one word, you are all abus'd by one Father Finical.

La. C. How! do you come to abuse my Lord Finical?

1 *La.* Nay, if persons come hither to abuse my Lord Finical, I am gone! my coach there!

Ladies. All our coaches, all our coaches! we'll not hear this.

Lo. S. This is to put an affront upon me because I favour'd the knave.

Sir Tho. Hold, Ladies! pray what I can say?

1 *La.* Ay, speak! you have reason to speak for him, you are his convert.

Sir Tho. Then know, I have never been sick, only pretended sickness, in order to make some discoveries which I have done. Finical has cheated my Lord Stately, and all these Ladies of money, which if they please he shall refund. He has also attempted the debauching my wife's woman, Pansy; a virtuous maid, who honestly inform'd me of it, and by my order encourag'd him to betray him.

La. C. Oh! abominable! hussy, you are a lying baggage! and Sir Thomas you are a wicked Protestant, and as bad a Protestant as ever you were! you say this to abuse my Lord. I had rather you were in your grave; you break my heart.

[*Weeps.*]

1 *La.* Fie, Sir Thomas! you may be asham'd.

Sir Tho. Of what, madam? speaking truth? when I pretended to be at death's door, I have been

at another door, and seen and heard Finical's knavery.

La. C. I won't believe you.

Sir Tho. Will you believe your own eyes?

La. C. No, that I won't! If I saw him a-bed with Pansy, I'd believe 'twere the devil.

La. So wou'd I! so wou'd I—

La. P. I know not what to say to all this. I confess I do think my Lord Finical strains our purses too hard, and I cou'd be glad to get some of my money.

La. C. How, madam! Do you find fault with my Lord Finical? I know why you do it; because he won't allow you in your covetous humours; nor let you disgrace the Church, as you do, to that degree, we are asham'd to own you.

La. P. Asham'd to own me? I think my quality is above yours.

La. C. Yes, madam, you have quality and estate enough. Your wealth is your shame; a rich lady starve her family?

La. P. Madam, you are an ill-bred, abusive person to talk thus of a person of my quality. I know what I do: but my servants are Protestants, and rail at me because I make 'em keep the fasts o' the Church.

La. C. Are your horses Protestants? You make them keep fasting-days too; and lock up your oats in your closet, for fear your coachman shou'd feed 'em too well.

Lo. S. Oh! abominable! the Coachman told me this, and my Lady denied it.

La. C. Did she so? fie upon her! she knows I know it to be true.

Ladies. We all know it! we all know it!

Lo. S. Oh! how I am asham'd! Madam, our affair is at an end.

La. P. An end ! what care I ! I care not a farthing for you, I only regarded your estate ; but I see you are a prodigal man, and will run out your estate and mine too ; so you may go which way you will.

Lo. S. Agreed—agreed, madam !

Lo. W. Pray hear me one word more.

Lo. C. No, no, we have heard enough o' this stuff.

Sir. Tho. By your leave, wife, I shall be heard.

Lo. W. Does not Sir Thomas pretend to go out o' town to-day by the doctor's order ?

Lo. C. I don't know what he pretends, nor I don't care, he's such a wicked man.

Lo. W. You know he does, madam, and you know you told my Lord Finical of it. And what ensued thereon ? Finical fairly resolv'd to make a brothel o' your house to-night, and enjoy Mrs Pansy here, who, by Sir Thomas's order, pretended to be left behind. And, that your own eyes and ears may be witnesses of the truth of what I have told you, we have sent a messenger to Finical with a letter from Mrs Pansy, to let him know her Master and Lady are gone. Do you all conceal yourselves, and if he does not come, and, in the sight and hearing of you all, own how he gulls you all, laughs at you all, and then endeavours to debauch Mrs Pansy, I'll be of your religion.

Lo. C. Well, if he does—I'll be—I'll be—I don't know what religion I'll be of.

Lo. Sta. I find all sorts o' priests are such knaves, and so confound us, that I shall be of no religion.

Pan. My Lord, your messenger is come !

Enter MESSENGER.

Lo. W. So, did you meet with my Lord Finical ?

Mrs. Yes, my Lord, and deliver'd Mrs Pansy's letter to him ; as soon as he read it, he smil'd, and bid me say he wou'd be with her immediately.

Ld. C. Oh ! I am ready to swoon ; I'm afraid all this is truth.

Ladies. Oh ! we shall be all horribly asham'd.

Ld. Stu. And I ; for I ha' countenanc'd this rascal.

Pan. My Lord Finical's coach is at the door !

Ld. W. Hide, hide, and call the servants up !

Pan. Away, away ! I have taken care about that.

[*All run off the stage but Pansy.*]

Enter FINICAL.

Fin. Mrs Pansy, how dost thou do, my sweet love ? my only earthly consolation. Is all the family gone ?

Pan. Just gone !

Fin. That's well ! come, my dear.

Pan. Nay, really my Lord, I dare not venture upon this.

Fin. There's no harm in't, upon my word, child.

Pan. Your word, my Lord ? wou'd you have me take your word for my soul ?

Fin. Ay, believe it, child. Is there any other foundation of faith, than the word o' the Church ? 'Tis the misery of England that they will not take our words ; but every one manages his faith by his fancy, and you see what confusion you are in. But oh ! the happy unity abroad, where nations live like sisters in obedience to Rome, the common parent.

Pan. Those sisters scratch and bite.

Fin. About secular interests. Their faith is one. There we have credit to take up whole kingdoms upon tick. Upon my word, Mrs Pansy, it is and has been long the opinion of holy men, that this is

the only way by which priests may lawfully hold carnal communion with the fair sex. For these solid reasons, listen, Mrs Pansy !

Pan. I shall, my Lord ! 'Twill be worth hearing, no doubt. *[Aside.*

Fin. 'Tis certainly most lawful to circumvent a dangerous enemy by all frauds, it has ever been a holy stratagem o' priests to pretend to more power over the flesh, than perhaps mortal man can attain in this life ; thereby religiously to deceive the world into a bold contest with a seeming baffl'd foe ; whereas if we marry, we confess the enemy cannot be conquer'd, the flesh won'd prevail, and we shou'd fall into contempt. We, therefore, to keep ourselves in veneration, carry saint-like chastity, or at least the image of it before us. And though, like the bearers o' my Lord-Mayor's pageants, we may have many a secret foul step, we must keep our pageant pure, for that is seen, we are hid. But truly I wou'd also keep myself pure, and that, I profess, I design by this correspondence.

Pan. Ay, how so, pray my Lord ?

Fin. I wou'd confine my wand'ring fancy to thy sweet embraces, and be chaste to all women but thee. Nay, our embraces shall be chaste, since we will have chaste intentions, and not come together so much to gratify as to mollify our carnal desires, and bring 'em to nothing.

Pan. I don't know what to say to you, my Lord ; you are a great scholar, and I cannot answer you, but, after all, this does appear ill.

Fin. That signifies nothing, child ; an angel will sometimes appear like a man ; yet is he no man, nor no sinner by putting such a fraud upon the world. We priests are forc'd to appear in many shapes, yet are we holy priests still, and our frauds holy, being for holy ends ; we appear to be friends

to this heretical nation, but alas, we priests are of no nation, for no nation but our own, the holy Roman Ecclesiastical nation of priests, of which his holiness is the head ; and though we may appear friends and subjects to other Princes, we neither are, nor ought to be for any other Prince but as he is our loving brother, and dutiful fellow-subject to the Pope.

Pan. But is that fair ?

Fin. Divinely fair to those who have eyes of faith, and can see the beauty of things supernatural. How far in glory they are above things natural ; we appear friends to some Protestants, who are so simple to be real friends to us. As for instance, my Lord Stately a vain Court-slave and coxcomb — I appear a friend to that fool.

[Lord Stately offers to rush in and strike Finical, but is held by Lord Wiseman and the rest.]

Lo. S. A rascal !

Lo. W. Peace ! *[Thrusts Lord Stately back.]*

Fin. Is there anybody in the house ?

Pan. No, the noise is in the next house.

Fin. Here's my Lady Credulous, and other simple ladies ! we appear as simple as they, and to believe all the simple stories we tell 'em. There's a divine wisdom in the Church that enables her to deceive for good. Here's my Lady Pinchgut, a horrible covetous wretch ! we deceive her of her money, for our good and hers ; her money would damn her. We deceive my Lord Stately, and other Protestant fools, o' their money, and let 'em be damn'd too ; why, they wou'd be damn'd whether we deceived 'em or no ; so we make 'em do some good ; and are false to them, but sincere to our calling of priesthood.

Pan. I doubt you deceive me too.

Fin. So I do, Mrs Pansy, if you take me to be

a wanton man. I profess I come to you with holy ends; that we may quench our carnal desires, embrace each other into angels, and love for ever with a seraphic love.

Pan. I know not how to answer you, nor resist you.

Fin. Then come to my arms, my religious dear!

[*Lord Stutely, Lord Wiseman, Sir Thomas, Lady Credulous, Lady Pinchgut, and all the Ladies rush upon Finical.*]

Lo. S. Oh! you rogue—I'll appear—

La. C. We'll all appear—Tear him to pieces!

Ladies. Tear him to pieces!

Sir Tho. Hold, hold! let him give us our money first.

Ladies. Ay, sir, our money, our money!

Fin. I'm in a dreadful snare—spare me, I'll do't!

Sir Tho. Carry him in and secure him while we draw up our accounts. Now will you be fool'd by these fellows any more?

La. C. Never while I live.

Ladies. Nor I, nor I!

La. C. Pansy, for this honesty o' thine, I'll adopt thee my daughter.

Lo. W. I hope your Lordship is now convinc'd Mr Bellamour and I bore you all manner of sincere friendship and honour, when we endeavoured to break your league with 'em.

Lo. S. My Lord, you were men of honour in it, and to shew my respect to you, you shall ha' my daughters. Go home with me!

Lo. W. The ladies will be here presently, my Lord. Sir Thomas, I must borrow the house for a good work.

Sir Tho. Command it, my Lord!

Lo. W. 'Tis to celebrate the reformation of Ranter. He has deserted his lewdness, and

honestly lifted himself among the virtuous married party. He has married my cousin, Airy. Mr Bellamour is one of his bridemen, and your fair daughters, my Lord, have done my cousin Airy the honour to be her bridemaids.

Lo. S. Well ! I like it well enough.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, here's a wedding below asks for your Ladyship and my Master.

Sir Tho. Bring 'em up ! They're welcome.

Enter Young RANTER, AIRY, Old RANTER, LAURA, BELLAMOUR, JULIA, DULMAN.

Lo. W. Consins, I wish you joy. My Lord ! my cousin is a bride.

Lo. S. I wish you joy, madam ! [*All salute Airy.* What ? Mr Ranter will be a new man.

Y. Ran. Ask my wife ! she knows best what she intends to make me.

Dul. She can make nothing of thee, but a curious fellow.

O. Ran. For my part, I'll give over mankind, and stick to cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, which are the best sports in town. I could not live if 'twere not for cocks and bulls.

Enter LADY PINCHGUT'S COACHMAN.

Co. Must I wait, Master !

La. P. Wait, sirrah ! did you bring the wedding in my coach ?

Co. P' your coach ? No, if I had, I must ha' drawn it myself, your horses cou'd not do't. I'll starve no longer in your service ! I'm hiring myself to a hack.

Lo. S. Sirrah, you are a saucy fellow ; but you

ha' told truth of the lady, so there's five guineas for you.

Co. Ah ! boys ! thank your honour ; now I shall use my chops again.

Y. Ran. Are you given to telling truths, sirrah. If you had been given to lying I'd ha' took you into my service.

Co. Oh ! sir, I'll lie with any man in Christendom, or woman either.

Y. Ran. Then thou shalt be my coachman.

Lo. Stu. This Ranter is as bad as ever.

Lo. W. No, my Lord, this is only a foolish pride he takes of appearing worse than he is.

Lo. Stu. I'm glad my daughters are rid of him ; and to secure 'em from such companions, my Lord and Mr Bellamour, I bestow 'em upon you.

Lo. W. My Lord, you give us what no man can deserve.

Bell. We'll study to do't.

Lo. W. My Lady Credulous, the bride is my kinswoman, so the treat to-night is mine, and I invite all this good company.

Ld. C. In my house, my Lord !

Lo. W. The house is mine to-night, madam. See, Mr Ranter,

In those sweet bosoms we admission find,
Whence you wild braves are shut like blasting
wind. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Priests have the keys of heaven and hell, they
boast ;

No doubt to both they let in many a ghost.
But we to-day have ranting Sparks display'd
Can damn themselves, without the Church's aid.
Who count it glorious to drink, whore, and swear,
And rather wou'd be catch'd at rapes than prayer.
But, hec't'ring heaven, they will not trust it far,
Therefore our play-house is their seat of war.
And they encounter, without wit or fear,
Dang'rous French forces, in lewd vizards here.
Our heroes once in France great fame did gain :
Our masques give France revenge, and spoil the
strain.

The masques, no doubt, are pensioners of France.
'Tis treason now French interest to advance :
And French commodities are all by law
Doom'd to be burnt—Then you bold masques with-
draw !

Or else the custom-house will seize you all,
And make our house to the prize-office fall.
To revive English virtue, drive away
Folly and vice, is aim'd at in this play.
To friends of England that must well appear,
And such no doubt is every creature here.

REGULUS.

*Regulus, a Tragedy, as it is acted by their Majesties
Serrants. Written by Mr Crown. London, printed for
James Knapton, at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard,
1694. 4to.*

REGULUS is the only play by Crowne which has issued from the press without a dedication or preface; the copies in the British Museum and in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates having the *Dramatis Personæ* printed on the back of the title, and this occurs in two other instances which have come under the notice of the editors. In 1694 in all probability the author did not require the pecuniary compliment uniformly expected from, and in most instances acknowledged by, the patron to whom a play had been inscribed; as it appears from the dedication by Crowne to the Earl of Romney, of his last tragedy, *Caligula*, that the author enjoyed, anterior to the death of Queen Mary, the bounty of that excellent lady, who had not forgotten that she, with her sister Anne, had performed in the masque of *Calisto*, which had been represented before the Court in 1675, and that it had been dedicated to her Royal Highness, who performed the principal female character.* With the death of Queen Mary in 1694,† the Royal bounty terminated, and it was not continued by her husband, who took no interest in literary affairs, and was too much engaged in opposing the aggressive acts of the French monarch to attend to less important matters. Indeed it required all his sagacity to retain his throne against the machinations of his Jacobite enemies; and, when abroad, all his great military skill was requisite to resist successfully the power of France.

When Anne succeeded, pursuant to the act of settlement, Crowne was still in existence, although, from the account he gives of his serious ailments, it is evident that he did not think that he was long for this world.

Geneste observes, although "*Regulus*" was printed in 1694, "it certainly came out this year (1692), as Leigh and Mountford acted in it." As Mountford was basely murdered at the instigation of Lord Mohun in December

* Crowne's *Dramatic Works*, vol. i. Preface to *Calisto*.

† The Queen died about one in the morning of the 28th December 1694. William died on the 8th of March 1702.

1692, and Leigh died a few days afterwards, this remark appears to be correct. It must have been acted in May 1692, as the prologue refers to the great naval victory—obtained 19th May 1692, by Admiral Russell, who commanded the united English and Dutch fleets—over the French fleet, under Admiral Tourville, when the French were entirely defeated and driven back upon their own shores. This is usually called the victory of La Hogue. No less than twenty-one of their largest men-of-war were destroyed—amongst which was the Admiral's vessel, the *Rising Sun*, which was set on fire within sight of the army intended for the invasion of England.*

In the account of this tragedy in the "*Biographia Dramatica*," Livy is given as furnishing the author with the plot—a strange mistake, as the portion of Livy's history relative to Regulus and his alleged torments is wanting. The truth of the manner in which he was put to death has long been questioned, and Geneste observes, "It is much to be wished that some person of abilities would investigate the point."†

Niebuhr has done this with great acuteness, and his remarks are commendable. After mentioning that the French philologer, Palmerius, had denounced the story as untenable, considering that, if true, Polybius, who had minutely described the facts relative to Regulus, should have been silent on the point in which he had no interest, being a Greek, to conceal. He was followed by Beaufort, who brought forward reasons to prove the plot of tragedy a complete fiction, and that it was probably invented because the Romans declared the terms of peace proposed by Regulus to be abominable. Beaufort has drawn attention to a fragment of Diodorus, according to which two noble Carthagenians were retained in Rome as hostages for the life of Regulus, and were given over to his wife and family. The same fragment states that they were tortured by the relatives of Regu-

* Russel was created by William III., 7th May 1697, Baron Russel of Shingly in the county of Kent, Viscount Barfleur in Normandy, and Earl of Oxford in Essex.—According to Lord Macanlay, he was a person entirely devoid of principle.

† Vol. ii., p. 22.

lus in a frightful manner, and that the tribunes summoned the senate, and compelled the monsters to release one of the hostages who was kept shut up in a case containing the dead body of his comrade. Now, as both Palmerius and Beaufort justly observe, if the Carthaginians actually did torture Regulus to death, it was only an act of retaliation. It was probably this crime committed by the family of Regulus, which caused the fabrication of the whole story about his death. But even this story is not the same in all authors. According to some his eyes were put out,—others say he was tortured with iron nails; and others again that he was killed by being exposed to the sun and insects. Some middle age writers take a special delight in inventing most fearful and complicate tortures, *e.g.*, the authors of the forged *Acta Martyrum*. Such also is the case with the story of Regulus. It surely cannot have been known previously to the time of Polybius, for had he been acquainted with it, as told by later writers, he would not have passed over it in silence. The common account of the death of Regulus may be effaced from the pages of history without any scruple. It may be that it was taken from Nævius, for Diodorus was not acquainted with it, as is clear from his fragments. He knew the history of Rome but very imperfectly, and only from the earlier, almost contemporary, writers, as Philinus of Agrigentum, Timæus, and Fabius Pictor. He had not read Nævius, and hence the latest Roman historians were probably those who gave currency to the story of Nævius. Cicero knew it, and it must therefore have been related either in Cato's *Origines* or by Nævius. If it originated with later authors, it arose at the earliest from 100 to 120 years after the time of Regulus.*

None of the incidents of the tragedy have a genuine historical foundation; they seem entire fictions coined by the author. The hero is represented as a widower, who, having found matrimony agreeable, proposes to take as his second wife, Fulvia, the daughter of Mitellus, a Proconsul. Now, the shade of Apamia, his first wife, not exactly seeing the propriety of this intention, thought it

* Lectures on the History of Rome, by Niebuhr. Edited by Schmitz, 3d edition. London, 1870. P. 319.

expedient to enter appearance, and, preceded by a fierce storm of thunder, appeared, to the great horror of Fulvia and Regulus, who were flirting, whilst an Augur was engaged in consulting the gods as to the future fortunes of the latter. The ghost appears a second time in the fifth act, when Fulvia is endeavouring to prevent her lover returning to Carthage, and is holding him with that object, when, upon beholding the apparition, she "shrieks," and "falls into her woman's arms," whereupon he is enabled to redeem his pledge.

The last scene discovers Regulus in Carthage sitting "on a chair, bloody." Fulvia has followed him, and stands by his side. He gives her much good advice, and assures her "he will wait for her at the gates of Elysium," whereupon she goes mad. There is an under-plot of the loves of Xantippus, a Spartan general, represented as the captor of Regulus and of Elisa, daughter of Hamlear, "a noble Carthaginian, Prince of the Senate," courted by Asdrubal, a Royal prince, who conspires with certain not particularly respectable personages to make himself King of Carthage. Their devices fail, and they are all executed. Some of the scenes where they appear are amusing, and not deficient in point; but there does not seem any reason for dissenting from Geneste, who says: "this is an indifferent tragedy; the story is barren of incident, and not well calculated for the stage."*

William Havard, a respectable performer at Drury Lane, who had written *Scanderbeg*, acted in the theatre Goodmanfields, in 1733, and King Charles the First "an historical tragedy written in imitation of Shakespear" 1737, both of which had met with success, was induced to write a third tragedy on the subject of Regulus in 1743-44, which, by the exertions of Garrick, who acted the Roman general, was successfully produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, upon the 21st February. On the 18th of April following, being the seventh night, it was represented for the benefit of the author, and apparently for the last time. Murphy says, Garrick's admirable acting gave warmth and energy to the whole piece. The drama suddenly terminates with the

* Vol. ii. p. 23.

return of Regulus to Carthage, and the audience is consequently spared witnessing any of the cruel torments which the ordinary unvouched accounts assert were inflicted on his person. It is a cold and insipid performance, after the fashion of Addison's "Cato," but in every respect inferior. The declamatory speeches of Corvus, the Villain, are as tiresome as a modern parliamentary oration usually is.

Havard dedicated his performance to John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, well known in his day by the sobriquet of Jemmy Twitcher. The author continued on the stage until the year 1769, when increasing infirmities caused his retirement. He died on the 20th February 1776, aged 68, and was buried in Covent Garden Church Yard, under a stone with an epitaph by his constant and loving friend, David Garrick.

Very nearly a century elapsed before the legend of Regulus was again attempted to be put upon the stage; and if Crowne and Havard took liberties with the supposed history of the Roman patriot, Jacob Jones, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and formerly of Brazenose College, Oxford, Barrister at Law, went far beyond them, as, in 1841, he gave to the world "REGULUS, the noblest Roman of them all, a tragedy in five acts."*

From the notice prefixed, Mr Jones apparently had not been very successful in his attempt to induce the managers to bring out his drama. Assuredly, his *Regulus* is unfit for representation, as no audience could have had patience to hear it out. The piece opens with a meeting of merchants of all countries crowding and transacting business in the "exchange or mart of nations at Carthage." After some preliminary talk, and some abortive attempts at buying and selling, the principal person in the drama comes forward from the back to the front of the stage surrounded by merchants and scribes. This individual is described in the *dramatis personæ* as "Dives, a Prince Merchant and chief man of Carthage."

The Roman general is at this time a prisoner in

* London: published by John Miller, 13 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 1841. 8vo. Described on the title as the Second Edition.

chains, and confined in a dungeon. The Prince-Merchant has been so unfortunate as to have his most valuable ships captured by the Romans; and, although enormously rich, he is most desirous to regain them. Being a practical man, it occurs to him that Regulus may be induced to aid him in the attempt, and, having secured the consent of the Senate, he proposes that their captive shall accompany him to the Roman camp to negotiate a peace, which, if satisfactory, would be followed by his liberation, and, what is to the Prince-Merchant of greater importance, the restitution of his ships. Thus, while ostensibly serving the Republic, he was in reality, like a patriot of modern type, serving himself.

If Dives is intended to be the true specimen of a Punic "Prince" engaged in trade, these worthies must have been a set of the most unmitigated rogues that ever existed, well versed in every species of villany, and to whom murder was but a pastime. Regulus is persuaded to avail himself of the permission of the Senate, upon his parole, that if unsuccessful he will return to his captivity. He accordingly proceeds on the embassy, which, as every reader of the history of Rome knows, came to nothing; as he, in place of persuading, deterred his countrymen from acceding to terms which would disgrace them for ever. He returns to captivity according to his pledge.

The concluding scene is in a public place of Carthage. Regulus, with his eyelids cut off, exposed to the rays of the sun; citizens and others mock him. This continues for some time, when Dives enters with his parasites, and the taunts are renewed. Regulus retorts, until irritated by his prophecies of evil, Dives rushes on him and "runs his sword through his body," whereupon he dies. Natho, the husband of the murdered man's daughter, who opportunely had just made his appearance, attacks Dives. "They fight. Dives foully and with desperation, Natho with calmness."

"*Natho.* Take that for him,
My Asdrubal, thou murder'st hound of hell;
And that for Regulus, my father.

Dives. Spare!

Natho. And this for Carthage, which thy loathsome deeds

Have made a byword to the East.

[*Pierces him to the heart.*]

Dives. Spare! spare!

I have it—Ha! (*shrieks*) my treasures and my ships (*dies*)."

The Prince-Merchant being thus disposed of, the body of Regulus is borne to the beach by the followers of Natho, who, with his wife, accompany it, the former judiciously remarking—

"Now, before the panic shall subside

Our task accomplished, murderous Dives slain,

We and our bold companions reach the shore,

Speed o'er the waves and ne'er see Carthage more."

The Abbate Metastasio wrote his musical drama of *Attilio Regulo* in 1740, for performance at Vienna; but it was not until ten years afterwards, when it was first set to music by Hasse, under the patronage of the court at Dresden, that it was brought out there. Hoole, the translator of Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," has given an English version of it in blank verse, which will be found in the second volume of *Dramas and other Poems of the Abbe Pietro Metastasio*, p. 239. London, 1800. Royal 8vo.

Miss Hannah More wrote a tragedy called "*The Inflexible Captive*," on the subject of Regulus, which was published in 1774, in 8vo. "It was partly based on Metastasio's opera, and contained many well-written speeches, but on the whole is a very dull play. It was acted at Bristol. Henderson is said to have acted Regulus. Dimond certainly acted the part."* According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, "it was acted one night at Bath."

Another translation of the *Regulo* was published in 1847, the work of Miss Emily Smith.

* *Geneste*, vol. x. p. 180.

The following advertisement occurs after the colophon on the title page of Crowne's "Regulus;" rather an unusual mode of advertising,—but which may be attributed to the popularity and general circulation of Crowne's plays at the time :—

Advertisement.

There is now in the press, and will be published this term, *The Memoirs of Monsieur de Pontis*; who served in the French army six-and-fifty years, under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., Kings of France; containing many remarkable passages relating to the war, the Court, and the Government of those Princes: in two parts, faithfully Englished at the request of his Grace the Duke of Ormond. By Charles Cotton, Esq.

PROLOGUE.

Methinks the late victorious day has spread,
O'er all your cheeks, a lively pleasing red.
Our naval glory warms you, flaming joys
Kindle illuminations in your eyes.
The Monsieurs thought our men by sea and land
Wou'd run, and nothing but the women stand ;
They knew they'd charge again, so their intent
Was on the fair to make a fierce descent.
Now we once more shall have the full control
Of our own seas ; the French ne'er won, but stole.
More goods will fall from France's wounded hand,
This shock at sea will settle many a land.
Ev'n France may quit her chains, and more enjoy
Than a vain brag, *nous avons un grand roy* ;
For that's their all, it serves the Great instead
Of manly freedom, and the poor for bread.
T'ave a great King indeed, poor harrass'd slave,
And that great King has you, and all you have.
If I may name among the high, the low,
This will a peace upon the stage bestow ;
Where factions oft with claps and hisses fought,
But now one party has a total rout.
T' expose their pictures now we might be bold,
When families are broke, their goods are sold,
But we are too much pleas'd for anger now,
What do not our brave warriors bestow ?
Defence and an eternal glorious name—
Even we who fight not, share the fighters' fame.
You cry w'have beat the French, when only here
You board a vizard, a French privateer.
But, sirs, we must not throw contempt on you,
Great is the public service lovers do.
'Tis needful, since mankind in battle dies,
Beauties and sparks should beat up for supplies.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Names of the Persons in the Roman Camp before Carthage.

REGULUS, Consul of Rome, . . .	Mr Batterton.
METELLUS, Proconsul, . . .	Mr Kynaston.
LEPIDUS, a great Roman commander.	
<i>A Roman Augur.</i>	
FULVIA, Metellus's daughter, . .	Mrs Barry.
<i>Her Women.</i>	

In Carthage.

ASDRUBAL, a young ambitious Prince, aiming to overthrow the Commonwealth of Carthage, and make himself King. He is in love with Elisa,	} Mr Mountford.
GISGON, a rich Carthaginian Senator of Asdrubal's party,	
HIARBAS, a luxurious priest, a flatterer of Asdrubal, . . .	} Mr Leigh.
BATTO, a rich treacherous citizen that trades secretly with the Romans, flatters all sides for profit. }	
HAMILCAR, a noble Carthaginian, Prince of the Senate,	} Mr Underhill.
XANTIPPUS, a Spartan, chosen General of the Carthaginian armies,	
ELISA, Hamilcar's daughter.	} Mr Dogget.
	} Mr Sandford.
	} Mr Williams.

REGULUS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Carthage.*

GISGON and BATTO *looking through prospective glasses.*

Gis. Nineteen, twenty, one and twenty towns o' fire !

Bat. Nay, I see two and twenty, an't like your Honour.

Gis. I see the t'other now under a mountain. Well, though our people are rogues, and go to hell, our houses go up to Heaven.

Bat. Regulus plays the devil, an't like your Honour. He beats us by sea and land ; over-runs all our country ; is now come up to the walls of Carthage, and here he burns our forts and towns, under the nose of our capital city.

Gis. I won't trust this knave : but these confusions I hope will make my friend Prince Asdrubal, King. *[Aside.*

Bat. Your Honour is a gallant gentleman. If the Prince gets the management of the Commonwealth into his hands, as I hope he will, you'll be at the top of affairs ; but you'll be above troubling yourself with business. If your Honour pleases to employ me, who have been in business all my life, as a merchant, a banker, a farmer o' the customs——

Gis. And hast cheated in 'em all ; thou hast cheated the Commonwealth of a thousand talents.

Bat. Ah dear! I would I had, an't like your Honour. I am not worth much.

Gis. Thou! no, who'll give any thing for thee? but your bags are, sir. Were not you rated to the public charge?

Bat. Rated? ay, but I swore off.

Gis. Nay, thou wilt swear off thy ears, to save thy money. Sir, you have as good an estate as I have: and I am a man of quality and you are but a pedlar. Is that fit? you are a pedlar I say, tho' you trade for thousands. If you had any honour by birth, you lose it by trade, and are a peddling fellow.

Bat. I honour? an't like your Honour, I don't pretend to it; if I did I should be undone. I live by my credit, and if I should pretend to be a great man, and a man of honour, nobody would trust me; for men of honour think they may do anything.

Gis. We men of quality do sometimes endeavour to humble such mechanic fellows as you are, and punish you for your insolence. I married a Persian lady of noble birth and fortune; and the King did me the honour to dance at my wedding; I shall be proud of it as long as I live. Now, you are a mechanic, and married a wife no better than yourself; and your wife has the insolence to vie for finery, and dresses, with my most noble Lady. I tell you what; humble your wife, or I'll break your pate.

Bat. I cannot, an't please your Honour; she humbles me.

Gis. I'll humble you both then. How now! what graceful person comes this way? oh! 'tis my very venerable friend, the Priest of Hercules.

Bat. He has the marks of a jolly rich priest; a rubric nose, and a canonical belly.

Gis. You'd have him as arrant an ass as you are, sir ; starve in the midst of wealth ! He eats and drinks like a man of sense. Here he comes !

Enter HIARBAS.

My very venerable friend, how does your reverend person ?

Hia. Very—aw—(*yawns*)—well—aw—

Gis. Your Reverence I think is drowsy.

Hia. Yes, in troth, I crop'd my nap something short last night, and now it springs again. Drowsiness twists vine-like about my chops, and arrests me for the hours I borrowed of her.

Gis. What ? you were up at study ?

Hia. No, in troth, I study not of late, it makes me fat ; 'tis a great hinderer of digestion.

Gis. Not of digesting books, my reverend friend ?

Hia. I ha' not leisure now to digest books. I laid in a good stock of academic sense when I was young, and faith that serves me now. How dost thou do, Batto ?

Bat. Thank your Reverence.

Hia. This is an honest fellow, Senator.

Gis. No, no ! a knave, a knave !

Hia. He comes to my temple sometimes, and gives me my dues. If a man does that, I forgive him a great many frailties. I love to season life with a good even hand ; virtue, morality, and piety, are very wholesome things, but not over toothsome. We must mingle a little liberty and frailty with 'em, and then they relish well.

Gis. Your Reverence speaks like a gentleman. But I am not of opinion, because a man o' quality now and then makes bold with Heaven, therefore every Jack Sauce may do it. I think a gentleman shou'd be indulg'd.

Hia. Sir, a Prince is to have his will, for he's

the image of the gods ; a gentleman is to have his pleasure, for he is the image of his Prince ; a common fellow is to drudge, for he is the image of an ass.

[*Shout.*
Gis. Did not your Reverence hear the shouts and huzzas of the people after our splendid friend Prince Asdrubal ? A word wi' you—He's in a fair way to be King.

[*Aside.*
Hia. Silence ! have a care. (*A shout.*) Hark ! I think he comes.

Gis. Ay, 'tis he ! 'tis he ! and all the world after him. I am over-joy'd.

Enter ASDRUBAL, followed by an armed multitude.

Sir, I am in raptures ! I cannot govern my joy. I most ardently embrace your knees.

Asd. Enough !

Gis. Sir, I can never have enough.

Hia. A word wi' you, Senator, you will betray all. (*Aside.*) Nobody will believe these transports of joy, at the Prince's advancement, are for the sake of the public.

Gis. Damn the public ! I care not a farthing for the public.

Hia. Every body believes that ; therefore these raptures are plain confessions of some other aims. (*aside.*) Well, fellow citizens, you are in a fair way to be great and happy ; you address to a Prince, who has power and virtue, can, and will serve you.

Asd. To serve you all, I'm sure I have a will, If I want power, that is not my fault.

And here are coming some to take away

That little power I have ; I mean the guards.

They're coming to oppose me, and themselves,

For I'm, it may be, the best friend they have.

Hia. There's Lord Hamilear in the head of 'em.

Gis. He's a wise man! did not your Highness offer to marry his daughter?

Asd. I did. I thought him then a man of honour.

Gis. Well, let 'em come! w'ave strength to deal with 'em.

Enter HAMILCAR, and a GUARD.

Ham. Lord Asdrubal, why wilt thou force the Senate

To use you ill? Your noble ancestors,
Highly oblig'd your country; their deserts
Have pleaded for you, and we lent an ear,
Till your extravagance ran to this height,
And in the town made a wide dangerous rent;
When mighty Regulus is at our walls,
And our united strength can scarce preserve us.

Asd. Have you spoken?

Ham. I have.

Asd. Then pray bear patiently some words from me.

I've suffer'd tamely many wrongs from you,
And the whole Senate. For the sake of peace,
My private wrongs I never will revenge;
But for the sake of peace and public good,
The injuries yourself, and many more
Have done the Commonwealth, I'll ne'er forgive.
No, with the hazard of my life, I'll try
To right my country upon all of you.

Ham. My Lord! we understand you well enough.
We know what serpents lurk under these flowers,
Ambition; you are lab'ring to be King.

Asd. 'Tis false! I take the gods to be my witness.

Ham. Why do your fav'rites then insinuate
In every place, that y'are of Royal blood?

Asd. Am I to answer for my followers ?
And I have Royal blood,—is it a fault ?

Gis. Now I am concern'd to speak. For a person of quality, I am a tolerable scholar. I read books, and books of heraldry delight me much. I dabble much in the fountains of great families. By consequence, I am not ignorant of his Highness Prince Asdrubal's extraction ; I know he is descended from King Strato, the Royal ancestor of Queen Dido of ever blessed memory.

Ham. Well, what then ?

Gis. Why, then he is descended from King Sicheus.

Hia. Then his Highness shews the more humility, by submitting to serve.

Asd. I declare myself the humblest servant of the poorest man here.

Hia. Here's a fine gentleman !

Gis. A delicate Prince ! it does my heart good to look upon him.

Asd. I never will renounce my Royal blood ;
But any title, or desire to reign,
I solemnly renounce, before the gods.
What can the crown give me ? many more troubles,
Little more greatness, than I now possess.
My patrimonial lands are a large Empire.
I love my ease too much to wish to reign.
It is my fault, I was so long a rising
To serve the Commonwealth, I am afraid
I rise too late ; and things are gone too far.
Now I'm disturb'd I'll not take any rest
Till I have fix'd, or done my best to fix
The Commonwealth in safety and repose.
Therefore, my Lord, give up your power this
minute,

Or I will try by force to make it mine.

Ham. This is no season for domestic strife.

My Lord, consider.

Asd. I've too long consider'd.

Ham. Will you give us some leisure to consider ?

Asd. I'll give you forty hours ; if, in that time,
You do not find some reasonable way
To give the Commonwealth speedy relief,
I will repair to utmost violence.

Ham. Well, you shall very quickly hear from
me. [Exit.

Asd. You see, my friends, what a great stake I lay,
That you may win, for I can be no greater,
Nor richer than I am, but in your love ;
But you I hope will get all your desires. [Exit.

Gis. Here's a Prince !

Hia. Thank the gods, for giving you such a
man !

Gis. Look if they huzza ; huzza ! for shame,
huzza ! [Ex. shouting.

But. This Prince, Asdrubal, has some great design in his head, or he would never take all this trouble upon him. It is for some extraordinary pleasure. I fancy 'tis for a crown ; and, if he gets it, he'll to pleasure again. We men of business shall have the management of all things, but his women. He will keep Generals to be beaten for him, and such men as I to be hang'd for him. He'll commit faults in his own person, and think to be hang'd in ours. But he is mistaken ; for when we have got the money, and impoverish'd him, we shall be honoured for being rich cheats, and he'll be despis'd and punished for being cheated. No man forgives poverty or folly. [Exit.

SCENE, *Hamilcar's house.*

Enter HAMILCAR, and a GENTLEMAN.

Ham. Where is the Spartan General ?

Gen. Gone to view
The new recruits, encamp'd before the town.
But he's return'd, I see him come this way. [*Exit.*]

Enter XANTIPPUS.

Ham. Oh, welcome, brave protector of our State !
What news out o' the field ? I need not ask.
I see a mournful paleness on your cheek.

Xan. There is a burning face you do not mind,
The face of Heaven scorch'd with your flaming
towns.

The great victorious Roman, Regulus
Is not content to take your seas and lands,
He also means to conquer all your skies ;
Look out ! you'll see him scaling Heaven by fire.

Ham. What need he ? He's already master there.
Since his bold landing here, no happy star
Has corresponded with our falling State ;
As if he barr'd up all the roads above,
As he does those of our lost provinces.

Xan. Would he could bar up all the roads of hell,
That hell might have no correspondence here.

Ham. Ay, that commerce has brought our
Commonwealth,
From a stupendous height of power and wealth,
To be a beggar, and a public charge,
Depending on our neighbour's charity.
Had not you brought your Spartans to our aid
We must have sunk ; and we are so corrupt,
I think it is a sin to buoy us up,
And destroy men who ought to be ador'd,
To preserve men who ought to be destroy'd.
The meanest Roman seems the son of Jove,
And mighty Regulus seems Jove himself.

Xan. Well we must make a speedy desperate
push,
Or else between the glorious Regulus

And corrupt Asdrubal we shall be crush'd.
 Asdrubal gets the ground we lose in town,
 And Regulus our provinces abroad.
 And this good man, our honest, careful Spy
 Tells me the Romans look the next fair wind
 Shou'd land 'em here, at least two legions more.

Enter SPY.

Spy. My Lord, they are expected every hour.

Ham. Then we can soon determine what to do.
 If they are now too great a weight for us,
 What will they be when they have this supply ?

Xan. 'Tis true, therefore to-day I'll to the scale,
 And I have hope, for I perceive of late,
 In my brave enemy some levity.

He's wanton with success and plays with you,
 As if he were asham'd of being grave
 In such a trifling thing, as fighting me.
 I hope to make good use of this to-day.

Meanwhile, my Lord, pray make this town your
 care ;

Your province is as dangerous as mine,
 For you must deal with treacherous enemies.

Ham. My Lord, I'll take what post you please
 to give me,

For our Republic, ay, and nature too,
 Have made you my superior.

Xan. How, my Lord !
 Are not you father of my fair Elisa,
 And in her love the maker of my fortunes ?
 And shortly you will be my father too.
 Oh ! what a noble friend y'ave been to me !
 To oblige me you have expos'd your life.
 I was so bold for your fair daughter's love,
 To rival Asdrubal, a mighty Prince ;
 And you as bold gave me the preference,
 And by that means have brought this rage upon you.

How brave is this ! and, oh, how generous !
 For I'm a subject to the Spartan State,
 Where Kings are poor ; and he's a Prince in
 Carthage,
 Where subjects have more riches than some Kings.
 But see, the lovely Elisa comes this way !
 Have I your leave to talk with her a while ?

Ham. You need not ask it, she's more yours than
 mine,

For I have given you all my right in her ;
 And now retire to give you liberty. [*Exit.*

Spy. Your Lordship has no more commands for
 me ?

Xan. Only to hide with care from every man,
 That I employ you to the Roman camp.
 For if the factious men shou'd come to know,
 They'd put a false malicious sense upon't ;
 And from it work much mischief.

Spy. I'll conceal it. [*Exit.*

Enter ELISA, and her Woman.

El. Oh ! here's my Lord !

Xan. My love ! thou tremblest, dear !

El. Have I not cause ?

All Carthage has been shaken with the shouts
 Of the vast crowds that follow Asdrubal.
 They say he will be King ; well, if he be,
 I'll be a ghost ; he haunts me eagerly,
 But I abhor him ; I had rather be
 The ashes of your wife, in a cold urn,
 Than in a golden bed his living Queen.

Xan. Oh ! my kind love ! how shall I answer
 thee ?

We Spartans shun all lux'ry, even in words :
 We plainly dress our bodies, and our thoughts.
 I can but say, I love.

El. And that's enough !

They who buy plate by weight regard the metal,
 And not the art about it ; words receive
 A higher price from truth, than art or wit.
 I know thou lov'st me, for thou hast for me
 Despis'd a hundred shining beauties here,
 Who languish for thee.

Xan. Thou hast shunn'd for me,
 Not only wealthy youth, but wealth itself.
 I have no gold, nay, more, I must have none,
 Our Sparta abhors riches as a pest ;
 We will not suffer the least symptom there
 Of wealth or luxury to shew itself.
 I dare no more shew fair Elisa's breast
 Cover'd with rubies, than infectious heats ;
 Nor her white slender fingers hid in rings,
 Than with foul tumors. Finery we loathe,
 And think the breaking out of a rank mind.
 Yet thou art willing, dear, to go with me,
 And leave thy robes and jewels ?

El. What are those ?
 The liveries we slaves to fashion wear ;
 Alas ! I have not seen them many a day.
 Since I've seen thee, I have seen nothing else,
 My eyes and thoughts have all been upon thee.

Xan. My dear ! yet we in Sparta are not poor ;
 There's no one there without a great estate,
 For every one owns the whole Commonwealth,
 Which must provide him ev'rything he wants.
 The law takes measure of us all for clothes,
 Diets us all, and in the sight of all,
 To keep us from all private leagues with wealth.
 There every town seems but one family,
 Where all attir'd alike, and modestly,
 Do at one common table eat plain food.

El. Why say you Sparta forbids luxury ?
 You live in all the luxury of Heaven :
 Love, peace, and virtue are the joys of gods.

Xan. Indeed we have not much domestic strife ;
We measure all things equally to all,
So none like billows rise to make a storm.
Even priests and lawyers live in quiet there.

El. Have you no titles and distinctions there ?

Xan. Only what merit makes ; we mind not
blood,

Nor a vain title floating on that stream ;
Only great actions there beget great sounds.
Your high-sprung blood in Sparta will be lost,—
I mean all your precedencies of birth.

You must give place to aged matrons there,
Whose greatest riches are their silver hairs.

El. Let me have the precedence in your heart,
And let who will take all the world beside.

Xan. Oh ! we shall be luxurious in love ;
But that will be no breach of Spartan laws.

El. Well, when shall we enjoy this happy life,
And leave our Carthaginian prison here ?
So the victorious Romans make this town.

Xan. I do not know, I'll try my fate this day,
This day shall be the last deciding battle.
I'll be a conqueror, a slave, or ghost.

El. A ghost ? a damp evaporates from the word
Which sickens me to death.

Xan. Ha ! ha ! ha !

El. D'ye laugh at me ?

Xan. My dear ! thou put'st me in mind of
novices,

Who, when they first meet danger, duck at arrows,
But when their maid'nly terrors are all o'er,
Laugh at themselves, as thou wilt do in time.

El. Sure when your life's expos'd, I shall not
laugh.

Xan. A soldier's life lies wholly in his honour ;
And that lives best in danger. If thou hear'st
My honour's lost, shed pitying tears for me ;

And think thou art a widow though I live.
But if my honour lives, though I am kill'd,
Triumph ; and shed no tears but those of joy,
For that's the manner of a Spartan wife.
And so, farewell !

El. Thou shalt not go.

Xan. Away ! *[He rushes out.]*

El. Then can you cast me off ? Oh ! cruel man !
Lead, lead me to my bed and bind my hands,
Or I shall do some violence to myself.
Shall I be thus, when I am married ?
I do not find all soldier's wives are thus :
Marriage perhaps may teach me wit, and I
May learn to let my husband fight, and die.
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE continues.

Enter SPY and BATTO at several doors.

Bat. Oh ! how dost thou do ! when wast thou
with our chapmen the Romans ?

Spy. I just came from 'em.

Bat. How went off our commodities ?

Spy. Our swords went off but dully ; there hav-
ing not been a battle a good while, they ha' not
left many swords. But they have shot away an
abundance of arrows against the town ; and were
in great want of arrows. So they gave us any-
thing for our arrows.

Bat. That's well.

Spy. We are a couple o' pure rogues. We sell
arms to the Romans, to cut the throats of our own
countrymen, the Carthaginians.

Bat. Ay, but we sell our arms so dear, we cut

the throats o' the Romans too. What news of Italian wine? Could you meet with a bargain?

Spy. A rare bargain. You must know Regulus is a severe man; he won't suffer any man in his army to drink wine, unless he be sick. So, sir, there came the other day a ship from Italy, loaden with wine, and thought to come to a great market here, because all the vineyards here are cut down and spoil'd. E'gad, Regulus having wine enough to serve sick men on occasion, would not suffer a drop of it to be sold to his army, so I bought it for a song.

Bat. That's well! it comes in rare season; wine is very scarce among us, and our countrymen will have wine. Drunkenness is an honourable quality amongst us. Wine they will have, and have no stoppage of wine here, to give my trade the stranguary. In what condition did you find the Roman army?

Spy. A very good one.

Bat. I am glad of it. Then the blockade will continue, and so corn must rise. 'Tis true, thanks be to the gods, there is a pretty good convenient famine amongst us, which makes corn a good commodity; and I have a large stock. But I'll keep my corn a while longer, and make the best o' the famine.

Spy. Oh! you inhuman rogne! your corn already grinds all the town. Hast thou no conscience?

Bat. I don't see any body has any conscience after they come to years of discretion. Most people have it when they are young, as they have the small-pox; but when they are once cur'd of it, they are seldom troubled with it any more.

Spy. If thou hast no regard to the gods, thou mayst have a little to the Commonwealth.

Bat. Hang the Commonwealth! Does not every body cheat the Commonwealth as much as

he can? Why should I be honest all alone by myself?

Spy. Does your priest of Hercules teach you no better?

Bat. He has no more religion than myself. Drinking has cup'd the humour out of him. Well, is this all you have to say to me?

Spy. No, I have news for you worth a talent every syllable.

Bat. What is't? what is't?

Spy. I'll trust you with it, for I know how to make my pen'orths out of you. If you be false to me, I'll get my own pardon, and hang you. Apply yourself to my Lord Hamilcar.

Bat. To him? The people are ready to knock out his brains, and have set up Asdrubal.

Spy. The people are asses, and meddle with that they do not understand, State affairs. A Roman Tribune has engaged to put Regulus into the Spartan General's hands. 'Twill be done to-day, and then the people will knock out Asdrubal's brains, and set up Hamilcar.

Bat. Nay, if the Romans begin to sell one another, we'll deal with 'em. I'll to my Lord Hamilcar presently; but, for fear this business should not succeed, I'll to my Lord Asdrubal too.

Spy. Well, sir, remember I have you by the neck. If you get into business, put me in, or I'll hang you! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Asdrubal's Palace.*

Enter ASDRUBAL, HIARBAS, GISGON.

Gis. Oh! sir! how rarely your Highness dissembled to-day?

Asd. What did I dissemble?

Gis. Your desire to the crown.

Asd. Who told you I desire the crown?

Gis. Did you take all this trouble for a parcel of fellows, they call the Country? You are of more worth than a thousand such countries! I love a Court, and pomp, and gallantry. I hate a nation where the people are ador'd.

Hia. Adore the people! they are antigods, nothing they make, but every thing they mar.

Asd. They made too much in Carthage; a great man is only clay, till they breathe life in him.

Gis. Oh! sir, I am glad to hear so much come from you, we shall have more shortly! I'd fain see you a King, great as the Persian King; as absolute head, hang, starve whom you will! Ah! that's great! that's right!

Asd. Would you like it?

Gis. Ay! why not, sir? You should never have my head I warrant you. Why should you? I'll do whatever you please.

Asd. And would your Reverence like it too?

Hia. I ha' more reason to like it than he has, because I shall ha' more share o' power than he. He can have no power but what his Prince gives him; but I shall give my Prince power, and therefore he'll take none from me.

Asd. And will you do what I please?

Hia. You shall be pleased with what I do, and that's all one. I will give you this world to do what you will with, when you are alive, and Heaven when y'are dead; what would you have more? And I being so useful to you, you will for your own sake be as useful to me. And we, thus sharing power, are by consequence to help one another to as much as we can.

Gis. Sir, this is a very fine gentleman, and a wise man!

Hia. I know what's what. Some half-witted

men will throw away this world to get Heaven, and some will throw away Heaven to get this world; for my part I am for 'em both. What good manners do we shew to Heaven by slighting the good creatures, which Heaven has made? I take prayers and liquor both down supernaculum, I leave not a tittle of one, nor a drop o't'other.

Gis. This gentleman, sir, will make a rare companion and counsellor both. Well, sir, I beseech you promise us to be King. If you will not, sir, I'll humbly take my leave of you; and be gone to my tenants and vassals, where I'll be a little King myself. There, if a man asks me the reason why I do a thing, I cut his pate; there's my reason, sirrah! says I.

Hia. Indeed, sir, your friends will have no heart to stand by you, if your enemies, the Senate, will reap the benefit of all your friends do.

Asd. I will unbosom myself to you. I go to lodge a secret in your breast, will be your deaths if ever you reveal it. Know then, I've tried all pleasures but reigning, and I will reign because 'tis a new pleasure.

Gis. Huzza! now things will go right, sir, if you reign for pleasure then pleasure will reign; and I am a man of pleasure. I know you will do no business in your own person; you will not go to bed on your own legs; you'll ride on necks o' slaves to bed to concubines.

Hia. Oh! fie! Senator! The Prince will make a virtuous King.

Gis. Not over virtuous, you know it.

Hia. I don't know it. I never see any fault in a person of quality; I ha' more manners.

Asd. I shall make bold with a little lewdness.

Hia. Well, if you shall, Heaven bless you, sir! that's all I say. Truth is, I would not have a man

have too much virtue ; for a man all virtue, like a pie all spice, will not please.

Asd. He is not fit to rule, whom virtue reigns,
He's fit to rule, who has at his command
Virtue or vice, as needs of State require.

Hia. A notable wise maxim, and has much truth
in it.

Gis. We shall have rare times. Pray, sir, let's
ha' no soldiering. If we must be soldiers, let's be
soldiers o' wit and pleasure here about the town ;
see no fight, but a cock-fight, or so.

Asd. I can and will fight, if need require.

Gis. Now we talk of new pleasures, sir, pray
give me a command at sea. I'd fain have a
command at sea, because I never was at sea in my
life.

Asd. You'd have me reign, how should I get the
crown ?

The people follow me for their own ends ;
That I should guard them all from being enslav'd.

Hia. I'll undertake, sir, be Rome's humble ser-
vant,

She'll make you master of this Commonwealth.

I'll recommend to you a cunning rogue,
Who traffics with the Romans privately,
And shall help you to correspond with 'em.
'Tis the rich Batto.

Asd. How ! I put my head
Into a mercenary rascal's power ?

Hia. Come, sir, I'll put my head into his power ;
He will not sell it, it will yield him little.
I'll venture to talk with him.

Gis. Have a care,
For he once serv'd Hamilear.

Hia. Ay, for gain.
Profit will make him serve man or fury.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gen. Batto desires admission to your Highness.

Asd. Let him come in !

Enter BATTO.

How now, your business, Batto ?

Bat. Only to wish your Highness prosperity and glory ; and to tender my humble service to you, who, though I say it, am able to serve you, sir ; I've been in public business all my life.

Gis. Come, you are an ill man ! who so great as you, but t'other day, with my Lord Hamilear ?

Bat. Sir, I found him a good man.

Asd. How ? do you call an enemy to the Commonwealth a good man ?

Bat. An't please your Highness, ours is a trading town, and we trading men account a man a good man if his bond be good, and his security for money good ; we look for no other goodness. He was once a very thriving man, and I confess I have a great respect for thriving men. But when once a man gives over thriving, I have done with him.

Asd. Ours is a trading city, and the trade Fills us with dirty streets, and dirty souls ; Our sea brings mud up to our very doors. When I command the town, I'll make it trade With honour, virtue, and piety, something more.

Gis. Here's a Prince ! your Reverence bred him ; He is an honour to you.

Hia. Indeed I have much comfort from him.

Bat. But suppose I be a knave, as I hope I am not, I'm sure I say my prayers often, and go to Temples at all idle hours I can spare.

Hia. Idle hours ! y'are an idle fellow.

Bat. I beg your Reverence's pardon ! I mean, go as often as I can, for I'm a man of great business.

But suppose I be a knave, I'm fitter to serve your Highness in the revenues than any man else, be he never so honest, because I ha' been more employ'd in 'em than any man has. 'Tis true, an honest man won't cheat you, but if he be ignorant, he'll let a thousand cheat you. Employ me, sir, and if I let you be cheated by any man but myself, I'll be hang'd. And I'll take care to enrich you, that I may cheat you insensibly, and you never discern it.

Asd. The fellow talks sense; nay, if I let business lie still till I meet with an honest man, I may wait long enough.

Gis. D'ye hear? his Highness is thinking to employ a knave; there's hopes for you.

Hia. Hark you! a word. You traffic with the Romans.

But. Oh dear! who tells your Reverence such a falsehood?

Hia. Deny it not! I know it, and can hang you, But on the contrary I will encourage you. The Romans are a godly nation, And our's a vile; I, and more godly men Have a design, by help of the good Romans, To give bad Carthage a religious master, That is this Prince. Though he was wild of late, He's now reform'd, and is a heavenly man. Help you to make him King, when he is King You may be sure of a very rich reward.

But. Well, I will serve his Highness. That is, if he succeeds,—I'll stay till then;

[*Aside.*

If he does not succeed, I will inform
The Senate, and help them to hang up him.
If he gets all the town into his power,
I'll help him to be King, and hang the Senate.

[*A shout.*

Asd. See, what's the meaning of that shout.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gen. The Spartan General, and Hamilcar, have treated with Regulus about delivering the town.

Asd. Now the truth comes to light.

Gen. A Roman Tribune was privately convey'd under ground to Lord Hamilcar's house about that design. The people have learnt the story, thousands are run to the Lord Hamilcar's house to pull it down, thousands are come to your palace to beg you to protect them against the Romans and Hamilcar both.

Hia. Where's the Spartan General ?

Gen. Gone out o' town to bring Regulus in. The people have shut the gates, and are resolv'd to kill him if ever he comes near the walls.

Asd. I'll among the good people, and serve them !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Roman Camp.*

Enter FULVIA and her WOMEN. A song sung to her.

THE SONG.

Ah me ! to many deaths decreed,
My love to war goes every day ;
In every wound of his I bleed,
I die the hour he goes away,
Yet I wou'd hate him shou'd he stay.

Ah me ! to many deaths decreed,
By love or war I hourly die ;
If I see not my love I bleed,
Yet, when I have him in my eye,
He kills me with excess of joy.

Ful. Go, bid the music cease, I find it vain,
Dark thoughts of late have in my mind their haunt.
I thought to lay th'ill spirits by sweet sounds,

But 'twill not do. Who's that commander there ?

Wo. Lepidus, madam.

Ful. Oh ! a gallant man——

And one I love because he loves the Consul.

Go, call him hither ! I wou'd speak with him.

Enter LEPIDUS.

Good morning, Lepidus ! what news to-day ?

Lep. Oh, madam ! joyful news, the gracious
gods

Have stoop'd to be our pioneers to-night,

And undermin'd the Carthaginian Wall ;

Thrown to the ground no little part of it.

We have an open passage into town,

And we'll accept the invitation.

The Consul will in person view the breach,

Then order an assault.

Ful. Oh, Lepidus !

I taste no joy in this.

Lep. Good madam, why ?

Ful. I am distemper'd with oppressing fears,

Which deaden all delight to me—I've none

Even in my lov'd, my ador'd Regulus.

Lep. How ! none in Regulus ?

Ful. None even in him.

My sorrow comes from him.

Lep. What is his fault ?

Ful. He has no fault, from thence my fears arise

We always find men have a check by death,

When they approach near gods in excellence.

If they will be adored, they must ascend,

And put off mortal natures. Had he faults,

To moderate my bliss, and make it fit

For human creature, I should have more hope.

But nothing mortal must presume to reach

At perfect happiness, the lot of Heaven.

Lep. You hunt out griefs, as they were hard to find ;

And study arts how to perplex yourself.
Consider, madam, how belov'd he seems
By fortune, how she fondly clings to him,
Caresses him with strange extravagance.
At his first landing here, she tore in two
This Empire, and gave him the fairest piece
Now she has torn yon wall, as she were mad,
To have him nearer, faster in her arms,
And the truth is he has her now so fast,
She cannot, if she wou'd, break from him now.

Ful. I know his fortunes are like his deserts,
In great excess, but all excess destroys.
Excessive lustre, like excessive heat,
Frail man bears not. We very rarely find
Men in intemp'rate glories are long-lived.
Oh ? he is near his end.

Lep. Nay, this is strange !

Ful. I must lament his death before he dies,
For when he's dead, I shall run mad with grief ;
And the dear man will fall unmourn'd by me.

Lep. Misery deserves not sure this great respect ;
That you shou'd run to meet it ere it comes.

Ful. You make me mad ! have I more fear than
you,

Or any in the camp ? did not this morn
Spread terrors through you all ?

Lep. Then have you heard ?——

Ful. I cou'd hear thunder sure ;
Thunder, which seem'd to burst the firmament,
And I cou'd see the ruddy face of morn
Turn'd o' the sudden black ; one wou'd ha' thought
The night had wheel'd about, and strangled her.
Night ne'er was clad in such thick woven blacks,
As were, of late, spread like a funeral pall
O'er day, as day were dead.

Lep. 'Twas wonderful !

Ful. Why d'y'e abuse me then, and hide the truth,

As I were th' only woman in your camp ?
The boldest of you all was turn'd this morn
To things, like heartless women at the least.
And by a woman too, by something less—
The shadow of a woman. I've heard all.

Lep. I'm sorry for't.

Ful. Day turn'd away its face,
That a dead beauty boldly might appear
In all the wretched nakedness of death,
To the great man, to whom she once was fair,—
The Consul. Did not his late beautiful
Chaste, modest wife, the dead Apamia,
Appear to him this morning in his tent ?
Ay, and to you, and many more great officers
Assembled there.

Lep. She did, if we dreant not.

Ful. Oh ! you were far from such repose as sleep.
The phantom whiter than the shroud she wore
Dissolv'd you all into a thin cold dew ;
You lay all vanishing beneath her eye,
Which brightly shone thro' the dim mists of death.
She was the firmest substance of you all,
Bating the Consul ; he remain'd the same,
And was the only living person there
Whom yet she seem'd to say, with speaking looks,
She pitied much ; she pierc'd his eyes with hers,
As with their points she wou'd upon his soul
Engrave her pitying thoughts.

Lep. 'Twas so indeed !

But they were much to blame who told you this,
And fright'ned you ; I wou'd no more have don't
Than thrown a poison'd dart into your breast.

Ful. Why should you hide from me what is my
own ?

I've in this dismal story too much share,—
 More than my understanding can dispose,—
 'Twill make me mad. Ah ! may I lose my wits,
 Ere I lose him ; that I may have no sense
 When the blow comes.

Lep. Why do you think 'twill come ?

Ful. What else should move the dead Apamia
 To bear the light, which living beauties shun,
 But to have him ! Oh ! that's her errand here !

Lep. I'll not presume to combat with your fear,
 One will soon do it, who can conquer it ;
 He conquers all things, 'tis your Regulus !
 Your griefs and fears have reach'd his ear and
 heart,
 And he will come to ease your soul and his.

[*Trumpets.*

He's come ! I see his guards, I see himself,
 I see your father the Proconsul too.

Enter REGULUS, METELLUS, *an* AUGUR.

Reg. Most beautiful reward of all my labours,
 In whose kind love I am before-hand paid,
 And overpaid for all my sword can do ;
 Permit me to be careful of my treasure,
 And lodge you safely in the fort of Clypea.
 The enemy have met with some recruits,
 And make a shew of fighting us to day ;
 If fighting will oblige them, I will serve them.
 Retire my love from danger, for the sake
 Of me and Rome, else I shall fight to-day
 Greatly disorder'd by my fears for you.

Ful. I know the pleasure which you take in
 glory,
 That a brave enemy who fights you well,
 Does entertain you well. I would not dare
 To call you from the glory you pursue
 With so much ardour, were I not compell'd,

By many thousand omens and presages,
Which seem to me the messengers of Heaven.
I beg you for the sake of Rome and me,
You'll stay till some few threat'ning days are past.

Reg. Stay till those days bring all the ills they
threat,

Succour to Carthage, infamy to me.

Met. To join in consort with a woman's fears,
And beg a Consul to forsake his post,
To please a woman, and to cure her frights,
Would not suit well with a Proconsul's voice :
Yet Consul for my daughter this I'll say,
Her fears are all for you. She has no sense
Of her own dangers. I have seen her oft
In bloody fields gaze on your victories
With the same unconcern she'd see a masque.
Yet I must counsel you to what she prays,
That you would let some frowning hours go by.
I do not second her, let her fear on,
It suits her sex, and is a proof of love ;
I plead for one more excellent than she,
I mean Religion. I beseech you, sir,
Give her those rights which are her due by law.
You know our laws give her the casting voice
In all our councils both of peace and war,
No Roman dares start a great enterprize
Till she has given the sign: and she has mark'd
This day for bad, by many a black portent,
And charg'd you not to interfere with it,
Lest it should drop some horrors on your head ;
As this learn'd Augur better can inform.

Aug. 'Tis true, sir, all the flights of birds to-day,

And all the entrails o' the victim'd beasts
Threaten much ill.

Reg. In reverence
To our own laws, Augur, I reverence you.

You are our scout to discern coming ills,
 Our spy on Heaven, and I'll be rul'd by you
 When I am not otherwise advis'd by reason,
 Which I think soars higher than birds can do,
 And can discover more of Heaven's will.

[*A noise of storm.*]

Lep. Ha! all the Heavens are troubled once
 again.

Reg. Let them be troubled!

Lep. And it thunders loud. [*Thunder.*]

Reg. Well, let it thunder!

Met. Would you take advice—

Reg. Of thunder? 'tis no counsellor of mine.

The GHOST OF APAMIA rises.

Lep. Oh! sir! I see another counsellor.
 Look there! in yon dark cave, so dark the night
 Seems to skulk there in day to rob the day,
 Apamia stands.

Reg. Let her stand there! I see her.

Ful. What d'ye see?

Reg. Nothing, love. You frighten Fulvia.

Ful. I heard you name the dead Apamia,
 What should make her leave Heaven but for you?
 She has some knowledge you are hasting to her,
 And rushes through the bars of death to meet you.
 But I've more right to you than she has now,
 Her death has cancell'd all your bonds to her.
 But those you made to me are new and firm;
 I'll keep my right, I will not let you go.

Reg. Must I give such a fatal proof of love,
 To leap from honour into wanton ease,
 And be no more a Consul? well, I'll do it.
 Consul and shame suit not.

Now come, my dear, let us to private shades,
 For darkness and dishonour best agree.
 My noble friends eternally farewell!

For after this I must not shew my face.
 I pray conceal what has befallen me ;
 Report you saw me like great Romulus
 Assum'd to Heaven,—is not this a Heaven ?

[*Pointing to Fulvia.*]

'Tis like one, it resembles Fulvia.
 'Tis not that warlike virgin I confess,
 But 'tis her image ; and my love is such
 To Fulvia's image I will sacrifice
 A Roman Consul.

Ful. I will strive no more
 Since 'tis your pleasure. Go ! but I believe
 After this fatal day we shall not meet,
 Except in fetters, or in blood, or death.

Met. Something within my heart divines the
 same.

Reg. Your fears are against reason, the recruits
 Come to the enemy are few and heartless,
 Dispirited, and cowed by fear of us,
 And if we baffle them Carthage is lost ;
 At our next meeting fortune shall be fetter'd,
 And this short parting shall be all the death
 Your fears have boded.

Ful. No, we will not part.

Reg. Yes, you must to the fort, I to the field !

Ful. I'll to the field, so was I woo'd and won ;
 Your battles were the courtship of my love,
 And so will I return you glorious love,
 Nor enemies, nor worlds shall part us long.
 Stars shew yourselves worthy to shine in Heaven
 By guarding this great man, but, if you must
 Resign him up to death, I shake to think of it,
 If among all the doors nature has made
 To let us into death, I can find one,
 My ghost within few hours shall be with his.

Met. Thou hast well vow'd ! daughter, perform
 thy vow.

Reg. Could we not meet elsewhere, there were enough

To make me rush on death, but our next meeting
Shall be attended with unequall'd glory.

Ful. Nay we'll be great and blest, befall what will;

We will so die, if death must be our doom,
We'll triumph o'er all ages in our tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *A field.*

Enter REGULLUS, METELLUS, LEPIDUS, ROMAN
GUARD.

Reg. The Spartan General is a soldier,
He manages with skill the advantages
I let him have.

Met. I do not think it safe
To give so great a man advantages.

Reg. The chief advantage I bestow upon him
Is opportunity to perish bravely.
He has recruits indeed, but what are they?
African slaves, whose Lords I've often beat;
I blush to fight so base an enemy.

Met. You would blush more should you be
beaten by them.

Lep. You let 'em have a chance for victory,
Which, sir, you may deny them if you please.

Reg. Yes, we may lodge ourselves on yonder hill,
Like frightened birds on trees, to keep from
danger,

And be the mockery of the enemy.
Which of you can endure the shame an hour?
See! he comes bravely on and tempts you all.

Who is not fir'd by that alluring sight ;
And finds not in his blood a lust to fight ? *[Exit.*

SCENE, *Carthage. An Alarum.*

Enter ASDRUBAL, HIARBAS, GISGON.

Gis. Sir, we beseech you, do not venture yourself.

Hia. We beg you, sir.

Gis. What should you venture for ?

Asd. You know for what, a crown !

Gis. Sir, you may have a crown without venturing. Do not yonder men fight for you ?

Asd. If I do not fight, I shall have an inglorious crown. I must fight for glory.

Gis. You may have glory without fighting too. The great Persian King has got much glory by war, and never saw a fight in his life.

Hia. A great Prince, sir, like a great palace, will ring with the blows others give. Your name will have a noble sound, from all the blows which make many a coxcomb ache, though you ne'er strike stroke.

Asd. This is prate ; I must not lose mine honour.

Gis. Sir, if you will go, I beseech you kill me. Your danger will put me in such torment, I shall not be able to bear it. I would not follow you for all the world, and see an arrow come near you.

Hia. Sir, you are going to be a King, keep State—do not let every paltry sword be familiar with your person.

Gis. Sir, I, who am but a gentleman, scorn as much to let a base fellow fight with me, as eat with me. *[A shout.*

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. Good news, sir, your enemies are beaten ! Lord Hamilcar is taken prisoner.

Gis. Huzza ! Well, sir, you are a glorious Prince. What soldiership you have shewn to-day !

Asd. Do you laugh at me ? You would not let me discover soldiership.

Gis. We would not let you play the common soldier, and run yourself into danger ; but you shewed such Generalship as I never saw, and I have seen many a General, and many a General, in my time. They may talk of their Reguluses, and their Reguluses ; Sir, if you ben't a better soldier than Regulus, I'll hang for't.

Asd. Oh, prithee !

Gis. Come, sir, I know Generalship when I see it. Now, sir, the crown is within your reach, send me to sea ; I'll do you honour there, I'll keep you such a table—

Hia. Shall I humbly offer you my advice, sir ? Make all persons depend upon you. Crush them that will not. Advance them that will. But above all, favour those upon whom you depend ; that is to say, us priests.

Asd. Go, fetch my lord Hamilcar ! (*To an Officer.*)

Now he's mine

[*Aside.*

His daughter will be mine. I have hold of her
By a strong tie, affection to her father ;
I love her beauty, though herself I hate,
For the disgrace and scorn sh'as thrown on me.
If I can ever get her in my power,
She first shall please my lust, then my revenge.

Enter HAMILCAR a Prisoner.

So, so, here comes the noble criminal !

Dear countrymen you see the power of truth :
I charg'd this Lord with treason 'gainst the State,
Great was his power and policy, but truth,
Greater than both, breaks out in spite of 'em.

Ham. Dear countrymen, y'are all out of your way,

And 'tis no wonder men in darkness rove.
 What light have you in mysteries of State ?
 What business there ? could you come by a light ?
 I pray who made you Privy Councillors ?
 The Senate never did. A Roman Tribune
 Was i' my house to-day ; know you for what ?
 No ? when you do, you'll be asham'd o' this.

Asd. My Lord y'are of a noble family ;
 But the more great you are, the greater bonds
 Lie on you to be faithful to the public,
 From whence you have such great advantages.
 Truth is a debt you owe the Commonwealth ;
 A man of honour ought to pay his debts.
 I should be glad you'd fairly discharge yours,
 For my own sake, that I might come off cheaply
 Without the torment of tormenting you ;
 For I can pain no man, and 'scape myself.

Hia. Here's a sweet gentleman !

Gis. A lovely creature !

Ham. My Lord, you wrack me now, by shewing
 me
 Such shameful baseness in a Nobleman.

Asd. Is it possible ? Have you no tenderness
 Nor for the Commonwealth, nor for yourself ?
 He'll force me to inflict those torments on him,
 Which I can never suffer, tho' he can.

Hia. Was ever such a noble soul, to have such
 a concern for his enemies ?

Gis. Oh ! countrymen ! you'll have a delicate
 magistrate !

Enter BATTO.

Asd. Oh ! here comes one, I hope, can ease us all.
 Batto, you've had great dealings with this Lord,
 And must know very much of his designs ;
 If you'd discover to us, what they are,
 You'd greatly serve your country and yourself.

Bat. How? I turn evidence when the trade comes to nothing? No such matter; I ne'er liked the trade when 'twas at best. Besides I have nothing to evidence. I could make a story, but what should I make of the story? it may be, a rope for myself. A great man, if an unmanageable thing, I don't care to deal with him. Though he's down now, he may get up again, and knock my brains out. (*aside.*) An't please your Honour, I only dealt with his Lordship about money matters; if he had any treasonable designs he had more wit than to tell me, he knew I abhorred them, and would discover them. Therefore I had a pretty good opinion of him, because he employ'd me, so I can say nothing against him. I'm sorry for it.

Asd. I must be fore'd to fly to violence,
Most unexpressibly against my nature.

Gis. Good gentlemen!

Asd. Ha! what I wish! I see his daughter come.
[*Aside.*

Enter ELISA, and her Woman.

Eli. Oh! where's my father? Oh! my Lord!
my Lord!

Ham. Daughter, away, away! you ruin me.
I was not half undone before you came,
For you my better half was then secure.

Eli. I could not hold from venturing my own
life

To preserve yours.

Ham. Prithee, what can'st thou do
To preserve me that will not ruin me?
Wilt thou give up thy honour?

Eli. Heaven forbid!

Ham. That thou wilt do only by marrying him,
Since thou art promis'd to a nobler man.

Eli. I'll try to fool him into clemency.

Ham. Oh ! he will not be fool'd.

Eli. Yes, by a woman.

Asd. Madam, I hope y'are lab'ring to preserve
Your father both from death and suffering.
I seek to do't ; whose ruin he hath sought.
Can you prevail with him to own the truth ?

Eli. My Lord, you know he's innocent, at least
You do not know of any guilt he has.

Asd. We do not know what's needful to be
known,

We know so much that I shall deserve death
If I consent to smother all the rest.

Madam, I have much tenderness for you,
Indeed I'm very unwilling to let fall
Your father's heavy doom in your soft ear,
Therefore I pray retire out of harm's way.
Attend the Lady out !

El. Oh, hold, my Lord !

Can you destroy the father of a woman
Whom you once dearly loved ? You swore you did.

Asd. To save the State I cou'd destroy myself.

El. My Lord, the world knows well, you love a
woman

Above the Commonwealth, above yourself,
And if you can be cruel to a woman,
What must the men expect when at your mercy ?
They must all please your lust, or be destroy'd.
For, oh, my father did refuse me to you,
From thence arises all your rage against him.

Asd. Madam, I am so far from private piques,
Let any man discover me a way
How public safety, and your father's life
May stand together, and with all my heart
I'll pardon him, what e'er he did to me ;
Nay more, I'll lay my life under his feet.

Ham. How good are you ! for I'll ne'er pardon you

The mischiefs you have done the Commonwealth.

El. Oh! hold, my Lord, you will undo yourself.

Asd. No, madam, no, this provocation
Defends him from me; I'll forbear him now,
Because I will not shew private revenge.

Hia. Oh! gen'rous!

Gis. What a brave spirit is here!

Bat. I have been much mistaken in this Lord.

El. There appears something very great in him.

[*Aside.*

Had he been always thus, I should have lov'd him.

Asd. Dear fellow citizens! I am accus'd
Of cruelty, revenge, and treachery.

I ought to clear myself of all these vices
Before I enter on authority.

Then how revengeful I am, pray observe.

My Lord Hamilcar has been long, and yet
Continues my most cruel enemy.

I have consider'd, sirs, and do believe
The public may be safe in honest hands
Tho' my Lord lives, therefore I beg his life.

Gis. Here is a noble temper.

Asd. More, to engage you to bestow his life,
I'll wrap my life in his, and with your leave
I'll wed his beautiful and virtuous daughter.

El. Ha! are you thereabout? [*Aside.*

Ham. You ask the people's leave to wed my
daughter?

Sure I've most title to dispose my child.

I'll ne'er give my consent, if she gives hers

May she be punished as she does deserve.

Asd. My Lord, my Lord! you shew so bad a
heart,

The public is not safe while you're alive.

Madam, once more, I beg you to retire.

Attend the lady hence!

El. Oh! hold, my Lord!

Asd. What wou'd you have me do ?

El. I know not what.

Asd. You see your father will not save himself,
But, madam, you may save him if you please.

El. I must consent, or he will rack my father.

[*Aside.*

Well, sir, I yield.

Asd. To be my wife ?

El. I do.

Asd. Then I am happy, and your father safe.

Ham. Daughter, be gone ! I charge you.

El. And leave you to the wrack ? [*Aside.*

Ham. You are a wrack.

Your shameful falsehood to the gallant Spartan

Tortures me more than any wrack can do.

Whilst he's defending us, him we betray.

El. I'll to this traitor nothing give of mine

[*Aside.*

Except this dagger ; this shall to his heart,

[*Shews a dagger.*

Even at the altar.

Ham. Oh, 'twill be foul play !

You'll stab your honour and integrity.

'Twere better both of us shou'd lose our lives.

El. My Lord, I had much rather grieve your
heart

Than let racks tear it out—I will proceed.

My Lord, I'm yours.

[*To Asd.*

Asd. My dear !

[*Embraces her.*

Bat. There goes the game !

Now I know where to make my court. I'll get
some fine pendants for her. I think I have gold
tweezers in my pocket.

[*Aside.*

Hia. Oh ! blessing on you, madam ; you make
the Prince a happy man.

Gis. Oh, pretty creature ! what sweet work will
be here to-night between 'em ; I shan't sleep for

thinking of it. Well, much good may't do you both ; in good faith, and troth, I wish it with all my heart.

Asd. Gisgon, will you assist this pleasant work ?

Gis. Assist it, sir ? Ay, sir, with all my soul.

What part shall I have in it, sir ?

Asd. Prepare

A bridal entertainment, and my bed.

Gi. With all my heart ! *[Shout.]*

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gen. Sir, y'are undone ! Here's Regulus in town.

Asd. Here's villany !

Hia. What, is the town deliver'd up to him ?

Gen. No, Sir, he's taken prisoner by the Spartan General, assisted by the Roman Tribune, who was at the Lord Hamilear's house to-day, and came thither for the great design they have now brought about. Now, sir, your own friends, the common people, join with your enemies against you, and threaten to tear you i' pieces for abusing 'em.

Enter XANTIPPUS and the SPARTANS. They seize
ASDRUBAL, HIARBAS, GISGON.

Xan. Secure 'em all ! my love— *[Runs to Elisa.]*

El. My Lord ! *[Elisa runs to Xantippus.]*

Asd. Right woman !

El. Oh ! you are come in season, to preserve
My honour, and my most dear father's life.

Xan. I have heard all. I'm told, Lord Asdrubal,
You have prepar'd a bridal entertainment.
Pray will you lend it me ?

Asd. With all my heart !

I'll ne'er refuse my enemy anything
May help him to a wife, and a false wife.

El. My lord, I had prepar'd
A scurvy bridal entertainment for you.

'Twas this, my Lord— [*Shews her dagger.*

Asd. Madam, y've not deceiv'd me.
You had deceiv'd me, if you had been faithful;
For from a woman no man looks for faith. [*Aside.*

Asd. I fear I'm lost! [*Exit.*

Hia. I thought—

Ham. Can you read books without a light?

Hia. No.

Ham. Yet you'd read our councils i' th' dark;
And know, without doors, what we do within.
To prison with the priest, and Gisgon too!

Gis. I'm a dead coxcomb! I'm troubled for my
honourable family. [*Exit.*

Bat. I wish your Honour joy, with all my heart.
[*To Ham.*

And your Excellence, and your ladyship. I am so
glad o' this turn.

Ham. Why? What shall you get by't?

Bat. The satisfaction to see honest gentlemen
in power, and knaves punish'd.

Ham. Well said; you shall get something by
this turn.

I'll give you a lift.

Bat. I humbly thank your Honour,
You were always my good friend.

Ham. I'll help you to a hanging.

Bat. To a hanging?

Ham. Yes, y've traffic'd with the Romans,
And sold 'em arms.

Bat. Oh! I'm hang'd, I'm hang'd! [*Exit.*

Ham. Now, sirs, I hope you will learn modesty,
[*To the People.*

And no more censure things above your reach.
We do not know the mysteries of your trades,
Because we never were instructed in 'em.
Pray who taught you the mysteries o' State?
What strange conceits men have of governing!

Men must serve years to know a handicraft ;
 Yet all pretend to skill in government,
 By natural light and instinct, as birds build.
 Men will pretend to't who want common sense,
 Yet are not laugh'd at neither ; every man
 Willingly lets the frolic go about,
 So he has leave to take it in his turn. [*Ex. Rabble.*
 Now my brave friend— [*To Xantippus.*

Xan. My Lord, you'll lose your words.

I can hear nothing but Elisa's voice.

El. My joy's too great for words,

Xan. And mine for thoughts.

El. Alas ! what makes me weep ?

Ham. Excess of joy,

Which I am pleas'd to see. Well, General,

Where left you Regulus ?

Xan. I know not where.

I saw Elisa, and joy hurried me

Out o' my wits I think to meet her arms.

Ham. Oh ! now I see him in you gaping throng !

Well, I'll conduct him to the Senate house.

Xan. Do what you please, but do not trouble
 love.

Oh ! it is now a busy time with me ;

And in the sweetest best affair in love.

For Heaven's sake release me now to love.

Ham. I will, I will ! then go together, go !

Xan. My dear !

El. My heart !

Xan. My soul ! more than my soul !

[*Exeunt Xantippus, Elisa embracing.*

*Enter REGULUS, as a prisoner, guarded ; followed by
 the rabble.*

Ham. Here comes the glorious, tho' unhappy
 man !

Oh ! most noble Consul.

Reg. Do you mock me, sir?

Ham. The gods forbid.

Reg. I'm Consul now, no more.

Ham. You may be, sir; you have at your dispose
The destinies of Carthage, and of Rome.
Shall I attend you to the Senate house?

Reg. Whither you please. To death if you think
good.

Ham. With how much greatness he o'er-looks
his fate! *[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE, the Roman Camp.

Enter METELLUS, LEPIDUS.

Met. The Consul's lost! dreadful reverse of fate!
It overturns my reason, makes me doubt
If virtue ought to have regard from men,
Since it has none from Heaven.

Lep. What will become
Of his poor children he has left at Rome,
And your fair daughter here?

Met. I dare not think.

Lep. I have charg'd all to hide the news from
her.

Met. Oh! she will quickly find it in our looks,
And universal consternation.
Oh! gods! how will her sorrows pierce my heart?
But those of Rome will give me deeper wounds.

Lep. See, sir, your daughter comes! retire with
speed,
Or your confusion will discover all.

Met. Too late! But if I can, I'll rule myself.

[Lepidus goes off weeping.]

Enter FULVIA and her women.

Ful. Oh! sir! what means this terror in your
camp?

Some unseen mischief, like a pestilence,
Strikes your men pale and mute ; their only proofs
Of breath are sighs, but words I can have none.
Oh ! something with the Consul is amiss ;
Where is he, sir ?

Met. Do not retard me now.

Ful. Oh ! do you shun me too ? he's kill'd ! he's
kill'd !

Met. He lives ; let that suffice.

Ful. Then why d'ye shake,
And look so sad ? Oh ! he is near his death,
Wounded to death.

Met. Not so, he is in health,

Ful. Oh ! let me see him then.

Met. In fitting time,
But Rome must be serv'd first ; in her affairs
He's now engaged. Longer I cannot stay ;
Follow me not, nor be inquisitive.

Ful. Stay, sir, I humbly beg !

Met. What wou'dst thou say ?

Be quick ! for I've much business to dispatch.

Ful. Sir, I fought near the Consul as I cou'd,
But crowds of enemies, and clouds of dust
Soon took him from my sight, and since that time
I've heard no news of him. All is not well ;
You hide some dreadful secret in your breast,
Because y'are fearful it shou'd do me harm.
You wou'd have all the sorrows to yourself.
I thank you for your generous tender love,
But am I worthy of his love and yours ?
If I'm no more than other women are,
If ill has happened to the man I love,
I'll grieve, but shew my grief some noble way.
I'll not be pitied for my womanish tears,
But do some glorious thing in his revenge
Shall make us all be envied.

Met. Nobly spoke !

I'll trust thy courage—know he is surpriz'd,
And led to town a captive.

Ful. Horror! horror!

Met. Is this your promis'd bravery?

Ful. Did I say

I won'd not grieve? Yes, sir, I ought to grieve;
But every tear I shed, and pang I feel,
I'll put to the account of cursed Carthage.
Now I consider I may spare my tears;
This mercenary town much prizes gold,
For this we need but make our treasure weep.

Met. No, I'm afraid they'll prize him above gold,
But shortly we will free him with our swords;
Though by strange fate he's fallen into their hands,
We have not, with the Consul, lost the day.
No, their great purchase they have dearly bought,
Some hundreds of brave Spartans are cut off.
I do not find our army much impair'd,
And shortly we expect two legions more,
The wind is fair, I'll see if they be come. [*Exit.*]

Ful. So, now my sinking heart is rais'd again,
Yet the brave captive shall enslave the town;
We're here a conqueror's, I a bridal crown.
And we'll make burning Carthage, when we wed,
Our nuptial flame, and light us both to bed.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Carthage.* A room in HAMILCAR'S house.

Enter XANTIPPUS and ELISA.

Xan. Darling of heaven, 'tis to you, to you
Carthage owes all the fortune of this day.
The gods wou'd ne'er have ruin'd Regulus,
To preserve Carthage, had not you been here.

El. If Heaven loves me it is for loving you ;
 Oh ! fie ! I shew myself too fond, I spoil you.
 With how much cruelty you tore yourself
 Away from me, when I was all in tears
 I shed for you ! yet you cou'd laugh at me.
 I'll manage love as all wise women do ;
 The best and finest shall not come abroad,
 But on great solemn times to make a shew :
 Meanwhile you shall have coarse and homespun
 love,
 I swear I will not give you a good look
 This—

Xan. This—how long ? come, say it if you dare !

El. I will not say how long because I'll cross
 you.

Xan. You will not say't lest you should cross
 yourself.

El. Well, 'tis in vain to hide my love from you,
 It is too great for any covering ;
 I'll trust thee generously with my heart.

Xan. Now thou appear'st in thy own beauteous
 form,

All kind and sweet ; I knew 'twou'd soon be so,
 For nature always is too high for art.

Do not believe my heart barren of love,
 If thou perceiv'st in me a dearth of words,
 That I abound not in professions—

We Spartans weed from talk superfluous words—
 Let time declare how I will use thy heart.

El. I doubt this pleasure is too great to last.

A Shout within. Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Xan. How now ! what new disturbance in the
 town ?

Gen. My Lord, your glorious captive Regulus
 Is sent in fetters to the dungeon,
 And the rude rabble triumph over him.

Xan. How came this climate, Love, to produce you,

Since 'tis as opposite to excellence,
As others are to poison? I confess
Valour and wit are here, those noble fires
Your damps of luxury have not yet chok'd;
But, as they're us'd, 'twere to be wish'd they had.
Wit here is all employ'd in knavish craft,
The valiant glory in oppression.
Give speedy orders to the guard from me,
The Consul to the Senate be return'd!
I'll hasten thither, and if possible
Prevail with them better to treat themselves:
If not he's mine, and I will force him from them.

El. Just as I thought, you must be gone again;
'Tis a sad thing to be a soldier's wife,
One has but half a husband of a soldier.
Wars and campaigns have half of him and more,
And wounds have a large share of t'other half:
And yet this noble parcel of a man
Is better than a wanton soft Gallant
Who is no man, but makes summer campaigns
In gardens, groves, at springs, or bowling-greens,
Or with a whore, as much a man as he.
But go, I'm pleas'd thou shou'dst do gallant things,
Because in all thy glory I have share.

Xan. That's like a Spartan's wife, for she prefers

Her husband's honour far above his life;
Weeps if his buckler's lost, though he be safe.
But she rejoices though he be brought home
Dead on his buckler; and the greater love
She had for him, the greater is her joy.

El. Now I believe that joy is not sincere,
Widows I find are artful every where.
In Sparta for their poor departed dears
Joy they dissemble, and in Carthage tears. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Senate House.*

The Senate sitting. HAMILCAR in the Chair.

Ham. I knew the General wou'd be displeas'd.

1 *Sen.* What if he be, my Lord ? do our decrees
Depend upon his will ? when he subdu'd
This Roman Consul, did he conquer us ?
I thought he fought to guard, not seize our
freedom.

Ham. That we have freedom we may thank his
sword ;

But no man can have freedom to do ought
Which honour and humanity forbid.

1. *Sen.* He and his Spartan friend are dangerous
men,

And the more dangerous for their deserts ;

We must let no man grow too great for us.

[*Aside to a Senator.*

2. *Sen.* 'Tis true, but now let us not shew our-
selves.

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. My Lords, the General's here !

Ham. Attend him in !

Enter XANTIPPUS.

Xan. My Lords ! I'm told y'ave doom'd the
bravest man

To what the vilest scarcely can deserve,

To chains, a dungeon, stench, and want of bread.

Ham. My Lord ! 'tis true the Senate has decreed
The Roman consul shall be treated roughly,
Unless he will comply with their desires.
I hope the Senate only threaten him.

2. *Sen.* No more, I hope, most noble General.
We much commend your generous tenderness
Of this fall'n gallant man ; we'd pity him too

Wou'd he shew pity to our countrymen,
And grant us peace, which you know how we need,
But he refuses us all our desires.

Xan. Bring him to me!

REGULUS is brought in fetter'd.

He's chain'd! tormenting sight.

I beg you, noble Consul, credit me,

Those chains are no impieties of mine;

Rather my sufferings and impos'd on me.

Reg. Sir, I believe you, for I've found you
brave.

Xan. What is it you desire of this great man?

1. *Sen.* That he and all his troops quit Africa,
Yield every town and pris'ner he has got.

Reg. I will not give you the least village back,
And this I speak from reason, not vain pride.
Our power is dwarfish here, compar'd with yours,
Yet now we have you down, blow upon blow
May bring you in short time to your last gasp;
But, if we give you the least breathing while
To gather strength, you'll rise and drive us hence:
Nay we shall see you at the gates of Rome.
Rather than I will give you back one fort,
I will pull all the towers on my head.

1. *Sen.* Haste to the dungeon! nay, the rack
with him,

We'll frighten bold invaders from our coasts.

Xan. The dungeon? 'stead o' that strike off his
chains!

He is my right, the purchase of my blood,
And I'll dispose my own.

1. *Sen.* So we are master'd
In our own Senate house!

Xan. And with good reason.
I do not find that you can rule yourselves,
And therefore I have brought a force to rule you.

Govern yourselves, and we will be your servants.

2. *Sen.* How, General!

Are you our enemy?

Xan. I am your friend!

And hinder you from crimes may bring on you
Curses from men, and vengeance from the gods.

2. *Sen.* You hinder us from honourable peace.

Xan. Can shameful ways get honourable peace?

1. *Sen.* There is no shame in justice; he brought
war

Into the bowels of the Commonwealth,
Hunger shall war upon his bowels now.

Go to the dungeon with him, and there starve
him!

2. *Sen.* Senator! let the General play the fool;
[*Aside.*

We owe him much, and this will quit all scores.

Ham. I'll mediate. Let the Consul be confin'd,⁷
And let it be reported he's ill used!

He has weak parts which may that way be bent;
Children, relations, friends; and one soft part,
His belov'd Fulvia.

Xan. Ha! that startles him.

Reg. Fulvia was made that I might feel some
pain;

I wish I could forget, and be forgot

By her I love; I fear this policy. [*Aside.*

Xan. My Lord, y'ave found a way to touch his
heart,

Which with the Senate's leave I will improve.

Sir, can your camp make peace?

Reg. Yes sir, they can!

Xan. Sir, I'm a servant to this Commonwealth,
Her faults and passions I'm not bound to serve;
I am her rights and interests to promote;
I think 'tis fit she shou'd regain her own,
And I've one way to force peace out of you.

Sir, by that right we have in you by war,
 We will employ you as our Ambassador
 To your own camp, there to negotiate
 With your friends' tears. You smile, for you
 believe

I fool myself, and give you all you want
 To fortify your glorious victories,
 By strength'ning that weak side ; but I believe
 You'll not be there the Regulus y'are here.
 Your mutual griefs will master all of you.

Reg. You shew more art, and understanding, sir,
 Of a great mind, than all the Senate does.
 I shall but harden more under their usage ;
 None but vile slaves are master'd by a rod,
 But I believe the sorrows of my friends
 Will melt my heart, and I shall yield a while.
 Y' entice me into a dangerous ambuscade,
 The only place where I can be subdu'd.
 But I shall o'ercome and win more glory,
 Therefore accept the Embassy with thanks.

Xan. What say your Lordships ?

Sen. Ay, ay, ay !

Xan. Consul, you have the leave of all the
 Senate,

Now go ! and, if you can, persuade your friends
 To give you up to death.

1 *Sen.* Hold ! ere you go,
 Give us good hostages for your return.

Xan. I'll be a hostage for him.

Hum. So will I !

1 *Sen.* You are both privileg'd by your deserts,
 We cannot touch you, we'll have other persons.

2 *Sen.* Come ! we'll oblige the Consul to befriend
 us.

We'll take his word.

1 *Sen.* No, we will have his oath.

Reg. You have my solemn oath.

Xan. 'Tis more than needs.

Great men, were there no gods, would keep their words

In reverence to themselves ; but gods there are,
Whom none needs rouse by oaths to witness truth.
Now let me tell you,—if I can for grief,
For I much honour you,—if you return
Without a lasting peace, which frees these lands
From all those seeds of war, your garrisons,
You will return to a tormenting death,
And all my power cannot save you, sir.

Reg. Of all the torments I shall suffer here,
The griefs of such a noble heart as yours
Will most afflict me ; if you would spare me,
Be sparing of yourself ; pity me not
Till I'm become a pitiful poor wretch,
Despoil'd of all my resolution,
And made indeed a captive by base fear.

Xan. The good gods graciously direct you, sir !

Reg. And you, most noble Spartan ; of all men
I e'er encounter'd, the most generous.

SCENE, a Prison.

Enter ASDRUEAL, HIARBAS, GISGON, BATTO.

Bat. Oh ! I'm afraid our head's lost. Oh ! if they
take my head, what shall I do ?

Hia. The rabble are fine fellows to trust to.

Gis. Well I can say for my honour, I ever hated
the vulgar. I have undone thousands of 'em, and
I never did one of 'em good in my life.

Bat. Nor I.

Gis. Sir, you have had the impudence to cheat
persons o' quality. If you had only cheated poor
fellows, you should have had a friend o' me.

Asd. My ruin wou'd be great delight to me,
If by my fall Carthage were overwhelm'd.

Hia. That it may be spite o' this great success.
Though Regulus is taken, Rome is not.

Gis. I'll tell your Highness very excellent news,
The Romans burnt this day, in our own ports,
Above threescore of our best men of war. Ha !
ha !

Asd. Ha ! art thou sure of that ?

Gis. I'm very sure. [*All laugh.*]
The Romans now may land what men they will ;
If they don't take the town, i' gad, I'll hang.

Bat. But will they take the town before we
hang ?

Gis. That I can't say.

Bat. Nay, if we hang, let who will have the
town. Well, I am horribly afraid to die. I'd go
to prayers if I thought 'twon'd signify anything.

Gis. Whom wou'dst thou pray to ? thou hast
no friends in Heaven, thou never mad'st the least
acquaintance there ; thou hast traded to all parts
but Heaven.

Bat. I doubt none of us have any great store of
friends in Heaven. If we had, they'd ne'er ha'
suffer'd us to come to this.

Asd. Right ! therefore Heaven has no great friend
of me.

Ha ! I'm a fool to open thus my heart
To fools, who though they should have honesty
May be outwitted into knavery.
But now it is in vain to lock my heart,
For all the dangerous secrets are gone out. [*Aside.*]
Well, sirs, what do you think ? are we in danger ?
I do not think we are ; what have we done ?
Much have we talk'd indeed, in merriment,
About I know not what, of this and that,
Of altering some forms of government.
But that was only matter of discourse,
We cou'd not be in earnest, for we know

'Twas wholly impracticable.

Gis. Do you hear ? [*Aside to Hia.*

Hia. That shall not bring him off. He was in earnest.

Gis. Were not you so ?

Hia. No, I abhor the thought.

Gis. You mov'd him to't.

Hia. A trick to try him.

Gis. Pox o' your tricks, you have noos'd me,
To save my neck I have been fore'd to make
Shameful confessions.

Hia. Well, y'are serv'd right ! why wou'd you be
a knave

And plot to take your country's liberty ?

Gis. A knave ? how cou'd I choose but be
a knave,

Keeping such knavish company as yours.

Hia. 'Tis very well.

Asd. Ha ! wrangling, gentlemen ?

What ? I believe y'are discompos'd by fear ;
Fear nothing, for, I say, what have we done ?

Shew'd our affection to the Commonwealth

In a mistaken way ! will they put men

To death for being subject to mistakes ?

Then it will be a fault to be a man.

But do not fear, for I have one sure friend,

Money, I mean, which shall buy all our pardons.

But. Oh ! dear sir, will your Highness buy my
pardon ?

Asd. Thine ! what art thou to me ? these are
my friends,

And gentlemen. Thou art a barterer

Can'st traffic for thyself ; buy thy own head.

But. And so I wou'd at reasonable rates.

Gis. D'ye hear ! d'ye hear ! we have been silly
knaves,

I wou'd I had all my confession back. [*Aside.*

Hai. We've been too hasty, I am sorry for it.

Asd. I must keep up the spirits of these fools. [*Aside.*

Be merry, sirs ; I warrant you your lives.
Who's there ?

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. My Lord ?

Asd. Bring in my wine and music !

Enter Wine and Singers.

Here is sincere wine !

Gis. And here are sophisticated knaves ! pity they should be put together.

Asd. Come, sing us a catch !

A SONG.

Chorus.

Down with your sprightly wine, boys,
Down with your sprightly wine, boys,
For a traveller bound
To a Stygian Lake,
A brimmer crown'd
With sparkling sack,
Is the best, is the best Divine, boys.

1.

If the wine be not sound,
No falsehood is found
In a bowl well crown'd ;
And it drowns all our sorrow and sin :
And by the help of a bowl,
From the world we may roll,
More merrily than when we came in.

2.

With his flames and his flams,
And his horrible shams,
How the church-man damus
The little poor villains and whores ;
But the great who by power,
Whole nations devour,
He merrily crowns and adores.

3.

If your sense you'll resign,
Give it up to good wine,
But to no Divine,
For his visions are frightful and sad ;
But the visions in bowls
Make jovial souls,
More merrily, merrily mad.

4.

To what regions we fly,
None know when they die,
Any more than I,
To be certain of Heavenly bliss ;
The few moments I stay,
I by night and by day,
Will merrily revel and kiss.
Down with your sprightly wine, boys, &c.

Enough, be gone !

Asd. I wonder, Gisgon, your fine Persian wife
Comes not to visit you.

Gis. I wonder more
She does not come to kiss your Highness' hands ;
For she has brought with her from Persia
Her country adoration of all Princes.

La. (within) Where's my husband !

Gis. Hark ! I hear her voice.

Enter a PERSIAN LADY, supported by her women.

La. Oh, Princely sir! I humbly kiss the earth
Y'are pleas'd to honour with your sacred feet.

Asd. Oh, madam, you are not in Persia.

La. No, sir, I wou'd you were, your Royal blood
Wou'd not there meet this profanation.

Now sir, shall I implore your Princely leave
To have some conference with your slave, my husband?

Oh, are you there, sir! [*To Gis.*

Gis. Ha! I am afraid

She has been told I'm turning an informer. [*Aside.*

La. You are a worthy person.

Gis. Ha! 'tis so.

La. Did I not bring much honour to your bed?

Gis. Madam, you did.

La. Much fortune too?

Gis. You did.

La. Have not I kept the honour which I
brought?

Gis. Madam, you have.

La. Have not I managed, too,
Your fortune with the utmost care and wisdom?

Gis. Exquisite wisdom.

La. Of your person, too,
Have I not been most tender?

Gis. Most obliging.

La. Then why have you been a base man to me.

Gis. 'Tis so. (*aside*). In what respect, most noble
madam?

La. In such an odious way I loath to name it.
This valiant gentleman, this noble spark,
Has sold his honour, for vile shameful life.
He has submitted cowardly to confess
Your Highness plotted to be Monarch here.

Asd. Oh, dog! can I not get him near the wall,

That I may brain him? (*aside*). Have you done this?
Gisgon.

Gis. Yes, sir, I have! and, sir, you know 'tis true.

Lat. Say, it be true; have you not told me, sir, he has a right to reign? that's he's descended from King Strato?

Gis. Well, let him be descended from fifty Kings, I don't care. I'll not be a slave to him, nor to any Prince upon earth.

Asd. Oh, madam, it was all but raillery. And he was one that started first the jest; Now by his fooling I lose life and honour.

Lat. His fooling, sir! his cowardly treachery. What e'er you were, he was in earnest, sir. He has a thousand times boasted to me, What honours he shou'd have, when you were King.

Then, though your Highness be most innocent, And will escape—I hope and beg the gods— He shall die; I'll swear he is a traitor, Double false both to the Prince and people.

Gis. Oh, whore! [*Aside.*]

Lat. So is that reverend person too.

Asd. And has the priest been dabbling?

Lat. Deeply, sir, He has been at his revelations; His commentaries, sir, on your dark text.

Asd. I'll take him by the beard, and wring his head off.

Hia. Well, sir, I did as I was bound in conscience. I'll not betray my country's liberty.

Asd. No!—then thou'rt not a priest.

Lat. Ah! foolish men, they might have liv'd and died

With glory, and have got a thousand friends.

Hia. They'd ha' done us much good when we were hang'd.

Lat. More good than infamous base life will do.
Now all will spit upon you. I abhor you,
Who lately ador'd you, and resolv'd to do
The greatest things for you.

Gis. What could you do?

Bat. Oh! madam can you do us any kindness?
Oh! if you can, I will present your Honour—
I will give anything for my head in reason.

La. Hold thy tongue, fool! I think not of such
fellows.

But for my husband and his reverence too,
I wou'd have done what had amaz'd the world;
If they had done as great men ought to do.
I'd have convey'd 'em through the town in pomp,
In spite of all the Senate.

Gis. Through the town?

La. Yes, when your glorious martyrdom was
past,
I wou'd ha' crown'd you such funerals—

Gis. Pox o' your funerals!

Hia. Mind your own funerals;
Vex not your head with ours.

Asl. Oh! Madam, bury them dead or alive,
Or the corrupted rogues will breed a pest.

La. I cannot serve his Reverence as I wou'd
And he deserves; but it is in my power
To do my husband justice, I'll right him.

Gis. She'll be the death of me,
I must retard her while I get my pardon. [*Aside.*
I have consider'd on't—I would retract
My confession, and rather die than live
In all the shame I've brought upon myself,
But I'm afraid they'll torture me to death.

La. Oh! I've so much power with the great
men.

Be you a noble valiant gentleman,
One I may own and love. Die like a hero

For this great high-born Prince, I'll undertake
The State shall not torment a man I love.

Gis. She is a whore to the whole Commonwealth.
[*Aside.*

La. I'll get you any kind of death you fancy,
And for his Reverence too, if he desire it.

Hia. I do not fancy any kind of death,
If you do, madam, take your fill of it.
Poison or hang yourself, and if you like it
Come tell us so, and madam, we'll be hang'd.

La. 'Tis well ! great sir, I humbly take my leave
With infinite concernment for your danger.
I wou'd ha' sacrific'd my husband for you
With all my heart.

Asd. I do believe it, madam.

La. Or my own life.

Asd. You much oblige me, madam.

La. I take my leave in great confusion. [*Exit.*

Gis. She'd have sacrific'd me.

Hia. These women tamper here with State affairs,
And hang their husbands, I'll be hang'd by nobody.
I'm Heavenly metal, and belong to gods,
And I will keep their plate from battery.
Troth, Batto, I have done your business too,
I've let the Council know your villany.
Not only trade with Romans, but conspire
To set a King over the Commonwealth,
And take away our liberties and laws ?

Bat. Oh ! horrible ! did you not move me to't ?

Hia. Only to try you ; I had heard of you.
I'm watchman for the public ; 'tis my office
To have my eye and ear in every place,
And knock at every door. When I mov'd you,
I knock'd, and found a knave within your bosom.

Bat. And so you'd hang me ?

Hia. I've endeavour'd it.

Bat. Well, and I've endeavour'd to hang you,

I've let the council know your villany.

Hia. Ha! have you so! We'll see who shall have most credit.

Gis. Nay, none of us, I think, will have much credit.

Asd. So, so, the rogues are hanging one another! If ever a turn comes, I'll hang you all.

Hia. Let a turn come; I fear not you or death, For death will only change my vehicle.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. My Lord! here are some Senators from the Senate,
To speak with your Highness.

Asd. To take my head; I'm lost. Wait on 'em in!

Enter SENATORS.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, the Senate sends to beg your Highness
To be Protector o' the Commonwealth.

Asd. Protector, sir?

1. *Sen.* The Spartan General
Usurps upon the State, he forc'd the Senate
To release Regulus on his parole.
The common people think they are betray'd,
And have requir'd the Senate to free you,
And give you power, that you may punish him.

Asd. Sir, I'm unfit for power; these gentlemen
Have accus'd me of very horrid treasons.

2. *Sen.* They're not believ'd, but look'd on as
defamers;
And order'd to be kept in close confinement.

Gis. Oh, brave! Oh, brave!

Hia. Oh! curse on evidencing!

Asd. Now rascals! Keeper, put these men in
fetters

Now, noble Senators, I'll wait on you,
To my most honourable Lords, the Senate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Roman Camp.

Enter on one side o' the stage METELLUS, LEPIDUS,
MANLIUS, and other ROMAN COMMANDERS, *on*
the other side, REGULUS.

Met. Oh ! Consul ?

Reg. Brave Metellus ! brave friends all !

D'ye weep ? nay then it seems you are subdued.

Met. Who ever saw such an amazing change ?

Reg. Does it amaze you to see fortune change ?

The wonder wou'd be greater shou'd she fix ;

She takes my freedom to maintain her own.

Remove your eye from fortune my dark part,

And fix it on myself, who still remain

Not unconquer'd only, but invincible.

Yet o'er victorious Carthage I'll triumph.

Met. Oh ! sir ! then have you terms for liberty ?

Reg. My liberty depends not on their will.

'Tis true the freedom of my body does,

But that is born a slave, by nature bound

To serve the mind, a time prefixt by fate,

And then turn'd over to new bonds in death.

Of this poor vassal I take little care.

How free my mind is, you shall soon perceive.

Met. I tremble for him.

Reg. Carthage to release

This body,—which can never be releas'd

From vassalage to sufferings, and death—

Asks the refunding all our victories.

Lep. Agreed ! one Regulus is worth them all.

For he'll regain them all.

Reg. You shall not give

The smallest link out of that golden chain !

It fetters Carthage now, but if once broke

Carthage may 'scape, arise, nay, enslave Rome.
 I come to rule your dangerous love to me,
 Which I fear more than Carthaginian racks ;
 For these can give me but some painful hours
 Which glory will allay, and death will end.
 But you would torture me with ling'ring shame,
 Got by a treacherous and cowardly peace.
 Then, as your Consul, I command you all,
 Give Carthage no more peace, than this short
 truce !

Met. And what becomes of you ?

Reg. I must return.

Man. Oh ! joyful news ! *[Aside.*

Lep. Sir, you return to die.

Reg. It may be so.

Lep. To a tormenting death.

Reg. It may be so. My word and oath are past,
 And nothing do I fear, like breach of faith.

Met. A glorious man ! *[Aside.*

Lep. Will you forsake your friends,
 To perish by your barb'rous enemies ?

Reg. I do not perish, if my honour lives ;
 But if I stay shall not my body die ?
 Then shall I lose the honour I can keep,
 To preserve life, which is not in my power ?
 By keeping faith, o'er Carthage I triumph,
 A Roman ghost will triumph over her.
 Not by short pomp which blazes but some hours ;
 My triumph shall go on, from age to age,
 While Rome shall stand, which shall the longer
 stand

For my example of unshaken faith ;
 For what foundation to a State like faith ?

Met. Sir, I'm the less amaz'd at what I hear ;
 For all your life has been with wonders fill'd.
 But I have not so great a heart as yours.
 I cannot let you go.

Lep. He shall not go !

I will bring all the army to his feet.

Reg. Is't possible ? I do command you stay !

Perform your duties both to Rome and me,

Let Rome have Carthage, and leave me to Heaven.

Metellus why d'ye wrong yourself and me ?

Your spirit equals mine, and, for the world,

You wou'd not have me leave this glorious path.

Like Romans now receive my last adieus.

Lep. He shall not go, his troops shall stop his way !

[*Aside.*

Now, take your leaves !

[*Ereunt Lep., Man., Commanders.*

Met. Oh, sir ! what you resolve

Has so much glory in't, I envy you.

But I must pity those whom you forsake,

Myself, your children, my poor Fulvia.

Reg. Metellus, be assur'd those you have nam'd

Are dear to me, as they can be to you,

But Generals must discipline their thoughts.

The honour of the gods and good of Rome

Must first command ; next them I rank my friends.

These have o'er me some great authority.

I'm jealous of my weakness, and their power,

And dare not trust myself with seeing 'em.

I'll ne'er see Fulvia more.

Met. Not see her, sir ?

Reg. Oh, no, an interview will raise our griefs

To such a tumult, 'twill not become me

To be seen in it. I'll serenely part,

And so retain my greatness to the last ;

And this may less harm her.

Met. Oh, sir, she comes !

Reg. Then I must fly ! I cannot stay with her. [*Exit.*

Enter FULVIA and her Women.

Ful. The Consul, sir ! the Consul ! where is he ?

A minute's absence more I cannot bear.

Met. Oh ! my unruly griefs will betray all.

[*Aside.*

Ful. You sigh ? Nay more, you strive to smother tears.

Met. No ; you mistake.

Ful. I do not ; sir, I see't.

Met. Your fears impose on you.

Ful. Convince me of it,

And let me see the Consul.

Met. Wait awhile !

Ful. I perish, then.

Met. Y^eare rash ! command yourself.

Eul. I cannot do it.

Met. You must ! He's busied now in a great work,
The greatest that was e'er design'd by man.

Ful. Oh ! what ? and where ?

Met. Be not inquisitive.

Ful. Oh, why, sir, why ? Shall I not have a share

In all his fortunes ?

Met. Ay, too much, poor girl.

[*Aside.*

Let it suffice to know his aims are now

Above what mortal man ever attain'd.

And he will reach his aims now ; seek no more.

[*Exit.*

Ful. I must, I must enquire, I cannot rest ;
This is all darkness and confusion !

Enter LEPIDUS.

Lep. Oh, madam ! madam ! save the Consul's life.

Ful. Now, the dire mystery begins t'unveil.
I'm dying ! speak, whilst I have life to hear.

Lep. He cannot make an honourable peace,
So he is only come to command war ;
Now, to keep faith with faithless enemies,

Returns to die.

Ful. Y'ave struck me to the heart !

Lep. Fly, madam ! or you'll never see him more.
His army at the present bar his way,
But all their force will, without you, be vain.

Ful. My reason, sense and life, before me fly ;
The Consul will enjoy his cruel wish,
Nothing of mine will ever reach him more
Unless my shrieks cut through the wounded air,
Or winds hurl to him my torn scatter'd hair.

ACT V.

SCENE *continues.*

REGULUS *appears beset by LEPIDUS, an AUGUR, and all the army ; who in suppliant postures surround him.*

Reg. Who has betrayed me thus, and brought
my troops
To besiege me ?

Lep. Sir, I confess, 'twas I !

Reg. Y'are grateful, Lepidus. I advanced you
To honour, you'd sink me to the lowest shame ;
Make me appear a coward, and be foresworn.

Lep. Well, sir, we have not sworn you shall
return,
We are not perjurd if we hinder you.

Reg. Yes, but you are ! y'are sworn to obey me.

Lep. We may oppose you without perjury,
If you destroy yourself.

Reg. I save myself.
When I am false I'm Regulus no more,
But a foul spectre, which in little time
You'll hate and loath, whatever you think now.

Lep. Sir, this perhaps might force you from our hands,
If y' only went to die, for then you went
To the good gods ; you go to Furies now,
Who will torment you.

Reg. Not beyond my strength !
I've got this profit by calamity,
That I have learnt to bear calamity,
I never did believe it was an evil,
But now I do not think it troublesome—
Misery by use into our nature grows.
I by enduring pains will torture them,
And burn them with their own infernal rage.

Lep. But, sir, you'll also torture your dear friends.
We dare not let you go.

Reg. How shall I 'scape ?

Enter METELLUS.

But the Proconsul comes ! he'll do me right.
Sir, set me free from my distracted friends,
Who would take from me more than Carthage can,
My honour, innocence, and their own love ;
For will they love me when I'm infamous ?

Met. Sir, something so divine appears in you,
I prostrate even my reason to your will.
Sir, if you wou'd resolve to stay with us,
No earthly power shall take you from our hands ;
But, if you will return, I offer up
Myself, my child, as victims to your will,
For be assur'd we perish, sir, with you.

Reg. I perish if I stay, then set me free.

Met. I'll do you then this dismal service, sir,
If I am able ; but I doubt it much.
I hardly can believe the Legions,
Which oppose your commands, will obey mine.

Reg. I've thought upon a way—a word. Give out,

Carthage has given me my mortal bane ;
And in a sense it has. *[Aside.*

Met. A fatal truth !

I will do't, sir. Pray, gentlemen, draw near,
Follow no longer your mistaken love,
It leads you to no purpose from your way.
The Carthaginians have the Consul fast,
They've given him his death.

Lep. What ! poison'd him ?

Met. They have his life, 'tis theirs do what you
can ;

They've torn it to a wretched remnant now,
Not worth his keeping, therefore give it them—
It is the price of their damnation—
And let him have the glory he desires.

Lep. Oh ! treacherous murderers !

Met. Nay, you trouble him.

Take hence your griefs, the Consul has enow,
Go, throw 'em on his bloody enemies !

Lep. The villains are too few for [our] revenge,
And, oh ! too vile to recompense our loss ;
The Carthaginian nation cannot do't.
Oh ! Consul ! since we must not hope for you,
And your stay here reprieves your murderers,
We will release you, to release ourselves
To our just vengeance.

Reg. Now I know you all.

I was afraid I had lost all my friends ;
That Punic air breath'd Punic souls in you,
And that you slighted faith ; which I believe
No Roman does, except a Roman priest.
Mourn not for me, for that implies I'm fallen,
Rather calamity falls under me.
Applaud my happy fortunes, for I go
In triumph to a higher capitol,
And more magnificent than that in Rome ;
One in the Heavens, where living Jove resides.

True, I must first put off my flesh by death,
 But that I with as small concern can do,
 As men do sandals at a temple gate.
 Now friends, farewell! thank you for all your love,
 And, when I am in Carthage, storm the town.

[*Ereunt Lep. and army.*]

Now, sir, thank you for an immortal life,
 For you have open'd me the way to it ;
 And at no small expenses to your heart.
 Oh, Fulvia ! there's my last great agony.

Met. Sir, I have eas'd you of some part of it ;
 I met her flying t'ye, and stopp'd her way ;
 But might have spar'd the labour, for alas !
 Her sorrow often flung her dead on earth—
 I left her senseless in her women's arms.
 You may escape her now. Oh, no, she comes !
 Comes like a torrent, there's no stopping her.

Reg. Nay, then, what sufferings have I to bear ?
 I fear my strength, and dare not meet her eyes.

Enter FULVIA.

Ful. Oh ! Consul ! Consul ! what have you decreed ?

Met. Daughter, away !

Ful. I cannot, cannot, sir.

Pray pardon me, I'm not in my own power.
 Oh, Consul ! will y' abandon all your friends
 For slavery and death, tormenting death ?

Met. He's bound by oath.

Ful. Was he not so to me,
 And by a thousand oaths ? he had no right
 To give himself away without my leave :
 He's true to murderers, and false to me.

Reg. Dear Fulvia, calm yourself, and use your reason !

You'll find I've acted as became a man
 Who durst pretend to such a heart as yours.

Should such a man betray the rights of Rome
To save his life ?

Ful. Your death will ruin Rome,
And me, and all the world.

Reg. No, Fulvia ;
By dying I preserve the rights of Rome,
Advance her glory, mine, and therefore yours ;
Now Rome will be my lofty monument,
'Twill stand upon my tomb, where I shall rest
In a bed fit for him whom Fulvia loves.

Ful. Where shall I rest when Regulus is dead ?
You take no care for me.

Reg. Will you not rest
In my repose ? Can our united hearts
Have any joys or griefs both do not feel ?

Ful. I do not know your heart, but I believe
Your griefs afflict me more than they do you.

Reg. Too much, too much !
More than a slave, as I am, can deserve.

Ful. You are, my Lord, more dear—if possible—
To me than ever ; by your fall my heart
Is greatly bruise'd, and tender than before ;
More sensible of sorrow, and of love.

Then pity me ! for my sake, go with me.

Reg. I dare not do't, because I love you more
Than to permit your sorrow to deceive you.
You seek to take with you, a slave, a coward,
A thief, a murderer ! all this I must be,
If I return not. I shall break my oath,
To steal my freedom from the gallant Spartan
Who trusted me ; and if I break my trust
I expose him to all my sufferings,
And perhaps prove his bloody murderer.
Would you have such a villain as this with you ?

Ful. Oh ! these are arts to hide your want of love ;
You love me not, ne'er lov'd. You have deceived
me.

Met. Now, daughter, you are too importunate.

Ful. Oh ! by my love, I know he does not love,
I for no joy on earth could part with him ;
He flies from me to torments, and the grave.

Met. No, no ! to justice, piety, renown.

Ful. He is unjust, I have a right in him,
I never did, I never will renounce.
To take himself from me is robbery
And cruel murder, it will be my death,
And this he knows ; but he regards not me.
He can be tender of his enemies,
And not of me.

Reg. Oh, madam ! say not so.

Ful. Go, go to Carthage ! let her have her right,
And I'll have mine :

I've title to partake whate'er is yours.
It seems chains, misery, and death are yours,
And all the fortune you have left yourself.
Well, I'll to Carthage with you, and have share.

Reg. To Carthage ?

Ful. Do you think I dare not do't ?
Yes, valiant Consul ! I, in some respects,
In resolution will transcend even you.
You are divine, above all sense of ill ;
I'm a weak woman, I have tender sense,
I can feel torments, yet I'll rush upon them.

Reg. Sweet Fulvia, hear me !

Ful. Oh ! I love too much
To hear and see you ; would I lov'd you less,
My misery and misfortune would be less.
Would I had never lent an ear to you.
Yet you would now be heard. What should I
hear,
Bloody decrees against yourself and me ?
Oh ! I have heard too much, too much of them,
And why should you expect I should hear you ?
You regard not my love, my tears, my blood.

Met. Hold, Fulvia, hold ! you harm a dying friend,
Who dies for you and me, and for all Rome.
Why say you misery is all the fortune
Of this great man ? Is glory of no price ?
Are you a Roman and want sense of glory ?
All ages will adore this wondrous man,
Whom you wrong heavily. See, see, I swear,
Sh'as wrung tears from him ! now, but that I
know

What thou hast said proceeds from raving love,
For this great sacrilege I'd strike thee dead.

Reg. Oh ! sir ! you now commit the cruelty
You charge her with ; you wound a wounded heart.
I know her heart is bleeding now for me,
And what she says comes from her pain, not her :
She is most kind in what she seems unkind.

Ful. Indeed I am, and though your love were
lost.

Reg. Oh, say it not.

Ful. I do not think it is ;

But if it were, yet I must love you still,
Nay, in calm thoughts adore you, and believe
You are too excellent, that's all your fault,
And my misfortune was, I lov'd too high.

Met. Now daughter you judge well, and do him
right.

Ful. Oh ! 'twas my madness wrong'd him, and
not I.

Reg. I know't, sweet Fulvia, and can I be false
To so much love ? Before I knew you lov'd
I lov'd you so that you were my chief aim.
In seeking glory I sought chiefly you.
I fought for you, and now I die for you,
By glorious death more to deserve your love,
And therefore be more lov'd ; for if I die
To keep my faith with mortal enemies,

Oh ! think how firm my heart must be to you.
 But should I poorly live by breach of faith,
 I should for ever lose you in both worlds ;
 You'd shun me here with scorn, and, after death,
 I for my perjury shou'd shine in shades,
 While you wou'd shine in Heaven ; there is a
 Heaven.

This shred of life cannot be all the web
 Nature has wrought to cover divine spirits ;
 There is a Heaven because there's misery.
 The divine Power, ever blest and good,
 Made not the world for an ill-natured jest,
 To sport himself in pains of those he made.

Ful. True, but for Heaven what must you
 endure ?

Reg. No more than what you cou'd endure for me.

Ful. Oh ! that I might, I'd run to it with joy.

Reg. Then cannot I for you, sweet Fulvia ?

Met. So, y'ave prepared balm for the parting
 blow ;

And that you may the better bear it too,
 Take from each other your entangling eyes.
 I'll interpose and hide them.—Now, my Lord.

[*Metellus goes between, Regulus offers to go.*
Fulvia holds him.

Ful. Hold, hold ! I cannot, will not let you go,
 I'll lose my arms before I'll lose my hold.
 I know what you resolve is glorious ;
 But I'm a woman, and my love prevails ;
 And the more brave you are, the more I love,
 And the less able am to part with you.

Reg. Oh ! I am in a tempting dangerous snare.

Ful. Nay, do not grieve, you cannot 'scape from
 me,

I shall release you soon, my heart will break.

[*The Ghost of Apamia rises, Fulvia shrieks and*
falls in her women's arms.

Met. She shrieks and dies ! her heart is broke indeed,

Poor girl !

Reg. Oh ! now I see what made her shriek,
A frightful messenger is come for me.

Met. From Carthage ?

Reg. From the dead ; 'tis my dead wife !

[*Ghost sinks.*

Met. I perceive nothing dead, but my poor child ;

I hope she's dead, life would afflict her now.

Reg. Take notice, Heaven, what we all endure
Only for virtue. This one sweet last touch
Of this fair hand is the only recompense
I shall receive for all I lose on earth.

Met. I'll see you to the lines, then take my leave.

[*Exit with Regulus.*

[*Fulvia recovers.*

Ful. Oh ! he is gone ! he is for ever gone.

Fond tears be gone ! such vain and vulgar sorrow
Does not become the grave of Regulus.

I'll strew his tomb with Carthaginian ruins,
And this whole nation for his bloody death
Shall weep to death in blood.—Ho, Lepidus !

Enter LEPIDUS.

Where is your Consul ?

Lep. He is near the walls,
Where thousands of us will be presently ;
We are preparing for him a revenge.

Ful. Come, follow me !—

I'm now your Consul, his soul lives in me.
We'll bury Carthage so, that where it stood
In future ages shall to few be known ;
Some shall believe here never was a town. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Carthage.**Enter* ASDRUBAL, SENATORS, *and Attendants.*

Asd. Most noble Senators, will you be pleas'd
To tell my honourable Lords, the Senate,
I'll only give some necessary orders
About their service, then attend their pleasures.

Sen. We shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Asd. I see the Senate's craft ;
I'm only us'd like physic for a need,
With loathing forc'd upon 'em, and, the wish'd
Effect once wrought, I shall be flung away,
For Commonwealths cannot bear glorious men.
By the confessions of the priest and Gisgon
I am in danger, but I'll try to quash them.
I order'd the confessing gentlemen

[*To his Attendants.*]

Should be brought to me.

1 They are come, my Lord !

Enter HIARBAS, GISGON, BATTO, *guarded.*

Asd. How the rogues look and tremble, for my
sport ! [*Aside.*]
I'll let their terrors worry them a-while.

Gis. What will he do with us ?

Hia. I do not know.

I'm under dreadful consternation.

Gis. How ? are y' afraid of death, now it is
come ?

I've heard you crow over death on your own dung-
hill.

Bat. Oh ! no profaneness in affliction, pray.

Gis. Oh ! now the wind sits there, y'ave a sore
throat ;

At other times your swallow's large enough.

Asd. The rascals wrangle ; and how pale they
look !

The priest there has a face just like a goose,
 White everywhere, except about his bill ;
 His nose is faithful to the dye wine gave it.
 Well, now my grave, my cheating face goes on.

[*Aside.*

Oh ! Gentlemen ! I love and honour you,
 Come to my arms !

Hia. What's this ? come to his arms ? [*Aside.*

Gis. Has he not got an engine there to slash us ?

[*Aside.*

Asd. You lov'd the Commonwealth above my
 life,

Or your own credit ; you are honest men,
 You play'd the part of spies, oh, you did well.
 To tell you truth, it was a part I play'd ;
 I was a spy on you.

Gis. Indeed, my Lord ?

Asd. Indeed. But you had one great quality
 Most fit for spies, of which I had no share :
 You scorn those scorns which always are the vails
 Of that unlucky office. I confess
 I was kept under by the fear of shame,
 And partly by some tenderness for you ;
 I love you, gentlemen.

Gis. Your humble servant.

Hia. Your Excellency's very humble servant.

Gis. A noble gentleman !

Bat. A gallant man !

Asd. Besides I found no great necessity
 To do you harm ; when I had power enough
 To hinder you from doing the State harm.
 But that I never meant to wrong the State,
 I swear before the gods. Do not I know
 It is impossible to be King here ?
 Speak your minds, gentlemen, you never thought
 I was so foolish as to be in earnest ;
 And stake my life at a sure losing game ?

Hia. We knew not what to think of your Highness,
We acted as our consciences directed.

Asd. Oh ! you did very well, y'are honest men.

Bat. I can swear for your Highness, you never said one word to me of being King.

Asd. Th'ast done me right, so must these gentlemen,

Or they will bring great guilt upon themselves :
For, gentlemen, had you thought me in earnest,
You'd have inform'd when first you knew my guilt.
Instead o' that, you never let it go
Till you cou'd purchase your own lives by it :
For, sirs, can you deny the fear of death
Had not a mighty hand in this great work ?

Gis. It had a little finger in't indeed.

Asd. Well, gentlemen, y'ave serv'd the Senate well.

Now he that is an entire honest man
Does right to all men ; clear my innocence,
Then both the Senate and myself must love you,
For having serv'd us both most honestly.
And let me tell you, it is in my power
To raise or ruin you ; which I shall do,
According as I find you good or bad.

Hia. We had best stick to him, he's a great man !
[*Aside to Gis.*

Gis. Ay, and a very devilish cunning man.

[*Aside.*

Bat. Ay, and an honest man for ought I know,
He never said a word to me of being King.

[*Aside.*

Hia. This fellow's evidence too will mischief us.
We'll serve your Highness.

Asd. You are honest men.

Come, we will to the Senate ! they are sate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Senate House.**The Senate sitting, the PRÆTOR in the Chair.**Enter ASDRUBAL, HIARBAS, GISCON, BATTO.*

Asd. Most honourable, venerable Lords ;
 I have an infinite desire to serve you.
 It is my sole ambition, whatsoe'er
 Some men may tell you : but, alas, my arm
 Is wither'd by a blast these gentlemen
 Have blown upon me ; I must do them right.
 They have inform'd, I talk'd of being King :
 'Tis true, I did ; they started first the talk.
 The apparition of so great a treason
 So scar'd me, that I knew not what to answer.
 I soon reflected, I should better serve
 The State by humouring these gentlemen,
 To find how far they'd dug in such a mine,
 Than I should do, by making them in frights
 Conceal their works. But that I ever went
 One step with them, or gave them cause to think
 I aim'd at being King, I do deny,
 And they have prov'd by hiding long the treason.
 But I commend them that they e'er discover'd it,
 And humbly beg noble rewards for them.

Præ. What say you, gentlemen ? D'ye think my
 Lord
 Meant to be King ?

Gis. We know not what he meant.
 We did discover it for fear he meant it ;
 But were not hasty in discovery,
 Because it was not plain to us he meant it.

Præ. It seems he would, and he would not be
 King.

Why, sir, you baffle your own evidence.
 What says you Reverence to this affair ?

Hia. I do desire, as it becomes my coat,

To have my name and conscience without spot.
 I fear'd his Highness was ambitious ;
 To feel his pulse, I mov'd him to be King,
 His Highness did accept the tempting proffer.
 To do my duty to the State I told it.
 But I must do his Highness right ;
 He ne'er advanc'd one step in the affair,
 Or gave us cause to think he did approve it.
 So I have conscientiously discharg'd
 My duty to the Senate, and his Highness.

Præ. That is to say, y've play'd the knave with
 both ;

And with yourself the fool, as you shall find.
 What says that citizen ?

But. An't please your Honour,
 His Highness never said one word to me
 Of being King. All I know of the affair
 Was from his Reverence ; he told me, indeed,
 His Highness had a fancy to be King :
 And also said, if I would help his Highness
 To keep a correspondence with the Romans,
 If by the Romans' help he got the crown,
 I shou'd be sure of very rich rewards.

1 Sen. So, so, they've been disposing all our
 money.

Præ. And all our lives ; the Romans must have
 come.

By all y've said, y've fairly clear'd my Lord,
 And charg'd yourselves. I think 'tis fit they die.
 What say your Lordships ?

Sen. Ay, ay, hang them ! hang them !

Gis. How ! hang us ?

Sen. Go away with them, and hang them !

Gis. My Lord, my Lord ! will you let us be
 hang'd ? *[To Asdrubal.]*

Asd. What wou'd you have me do ? oppose the
 Senate ?

Gis. We are all fopp'd here, fopp'd out of our lives.

Bat. Oh ! dear ! I cannot die ! I cannot die !

Præ. Thou canst do nothing else ; thou diest with fear.

Bat. I am not prepar'd to die !

Gis. No, sir, nor I.

Bat. I have my religion yet to choose.

Gis. I have my hanging equipage to make.

1 *I* desire to hang like a man o' Quality.

Præ. Die piously ! that's the best equipage.

1 *Sen.* They're not content with hanging ; torture them !

Gis. Hold, hold ! my Lords ! We beg we may be hang'd.

Bat. That's a sad thing ! must we entreat a hanging ?

2 *Sen.* Away with them, and hang them presently !

[*Hirbas, Gisgon, and Batto are guarded off.*]

Asd. So traitors now will have a care of me,
[*Aside.*]

For I out-match them all at their own art.

Now, venerable Lords, my hands are free

To guard you.

Præ. To destroy us all ! we know you. [*Aside.*]

[*A noise of a Multitude, crying Justice, Justice.*]

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My Lords, the traitors are all executed ;
And at their deaths conjured the multitude,
If anything they had was precious to them,
With utmost speed to quell Lord Asdrubal,
Or he'd be King, and they'd be all undone.
So all the town are at your gates, to beg
You'll fling him to their mercy.

Præ. We will do't.

Guards seize Lord Asdrubal, and carry him out

To be dispos'd as the good people please !

Asd. As the base rabble please, you dirty Lords !
 You take my life for what you ought to thank me.
 I shou'd have honour'd you by being your King,
 Had I been King, y'ad serv'd a high born Prince.
 Now you are vassals to a nasty rout.
 Confound your Commonwealth ! confound it ? no,
 Continue it Heaven ! that there may never live
 A great man here. In a base Commonwealth,
 Merit is treason ; a great man oppresses
 His little masters, by out-shining them.
 I'm your oppressor now, your tyrant now,
 Fear of me tortures you ; I give you laws.
 Shake and look pale ! you do—obedient cowards !
 While I have life I've empire in my frown,
 And in my courage a bright awful crown.

[Exit, guarded.]

Præ. Why, what a thund'ring tyrant had this been
 Upon a throne, when he is thus in fetters.

1 Sen. 'Tis well we're rid of him ; wou'd with
 this ease
 We cou'd be freed from the bold dangerous
 Spartan.

The traitor Asdrubal has told some truth,
 A Commonwealth bears no imparity.
 A great man is a tumour,—a disease.

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. My Lords, the Roman Consul is return'd !
 The Spartan General attends
 With his great prisoner, to know your pleasures.

Præ. Go, bring them in !

*Enter XANTIPPUS, sad and dejected, REGULUS, bold
 and lively.*

Ha ! what means this ? our General is sad.
 Which is the conqueror, and which the captive ?

Reg. Have you forgotten me so soon, my Lords ?

Præ. No, but you come with the air of a triumpher,

Your conqueror there comes like a mournful prisoner.

Has he subdued you, General, since he went ?

Xan. Yes, and your Lordships too, he has o'ercome,

In a more dreadful battle with his friends,
Than e'er he fought with your most valiant troops ;

Their griefs had sharper edges than your swords.

He has o'ercome them all, and now returns

To triumph here, and, if I might prevail,

He shou'd triumph, and be led round the town,

With laurels crown'd ; t' encourage all your subjects

To do for Carthage what he did for Rome ;

For if you honour virtue in a foe,

What may a great deserving friend expect ?

Præ. Is this true, Regulus ? have you brought war ?

Reg. I have done justice both to Rome and you.

What Roman valour got I have preserv'd,

And hither brought myself your right by war.

1 *Sen.* Be crown'd with laurels ? torn with red hot pincers.

Xan. Be torn !

2 *Sen.* Be torn. Go fetch the torturers !

Xan. Touch him that dares ! he is my right.

Præ. Once more,

Out-brave us all in our own Senate house ?

Xantippus, know we are provided for you.

Our fond confiding in your faith and honour

Expos'd us lately to your insolence,

Now we have fifty thousand men in arms,

Affront us now, no Spartan shall escape.

Xan. Behave yourselves like men, and we'll obey you.

But if you will be lions, and devour
 A valiant man, only in love to blood ;
 We'll do your best to scour yon filthy den,
 Happen what will to us.

Reg. Gallant Xantippus !

No more, no more o' this, if y'are my friend ;
 You torture me more than these men can do,
 For I shall glory in what they inflict,
 But I sink down under your griefs and dangers.
 I would not for the world lose this occasion
 Of winning glory to myself and Rome.

Præ. Go, carry him away, and torture him !

[*Regulus is led off.*

Xan. Ere I will bear it, I'll be tortured with
 him. [Exit.

Præ. Was ever such amazing insolence ?

1. *Sen.* 'Tis well we are behind hand with his
 pay.

Præ. He puts a bloody cross on his accounts.

2. *Sen.* 'Tis the best piece of service he e'er did us.

After a fight within, Enter an OFFICER.

Off. My Lords, take speedy course to save your-
 selves

And the whole city, or it will be lost !
 The Spartan General has beat your guards,
 And, finding he wants strength to fight the town,
 He has let in part of the Roman troops,
 Commanded by a warlike Roman virgin,
 Contracted as they say to Regulus,
 And she's come hither to revenge her lover.

1. *Sen.* Why, what a bold black traitor is this
 Spartan ?

Præ. My Lord, I doubt we are the traitors now,
 The beaten party always are the traitors.

2. *Sen.* The beaten party ? has he got all
 Carthage ?

Off. Oh ! no ! he's only master of one gate,
Which I believe he keeps for his retreat,
But he has strength enough to do great mischief,
Unless prevented.

Præ. We will put a stop to't.
Where's Regulus ?

Off. He's forc'd out of our hands.

Præ. Before he was tormented ?

Off. No, my Lord.

Præ. Well, all the better, he cannot harm us.
Go to the Spartan General, and tell him,
We say, he has committed a high fault,
His King and country would severely punish,
Should we complain of him ; but for the sake
Of his past services we greatly love him.
If he will quickly leave the town in peace,
And return home, all this shall be forgot ;
We will provide him everything he wants,
Money and shipping.

Off. I will let him know't. [*Exit.*

Præ. I will take care the shipping shall be
rotten,
And he shall sink, perhaps in sight of Carthage.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street in Carthage.*

Enter XANTIPPUS, FULVIA, and her women.

Xan. Oh ! noble virgin, in whose sacred breast
The heart of the great Regulus is lodg'd,
Can you forgive the cruel sacrilege
I have committed against him and you ?
But I repent and have made some atonement.

Ful. I am not able, sir, to answer you.
My soul is torn with tortur'd Regulus,
For I am told, we come too late to save him.

Xan. It is too true.

Ful. Is he alive or dead ?

Xan. He lives, and has the joy to know y'are here.
I told it him! I did not think it safe
To bring you to him ere he was prepar'd,
Lest the surprize shou'd scatter all his spirits.
And still I am afraid the interview
Will harm you both.

Ful. Sir, this short interview
Is all the wealth we hope for in this world ;
And to be hinder'd of it, all the harm
That can befall us now. If you repent
The ill y've done us, heap no more upon us.

Xan. The Heavens forbid ! Well, you shall have
your will.
He's nearer than you think ; open the door !

*The Scene is drawn, and REGULUS is discover'd
sitting in a chair bloody.*

Ful. Oh ! here's my Lord, all over wounds and
blood.

Reg. And have I liv'd to see my Fulvia ?
Thou bring'st me joy can heal a thousand wounds,
Wou'dst thou not weep ; but if thou weep'st, my
dear,

Thou wilt set all my wounds bleeding afresh.

Ful. Can any eyes see this, and not burst out
In tears and blood ? your barbarous murderers
Have found a luxury in torturing you ;
You are all over wounds.

Reg. Oh, no, my love !
My soul's all over pleasure. Had I wounds
In conscience or in honour, I, indeed,
Were a poor creature fit to be lamented ;
But, as I am, I'm to be envied.
I have a conscience which I would not change
For all the crowns on earth ; and I have honour
Will live unrivall'd to eternity ;

And in my arms I've my dear Fulvia.

Nan. And at your feet your weeping enemy,
Asking your pardon, and adoring you.

Reg. Can there be then a happier man than I ?
I have some wounds ; it is no wonder, sure,
A soldier shou'd have wounds, and these I sought.
They give eternal life to my renown ;
To me but a few pains, which now, methinks,
Are gone : my Fulvia has heal'd them all.

Ful. No, no, you say this to deceive my sorrow.
I see your agonies, convulsions,
And feel them too ; they tear my veins and nerves,
And I shall die without revenging you.
I did not hope but to have offer'd up
This town, a burning victim to your ghost ;
A glory to which I had the greatest right,
For by your sufferings I have highest wrong :
Now all this wealth I must bequeath to others.
But for my sufferings I have great rewards,
Since I in life have Regulus's love,
And in Elizium shall possess himself.

Reg. For ever, dear—But do not hasten thither
By dangerous ways ; harm not thy beauteous self,
Lest I shou'd lose thee too, in the next world.
Dark is the passage to't, the clearest paths
Are virtue and obedience to the gods.
If 'tis their pleasure suffer life awhile,
A little time in this short life is much,
But it is nothing in eternity :
Some days cut off from thence will not be miss'd.
I'll wait the coming of thy lovely shade,
At th' entrance of Elizium, which to me
Will not be an Elizium till thou com'st.
I'm going, weep not, Fulvia ! for no man
Can live with greater pleasure than I die. *[Dies.]*

Ful. He's gone ! he's gone ! oh, thou accursed
Carthage !

May'st thou abhor and scorn all honour, virtue,
 Piety, faith, till thou art scorn'd by all.
 May'st thou do villanies may deserve hanging,
 And then be fond of tyrants that shall hang thee.
 Ha ! I'm not well, I burn, and my brain's sick ;
 All nature's sick, the fright'ned day starts back ;
 Abortive night is born before its time.
 Some horrid thing is done ! what is the news ?

Xan. Alas ! she raves ! sorrow has hurt her sense.

Ful. I'm told the Consul's murder'd, is it true !
 I saw him lately, what's become of him ?

Xan. 'Tis so, alas, here's a great spirit broke.

Ful. I'm to be married to him, I'll have him
 Though he be dead. Dead ? no, he's but asleep.
 The bridegroom sleep before the bride's abed ?
 Oh, fie upon't ! I'll make him blush to-morrow.
 Undress, undress me, ladies ! quickly, softly !
 I'll steal to him, and never waken him,
 Then i' th' morning I will rise a virgin,
 And we'll all laugh him out o' countenance, ha, ha !

Xan. How does she mix together grief and
 mirth ?

Ah, what confusion's in this noble mind !

Ful. How pale and cold he is ! like a moon-
 beam

In a clear frosty night. Oh, he will starve me.

Xan. Remove from hence the body ! it disturbs
 her.

[*Regulus is carried off.*]

Ful. Warm, warm him somebody. Ha ! he is
 gone !

Then he is taken pris'ner once again,
 When he had paid his ransom with his blood.

Oh ! treacherous insatiable villains !

Can nothing satisfy your thirst of blood ?

I'll after them ! my sword, my bow, my horse !

Pursue, pursue, ere they are got to Carthage !

[*Exit. She runs after Regulus.*]

Xan. Follow, and hold her ! lest she harm herself.

Enter ELISA.

El. Away, away, my Lord ! the winds blow fair,
Both from the Heavens and the Senate-house.
The Senate give you leave to return home,
Order you money, and all things you need.
They sent this Officer to express their pleasure.

Enter an OFFICER, who gives XANTIPPUS Papers.

Xan. I thankfully accept the Senate's favour,
And will not give them trouble many days.
Wilt thou go with me ?

El. Will I stay behind ?
If thou shou'dst sink in seas, I'd follow thee ;
Mount to the Heavens, if I stay behind
It shall not be my fault ; I will shake off
The luggage of this body to be with thee.
I've more good news, my father will go with us,
And is providing shipping.

Xan. Excellent man !

El. His care is needful, for he has discover'd
A horrible contrivance of ill men,
To sink thee and thy troops in rotten ships.

Xan. Oh ! wicked place ! well, I will sink this
town ;

I'll take thy father and thyself away,
Whose piety binds up the hands of Heaven ;
Then vengeance will have liberty to strike.
And I, my love, shall need your piety
To guard me from the anger of the gods.
I've ruined a most noble pair of lovers,
The divine Regulus and Fulvia.
I greatly fear her sorrow and his blood.

Ful. You did not shed his blood but sought to
save it.

Xan. 'Tis true, I did ; and I will save his body
From any farther barb'rous violence ;
I will convey it to his camp with honour.
And lovely Fulvia, dear, shall be your care,
Alas, she needs it, for her sense is gone.

El. I will, my love.

Xan. And then we will to Sparta,
And take up all our joy in love and virtue,
In these thou wilt find happiness enough ;
Regulus found it so in spite of torments.
Virtue ! thy joys no fortune can oppress,
Vice ! thou art wretched spite of all success,
The aid of fortune is to virtue vain ;
To vice a curse, and more augments the bane.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by her that acts Elisa's part.

I'm in the closing of my part constrain'd
To leave my native soil for foreign land ;
I fly not for religion, and the laws,
But for sweet love, the common good old cause.
I shall the pity of all parties move,
For every faction is a friend to love.
The Oliverian saints with love made leagues,
Religion was the mask of their intrigues.
The pious beauties of that age were wise,
They hid their sins, and shew'd their charming
eyes.
Our vizards, just antipodes to those,
Conceal their beauties, and their faults expose.
In putting off false money, she's an ass
Who hides the silver and shews all the brass.
Though no one woman long to you is dear,
To the fair sex all parties are sincere,
Therefore our author chiefly doubts to-day
His hero's part, the pillar of his play.
He leaves a beauty, all the world would prize,
To preserve faith too many now despise.
Knavery's so lov'd ; rather than not be knaves,
Some cheat themselves, plot to be wretched slaves.
We women do not find one lover true,
You are as false to us, as we to you.
When young, untouch'd, a woman comes in print
Into the world, like money from the mint,
She's sought by all, but soon she's made a scoff,
A false knave clips her, and then puts her off.

The knaves and doting women in the play
Are natural parts, you meet them every day.
But by some men our hero will be damn'd,
Good reason, for by heroes knaves are sham'd.
The French, ay, and some English, I'm afraid,
Have cause to wish heroes had ne'er been made.

THE MARRIED BEAU ;

OR,

THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

*The Married Beau: or, the Curious Impertinent. A
Comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal by their Majesties
Serrants. Written by Mr Crowne. London: Printed for
Richard Bentley, at the Post-House in Russel Street in
Covent Garden. 1694. 4to.*

THE plot of this Comedy is principally taken from the story of the "Curious Impertinent" in Don Quixote, which will be found in its English dress at page 341 of the first volume of Shelton's translation of that admirable romance. LONDON, 1620. 4to. There is a considerable difference however in the catastrophe. In the Comedy, the intrigue of Mrs Lovely with Polidor remains undiscovered by the husband, and all ends quietly, the lady having repented, and dismissed her lover with indignation; while in Cervantes' work the story terminates fatally.

This play was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1694. The cast of the characters has not been given, but Dogget acted Thorneback and spoke the epilogue. "It was," says the *Biographia Dramatica*, "esteemed a good one, and was frequently acted with general approbation. It has, however, been long laid aside."

"That part of it," Geneste observes, "which concerns Lovely, Polidor, and Mrs Lovely is good, the other part of it has little to recommend it."

Dogget, who also performed Batto in the preceding piece, was a native of Dublin, where he unsuccessfully made his first theatrical attempt, but after some years of strolling he got to London, and acted both at Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields. He became popular, especially in the characters of Fondlewife in the "Old Bachelor," and Ben in "Love for Love," the latter having been written expressly to suit his style of acting. Downes particularly commends him in the "Jew of Venice," and in Solon in the "Marriage-later Matched." He became joint-manager of Drury Lane Theatre with Wilkes and Cibber in 1709-10, but, in 1712, offended at the admission of Booth to a share granted by the Lord-Chamberlain, which led to a dispute as to the value of the stage properties, he retired from the management, and after two years' litigation obtained a decree in his favour, by which he gained less than the others had originally offered him. He thus threw aside an income which was considered to

be worth a thousand a year. By his frugality, however, he had saved sufficient to render him easy for the remainder of his life. He returned to the stage for three nights in 1717. He was a comedian of great merit, entirely devoid of buffoonery, which in our days too greatly prevails. His manner was perfectly original, and served as a model to many. His style of dressing was considered always to be happily appropriate. He died 22d September 1721, but, according to Geneste, OCTOBER 1721.

Dogget, being a staunch Whig, bethought him of paying a compliment to George I., which he did in this wise. He caused the following advertisement to appear in the journals of the time, 1715-16 :—

“*Aug.* 1.—This being the day of his Majesty's happy accession to the throne, there will be given by Mr Dogget an orange colour livery, with a badge representing liberty, to be rowed for by six watermen that are out of their time within the year past; they are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually for ever; they are to start exactly at four o'clock.”

In accordance with this perpetual gift, the coat and badge are still annually rowed for on the 1st of August. Charles Dibdin wrote a ballad farce called “the Waterman, or the glorious first of August,” in which this incident is embodied.

“Dogget in person,” says Anthony Aston, “was a little, lively man; in behaviour he was modest, cheerful, and complaisant; he sung in company very agreeably, and in public very comically; he danced the Cheshire Round full as well as the famed Captain George, but with much more nature and nimbleness. I have had the pleasure of his conversation for one year, when I travell'd with him in his strolling company, and found him a man of very good sense, but illiterate; for he wrote me word thus—‘Sir, I will give you a *hole*’ (instead of a whole) ‘share.’ He dressed neat, and something fine,—in a plain cloth coat, and a brocaded waistcoat,—but he is so recent, having been so often at Bath—*satís est*. . . . While I travelled with him each sharer kept his horse, and was everywhere respected as a gentleman.”

He stands chronicled as the author of a Comedy called

"The Country Wake," 1696, which was afterwards altered, 1730, by John Hippisley, also an actor, into a ballad farce called "Flora, or Hob in the Well."

There is a small volume, London 1702, entitled "A comparison between the two stages; in dialogue between Ramble and Sullen, two gentlemen, and Chagrin a critick." Enumerating the several plays produced during some years past, they touch upon this piece:—

"*Sull.* The Country Wake!

"*Ramb.* Oh, that's Dogget's; the players have all got the itching leprosie of scribbling, as Ben Johnson calls it; 'twill in time descend to the scenekeepers and candle-snuffers. Come! what came on't?

"*Sull.* Not then directly damn'd, because he had a part in't himself, but it's now dead and buried."

This has always been the case, and will no doubt still continue to be; actors for the most part are particularly desirous to be ranked as authors, but there is no actor, except, it may be, Sheridan Knowles, who ever wrote an original play, for such works are in general either translations from the French, or unacknowledged alterations of other men's pieces, disguised under new titles, or the works of unknown dramatic aspirants, who have trustingly allowed their manuscripts to go out of their own possession. The last would seem to have been Dogget's case, if we are to believe what Anthony Aston has said of his literary acquirements.

The nobleman to whom Crowne's Comedy of the "Married Beau" is dedicated, was John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby and Duke of Buckingham, who, among other things, based, on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," two tragedies published in 4to, 1722, one being called Julius Cæsar, the other Marcus Brutus.

The family of Sheffield was of ancient origin, and can be traced as far back as the times of King Henry III., but the first of the race that was raised to the Peerage was Edmund, who, two days preceding the Coronation of Edward VI., was created Lord Sheffield of Butterwick; which honour he enjoyed a very short time, as "upon an insurrection of the Commons of Norfolk, the next ensuing year, he being one of the nobles that ac-

accompanied the Marquis of Northampton for its suppression," lost his life in consequence of his horse having fallen with him into a ditch near Norwich, and, he having pulled off his helmet to shew the Rebels who he was, a butcher slew him with his club. His grandson, also Edmund, signalized himself during the latter years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and in the fourteenth of James I., he was constituted President of the Council, for the Northern parts of England, and by Charles I., was created Earl of Mulgrave. To him succeeded Edmund, his grandson, the son of Sir John Sheffield, by Grefield his wife, daughter to Sir Edmund Anderson, sometime Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir John himself, with two brothers, having been drowned in the passage of Whitgist ferry over the river Humber.

This Edmund married Elizabeth, daughter to Lionel, or Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, and died on a journey to London in 1658, leaving issue : John, his son and heir, who became not only a writer of much eminence himself, but was a great patron of literary men, and of whose writings Dryden has said, "his thoughts are always just, his numbers harmonious, his words chosen, his expressions strong and manly, his verse flowing, and his turns as happy as they are easy." It is to him that Crowne has addressed himself on the present occasion.

In his youth he resolved to signalize himself in arms, and having been in the great sea-fight at Sol-bay, he was made Captain of the Royal Catherine. On the 29th May 1674, he received the honour of the Garter, and soon after was made Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to King Charles II., Colonel of the old Holland regiment, Governor of Hull, and was finally chosen to command the forces sent to Tangier. In the first of James II., he was adopted a member of the Privy Council, and soon after was made Lord Chamberlain of the Household. He was, likewise, one of the Privy Council to King William ; and, in the sixth of William and Mary, was created Marquis of Normanby. In the first of Queen Anne, before her Coronation, he was made Lord Privy-Seal, and the next year, 1703, created Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby. He was also appointed one of the Commissioners to treat of a Union with Scotland, one of the Privy Council,

Lord Lieutenant and Custos Robertson of the North Riding in Yorkshire, and one of the Governors of the Charter-House.

His first wife was Ursula, the daughter of Colonel Stowel, and widow of the Earl of Conway, by whom he had no issue. He married, secondly, the Lady Catherine, eldest daughter of Fulk Grevile, Lord Brook, and widow of Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough. She died in 1703-4, leaving no issue. For his third wife he took another widow, Catherine, natural daughter to King James II. by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley. This Catherine Sidley had been created, by the King, Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester, and she, after his dethronement when he had gone to France, married the Earl of Portmore. His daughter by her he dignified with the name of the Lady Catherine Darnley, gave her place of a Duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was very young left a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she had been parted by Parliament at her own request, although long opposed by the Earl, for his alleged cruelty and causeless ill usage of her, during the space of one year during which only they lived together. By her the Duke had issue: Sophia, who died early, two sons who lived but three weeks; to the first of these, Queen Anne as god-mother, gave the name of John. Subsequently, other two sons and a daughter—the first named Robert was styled Marquis of Normanby. He, as well as his surviving sister, also died in childhood. At the Duke's death the remaining son Edmund, heir to the titles and estates, was five years of age. He died, however, in his 20th year at Rome, "no son of his succeeding," and with him the titles of the Sheffield family expired.

His Grace died, aged 70, on the 24th of February 1720; and, after lying in state for some days at Buckingham House, was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory with an epitaph written by himself, and directed by his will to be engraved on it.

It has been generally stated that his Grace was favoured by the Princess Anne, previous to her marriage to Prince George of Denmark; and that she continued to hold him

in high esteem after that event.—This is not unlikely, as it was from her majesty he received the Dukedom.*

Soon after his accession to that dignity, it is said that jealousy of the Duke of Marlborough caused him to resign his office of Lord Privy Seal, and retiring from public life he built that house in St James' Park, which is now the Queen's, upon ground granted by the crown, and known as Buckingham Palace.

The following illustrative anecdote is worthy of preservation, as connected with the original building of Buckingham House. The architect and builder of that edifice having expended large sums which the Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, his employer, was backward in repaying, a stratagem was resorted to for the purpose of obtaining the needful. The architect one day prevailed on his Grace to mount to the top of the building, for the alleged purpose of seeing the surrounding prospect. The moment the Duke set his foot on the roof, the builder shut down the trap-door, locked it, and threw the key to the ground. The Duke, astonished at the action, exclaimed—"How am I to get down?" The builder, assuming a melancholy countenance, said—"Pardon me, my Lord Duke, for the act I am about to commit. I am a distressed man. I have ruined myself and family by making advances of money for this building, and unless your Grace will relieve me, my intention is to leap down and destroy myself." "What is to become of me?" demanded the Duke. "You must leap down also, unless you consent to satisfy my wants." The Duke instantly gave him an order to receive the amount of his claim, and the builder, according to the concerted plan, gave a signal to one of his men below, who came up with the key, unlocked the trap-door, and set the Duke of Buckingham at liberty. It was generally supposed the Duke complied with the request of the builder, not from any sense of fear, but because he admired the ingenious mode in which he had been called upon to pay his debt.

The Duchess survived her son and died at a good old age, very nearly about the same time as her great rival the Duchess of Marlborough.

Sir Charles Sidley was greatly shocked at the connec-

* See Walpole's "Noble Authors," Vol. IV. p. 91.

tion of his daughter with King James II., and looked upon her exaltation to the dignities conferred on her as rendering her more conspicuously infamous. He, therefore, conceived a hatred to the King, and readily joined those who wished to bring about the Revolution. Being asked, one day, why he appeared so warm against the King who had created his daughter a countess, he replied, "It is from gratitude, for as his Majesty has made my daughter a countess, it is but fit that I should do all I can to make his daughter a Queen."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD MARQUESS OF NORMANBY, EARL
OF MULGRAVE,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,
and one of their Majesty's Most Honourable
Privy Council, &c.

HAVING not long since presumed to dedicate a worthless poem of mine to your Lordship, I offend against custom, at least, by giving you any more trouble of this kind; but, in times of rejoicing, men are frequently transported to extravagance. Your Lordship's favour at Court, and the steps you are making there to power and greatness, all men that love the honour and happiness of England esteem as a piece of public prosperity. For many wise men believe the public too much needs the assistance of such abilities as yours.

As I am an Englishman, and a lover of my country, for truly so I am, though it has not shewed much love to me, I am extremely glad, I will not say, that your Lordship, but that the kingdom is in a fair way to rise by your favour in the Court. You gain little by it, for you were before in the first rank of mankind, though not for power and fortune, yet, in what far transcends 'em both, in understanding and other great qualities, which are honours and grandeurs God only can give; and he gives 'em sparingly, to put the greater value upon 'em. Therefore your new Honour gets more lustre by you, than you do by that; and your Lordship, which by the confession of all men, has an extraordinary sway and eminence in one of the

wisest and most illustrious assemblies in Europe, the House of Peers, cannot properly be said to get advancement by being placed in a lower Council, but we have reason to hope the counsels there will be advanced by your Lordship.

I have some particular reasons also, why I am highly pleas'd with your Lordship's good fortune at Court; I have some hopes my poor one will some time or other be better'd by it, for I have always found your Lordship ready to encourage and support me. You have been most generous to me. For a trifling poem, not worthy your regard, you gave me a most noble reward, in order no doubt to excite me to something better. I have often talk'd of it, and here make a public acknowledgment, partly out of gratitude, and partly, I confess, out of vanity. I am proud of favours, from so nice, so cautious, so just, so severe, and so knowing a judge, as your Lordship. Many other favours you have bestowed upon me, and they came freely from you, not forc'd by solicitation and importunacy; the rude and robust way, by which men of hard foreheads do often push themselves into fortune. 'Tis very strange! but we see it often practis'd; many great men will do more for those who often trouble 'em, and seldom or never please 'em, than they will for those who often please 'em, and never trouble 'em. But your Lordship, if I mistake you not, is not to be so manag'd. You will not willingly be influenc'd by anything but merit. I do not from hence infer I have desert, for sometimes effects have occult causes, and to some of these will I ascribe my good fortune in your Lordship's favour. This I am sure, whenever I or any man can shew any qualities worth your patronage, we shall not fail of it.

I am apt to fancy your Lordship will make the poor province of poetry your peculiar care ; for there you once lived, or rather reign'd a-while, in great splendour ; and by your own writings took pains to cultivate, adorn, and enlighten it, with design and desire, no doubt, it should flourish. But, alas ! how barren and miserable is it now : No ray from Court shines on us, that we live, methinks, like people without the sun. We are excluded from all commerce with any places of profit, as if we were wild Arabs, that liv'd not by pleasing men, but plund'ring 'em. I am going to talk like a fool ; but oppression, the Scripture tells us, will make a wise man mad ; if so, 'tis not probable that it will make a fool wise. How many kings and queens have I had the honour to divertise ! and how fruitless has been all my labours ! a maker of legs, nay a maker of fires at Court has made himself a better fortune than men much my superiors in poetry could do, by all the noble fire in their writings. I will not presume to lay any blame upon princes ; they have greater matters to think of, than such things as we are, and I was never a good remembrancer. I never had a talent for begging, following, and waiting ; the principal qualifications requisite in a man who will make his fortunes in a Court ; but they were always more burdensome to me than any misery I ever yet felt. My chief, if not sole attendance, has been upon the fantastical princes of my own begetting, the offsprings of my own muse, and my rewards have been accordingly fantastical and imaginary. But I forget my business, which is not complaint, but congratulation ; musicians, which come to serenade, should not play doleful airs ; and none but mourners hang black sentcheons at the front of their dwellings. To express re-

joicing, we kindle up fires and lights. I have not much fire of fancy, but I am sure I have of zeal and devotion for your Lordship ; and let that, plac'd at the front of this play, serve instead of illuminations, and to express how joyful I am of your Lordship's increasing honour and happiness. And so I shall be, though my particular interest receives no advantage by it. For, the obligations you have already laid upon me are so many and great, that, though I never receive any more, I am bound to be for ever,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most thankful,

Faithful, humble servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Pardon me, if I trouble you with a short vindication, not of the play, but of myself. I have not heard of many objections against my poetry, but, what is of more consequence to me, I am told some part of the story in my play, and some lines in the prologue, have made my morals and affection to the government call'd in question. 'Tis strange that any man should believe the Author of the English Friar is willing to see friars and Romish priests return amongst us. As ready as they are to pardon sins, I do not think they will very easily forgive offences against themselves. Can the author of *Regulus* be a friend to slavery, treachery, and correspondence with a foreign enemy? Let them that think so, for a farther proof of their opinion, look on the characters there expos'd; of an ambitious, aspiring, arbitrary young statesman, of a lazy, false, luxurious priest, of a corrupt, flattering, idle gentleman, of a treacherous, covetous merchant, trading secretly for private profit, with a public enemy! All these kinds of men, if I lash'd in that play, and was lash'd for my pains, by the enemies of the government, what, will the friends and leaders of it give their followers no pay if they charge, and blows if they but seem to retreat, or only stand still? that's hard. But let us examine the few suspicious lines which have made me thus mistaken. 'Tis said in the beginning of the prologue,

"Wou'd we were wise as grave; wou'd we cou'd get
More signs of wisdom, than a scorn of wit."

This some say reflects upon the wisdom of some

in authority. I never knew the play-house was design'd for the assembling of any magistrates, judges, or persons in authority, but those called critics. But if all the Privy Council, and Parliament were there, shou'd I shew disaffection to the government, by wishing every man there had wisdom? Does it follow that the minute a man has wisdom, he will be an enemy to the government? This is the consequence of such reflections. They that make 'em are thick-sighted, and do not see to the end of their own reasonings. When they look on any writing, they shou'd lay it closer to their noses. In another place of the prologue, 'tis said—

“For your own sakes shew poetry esteem,
Lest barb'rous Picts you to all nations seem,
And now be both in wit and war out-done,
In which we once all nations far out-shone.”

From these lines, some conclude I am no friend to the government. What? does a man that excites the gentlemen of England to a love of honour and courage, shew disaffection to the government? Then let all the King's trumpets and drums look to themselves, they are doing they know not what. And, will any man say that when once the gentlemen of England have any wit or bravery, they will no longer be loyal to the present powers? Well, how have I been deceived in my stuff! I never thought it cou'd have taken such a colour. I was afraid of another dye, that I shou'd have appeared saucily loyal, and censur'd all the gentlemen of England that go not to the wars, by intermeddling with their honour. Well, since I get no friends, I will not make myself any enemies. Why many gentlemen are not pleas'd to hazard themselves I do not know, nor have I any authority to

enquire ; but I do not believe either cowardice or disloyalty keeps them at home. All I mean was an humble advice to them, not to lay the reputation of England low, by shewing little regard either to wit or war. And in that I think I shew'd very good affections both to the government and kingdom. So much for my loyalty ; now to my morals. In the play a lady's virtue is vanquish'd by temptation, and she is led out to be debauch'd, and, not long after, returns and confesses her sin : This offends some ladies, but 'tis hard to know which offends them, the sin or the confession, the latter example perhaps they like worst. If the sin be the offence, the ladies have led my muse astray, by going so often to see the same assaults and conquests more grossly represented in other plays. If they had been more nice, my Muse had been so ; for I will assure them, I wrote to please them, and not myself. But ladies are to be treated with all manner of gentleness and respect ; therefore, I will not violently hale in their examples for my vindication. I will make use of a higher and more sacred authority. What will they say to many wanton images in the Holy Bible ? and particularly to the story of the woman catch'd in adultery ? The Holy Apostle, and chaste Virgin, St. John, thinks it no breach of the laws of modesty to paint the story with more nudities than mine is ; for he says the woman was catch'd, not in the fact, the crime, the sin, but in the act ; a more blunt expression is seldom us'd in the Bishops' Courts, when they wou'd make a home-proof of such a transgression. I will venture to say the sinner in the Gospel does not make altogether so fair a figure as mine does. The Jewish adulteress is all over stain, her sin is laid open, and her penitence hid, we see nothing of that. The

lady in my play sins but once, and often repents. The Jewess is pardon'd, at least repriev'd, and mine is severely punish'd, by her rival her lover, nay her servant, till she grows weary of her sin, and wholly abandons it. Now I thought the meditations of the ladies wou'd have slipt over the sinful part, and dwelt all upon the penitential. On the contrary, the contemplations of many ladies dwell all upon the sinful part; there they keep a pudder and bustle, and I cannot get them out of that apartment. Well there let them be, I will not be so rude as to disturb ladies; especially since the work is done to my hands, by other ladies of as unspotted reputations, and as nicely scrupulously virtuous and modest, as my fair enemies can be. So I shall leave the ladies to fight it out, and henceforward I will stand neuter, and, with all my heart, love and honour both sides.

THE PROLOGUE.

In this grave age is poetry despis'd :
Which Rome and Athens above riches priz'd,
Wou'd we were wise as grave ; wou'd we cou'd get
More signs of wisdom than a scorn of wit.
Some swaggering gallants poetry deride,
Because it brings not coin to feed vain pride,
Though empty pockets are a heavy course,
Yet, let me tell you, empty heads are worse,
And many a gallant, who looks huffing big,
Owes all his grandeur to his swinging wig ;
Small wit he covers with a broad-brimmed hat.
Ah ! what a very foolish sight is that ?
Wit, in itself, does ornaments contain ;
Laurels, from poetry, their lustre gain.
To fools in bays, we see, no honour shew'd ;
Who minds a wooden head in a commode ?
For your own sakes, shew poetry esteem,
Lest barb'rous Picts you to all nations seem ;
And now be both in wit and war out-done,
In which we once all nations far out-shone.
Poets you starve out of their noble rage,
Yet expect oracles upon the stage.
Worse than Egyptian bondage they endure,
Onions and garlick they can scarce procure ;
To make you brick, indeed, you find them stuff,
For in your folly they have straw enough.
Sirs, 'tis good husbandry, this harmless way
Of poetry, to keep good wits in pay.
That stream of wit which here so gently rolls
To knavish priest-crafts, turn'd, might grind your
souls.

Poets are slaves ; by priests you've been enslav'd,
Had they been poets, ah ! what had you sav'd !
The lively images by poets shown,
Are better lay-men's books than those in stone.
Wit here to scorn exposes fools and knaves,
Elsewhere it plots to make you fools and slaves.
Here you've wit cheap ; but at a heavy rate,
Elsewhere you buy't ; and get it oft too late.
Pleasure and profit from the stage you gain,
Then let not Muses sing to you in vain.
And shew this Muse a little kind regard,
She oft has pleas'd you, and had no reward.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR LOVELY. *A new married beau : He has some wit, but more affectation ; Believes himself very handsome, and desires to be thought so by all ladies, and especially by his wife.*

POLIDOR. *A man of wit and fortune ; much esteemed and trusted by Lovely.*

THORNEBACK. *A bold, debauch'd, conceited, witty, elderly Spark ; who thinks himself very well to be lik'd by any beauty, and attempts all women he knows.*

SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK. *A whimsical, silly, giddy, young Amorous fop ; in love with all the women he sees, and is never in a mind a minute.*

MRS LOVELY. *Lovely's wife. A witty, beautiful coquette, that loves to be courted and admir'd ; but aims at no more. She's proud, and has great value for honour.*

CECILIA. *A young, foolish, maiden beauty, Mrs Lovely's sister.*

CAMILLA. *A virtuous, devout, reserv'd young beauty of small fortune.*

LIONELL. *Mrs Lovely's waiting-woman. She's young, handsome, and amorous ; only very desirous of a husband.*

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

THE MARRIED BEAU :
OR,
THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

*Enter on one side LOVELY looking on his clothes,
on the other POLIDOR.*

Pol. How now ? What gallant's that, that plumes
himself,
And hovers round this church, as a hawk does
Over a bush, when 'tis full o' birds ?
And now the church is very full of beauty.
Why is that spark o' th' out-side o' the church ?
Oh ! now he turns this way——It is my self-
Admiring friend——The great new married beau,
The handsome Lovely ; so he thinks himself,
And prizes that poor praise above all honours.
Say but he's handsome, one may have his soul.
When—a pox on't ! he's not so very handsome,
And less agreeable for conceit.
'Tis pity !—He has many excellent qualities :
He's very honest, valiant, and good-natur'd ;
Has some degree of understanding too
In other things ; friendly he is to all ;
But he seems passionately fond of me,
Which gives me a little tenderness for him.
Oh ! he has found me ?

Lo. My dear Polidor.

Let me embrace thee ! gad, I dote upon thee,
I love thee above all things, but womankind ;
Nay——gad——above all women but my wife.

Pol. Oh dearest Lovely ! that's a sin in thee ;
Nature made thee for the delight of women——
She has given thee ten thousand charms and
graces.

Lo. Oh, sir ! your servant, sir ; your humble
servant.

D'ye jeer your friend ?

Pol. Come, come, you know 'tis true ;
Now thou would'st defraud nature of her bounty,
Should'st thou not scatter it among the ladies,
For whose sweet sake they were bestow'd upon thee ?

Lo. Oh, fie upon thee ! how thou anger'd me.

Pol. Rather this flattery is so pleasing to him,
That were he lean, 'twould fat him in a minute.
See, see ! he swells ! I will mortify him. [*Aside.*
Nay, Lovely, if I burden you with praise,
I can withdraw a little for your ease.
Gad, y'are not so handsome as you were
Before you married.

Lo. Yes, I'm full as well
As e'er I was ; nay, better in my thoughts.

Pol. Nay, in thy thoughts I'm sure thou'rt well
enough ;

I knew he wou'd not part with flattery,
But flatter himself if I refus'd to do it. [*Aside.*
Nay——thou'rt too well——thy domineering face
Commands the town, conquers where'er it comes,
Puts all the women under contribution.

Lo. Well, thou'rt the obliging'st fellow in the
world ;

I love thee in my soul ;——kiss me, dear rogue !

Pol. So, I have brought a kiss upon myself ?
Pox o' my folly ! (*Aside*) Ay, with all my heart.
[*Lo. and Pol. Kiss.*

Lo. Well, here are two good faces, though I say it.

Pol. Wou'd two good heads belong'd to these good faces.

Here do I pay a fine for a fool's friendship ;
One cannot have impertinence for nothing. [*Aside.*
Well, Lovely, how dost like a married life ?
Thy wife I'm certain is well pleas'd with it.

Lo. Certain, d'ye say ? Did she ever tell thee so ?

Pol. No, no ; but I am sure she must like thee.

Lo. Oh, is that all ? thou'st lifted me to heaven
Then let me fall down to the earth again.

You must know, Polidor, I think my wife
The top, and glory of the creation ;
And to possess her, is the utmost height
Of happiness a creature can attain,

Pol. Then thou art on the very Teneriff of all
felicity.

Lo. Oh ! wou'd I were.

I have, whene'er I please, my wife's soft arms
And rosy melting lips ; but there's a part
I seek much more. What part dost think it is ?

Pol. Oh ! fie upon thee ! what a question's that ?
What part of her ! what part should you seek
most ?

Lo. Her soul ! her soul ! I'd be admir'd by her.
Oh, sir ! to be admir'd by a fine woman
Surpasses infinitely, infinitely
All the delights her body can bestow.
I'd rather a fine woman shou'd admire me,
And to eternity deny her body,
Than grant me her body fifty times a-night,
And all that while never admire me once.
Oh heavens !

What wou'd I give, this wonder of a woman
Did believe me a wonder of a man ?

That a sweet odour breath'd out of my skin,
As it is said there did from Alexander ?

—And that—

Pol. And that thy sweat is amber-gris.

Lo. 'Tis true—and that my eyes—

Pol. Are burning-glasses,

And fire her heart whenever she comes near thee.

Lo. Well, you are merry, sir, but I am serious ;
Thousands I'd give, my wife thought thus of me,
And thousands more, that I cou'd know she thought
it.

Pol. Ay, there's the difficulty ; I have heard
Of tubes that let the eye into the moon,
But of no instrument to find out thought.

Lo. Yes, there are arts of prying into thoughts ;
And I've invented one to search her breast.
When I have told it thee, thou'd think me mad :
I wou'd not utter it but to a friend.

Oh Polidor ! I do entreat thee, conjure thee,
By all thy love for me, and mine for thee,
Make passionate addresses to my wife.

Pol. Addresses to thy wife ? let me look on thee.

Lo. Nay, pause a little ere thou think'st me
mad.

This will search all the secrets of her soul :
If she yields to thee, she owns what she is.

Pol. But I will own it too, thou foolish fellow.

[*Aside.*

Lo. If she resists thee, as I'm sure she will,
She'll tell thee on what principles she does it,
Whether from honour and religion,
Or from an infinite regard to me.
If I've no other tenure of her heart,
Than what the church gave me in marriage,
She's a church-lease, I shall not value her ;
But if she says,—Pray, Mr Polidor,
Don't trouble me, Sir, I am well bestowed,

In my esteem, no man excels my husband,
 I hate to look on any other man—
 If she says this, and thou wilt let me know't,
 Thou'lt please me more than had'st thou both the
 Indies,

And should'st lay all their riches at my feet.

Pol. Is he a fool to the degree he seems ?
 Or does he think me one, and has a mind
 To put a little pleasant trick upon me ?
 I care not what he means—he has anger'd me.
 I'm bound in honour to do all I can
 To lay a pair of horns over his cock's-comb,
 Revenge myself, and make him an example. [*Aside.*
 Lovely, I promise thee I'll try thy wife.

Lo. Thank thee, dear Polidor, ten thousand
 times.

Pol. Prithce where is she now ?

Lo. Yonder, at prayers ;
 Re-consecrating, by devotion,
 The church, which idle wanton fops profane.
 She is the rosy east and rising beauty,
 To which the whole church bows.

Enter several WOMEN us from prayers.

Oh ! prayers are done.

Pol. Yes, the fair female-army, which pretend
 To war on sin, break up their holy camp ;
 Now they disperse, sin will break in upon them.
 [*The women put on their masks.*

Lo. I'm angry with them for their vizarding,
 I had as live a woman pick'd my pocket,
 As steal her face from me ; what mean they by it ?
 Are they asham'd of having been at prayers ?

Pol. Some of them mask, no doubt, to be pick'd
 up,
 And by their vizarding abjure the church,
 And make confession of another faith.

When they have been a while aloft in heaven,
 They wou'd be catch'd, and have an easy fall.
 In heaven ! said I ? their contemplations
 Ascend no higher than commodos* and wigs ;
 And a good height too, as those things are rear'd.

Enter MRS. LOVELY, followed by Gentlemen, who
 whisper, stare on her, and bow to her.

Lo. Oh ! here's my wife ! see ! she is no light
 piece,
 She makes the garden bend, all the fops bow to her :
 Wou'd she admit inhabitants, my bed
 Might be a populous place : now, come along !
 I'll carry it very coldly, proudly to her.
 Do thou observe how it disorders her ;
 For that's one subtle way to try a woman.
 Ha ! my wife here ? a wife is a dull business.

[*To Mrs. Lovely.*

Come Polidor, let's look upon the beauties ;
 My wife's no beauty, in my thoughts at least,
 I married her for her discretion,
 And that, I think, is her most taking piece.

Mrs. Lo. For my discretion ? I despise the man
 That values me for my discretion. [*Aside.*
 Is my discretion my most taking piece ?
 Pray do you know discretion when you see it ?
 I am afraid you don't ; I am apt to think
 Discretion is not your most taking piece.

Lo. What do you think is my most taking
 piece ?

Mrs. Lo. I cannot tell—I never took you
 asunder,
 I took you together in a lump.

Lo. How ? in a lump ? that is a clownish word :
 Am I a thing to deserve such a phrase ?
 She'll have me put into a wheel-barrow.

* Commode.—The head-dress of women.

What mean you by a lump, good Madam Lovely ?
 A lump is a rude thing without a form,
 Or many things heap'd without any order.
 Am I such a disorderly rude pile ?

In my opinion, I am put together
 Almost as well as your fair self, good madam :
 A lump, good madam ! why am I a lump ?

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! how this scurvy lump sticks in
 your stomach.

Lo. The compliment is not divertising.
 Sh'as anger'd me by this affronting word ;
[*Aside to Polidor.*

But I believe she does not speak her thoughts.

This is revenge for my contempt of her ;
 A sign she sets some price on my esteem :
 Now I reflect, her anger pleases me.

Now I will make a desperate assault :
 For, Polidor, I'll play thee at her now.
 I'll tell her thou art in love with her.

Pol. Do— do—

Lo. Well madam, do not grieve for want of love,
 Here is a handsome gentleman that admires you.

Mrs. Lo. Does he indeed ? I'm very glad to hear
 it !

For I am sure I am his great admirer,
 And have been so from the first time I saw him.
 Could I believe it, sir, 'twould make me vain ;

[*Aside.*

But you speak not your thoughts, for if you do,
 How chance we do not see you oftner, sir ?

Pol. I do not care to act the devil's part,
 To live in flames, and see another happy
 In a fair bosom, where, upon my word,
 I'd rather be, than in old Abraham's.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! Mr. Lovely, this is to please you ;
 To praise your conduct in your marriage.
 All men desire to be thought wise and happy,

And therefore you must thank your friend for this :
And if he raises me in your esteem,
I'll thank him too.

Lo. Gad, this is kindly said.
Th'art a fine woman, and I love thee dearly.
What I said lately came not from my heart :
'Twas only raillery.

Mrs. Lo. I guess'd as much.

Pol. What ! then our plot is ended ?

[*Aside to Lovely.*

Lo. No, not yet.

[*Aside to Pol.*

Pol. Yes, but it is, for now I call't to mind,
I am in love with a young pious beauty,
I wou'd not lose for ten such wives as yours ;
And shou'd she hear I am so false and lewd,
As to attempt debauching my friend's wife,
She'd shun and dread me, as I were the devil.

[*Aside to Lovely.*

Lo. She shall not hear of it ; but if she does,
She loves thee so, she will believe no ill of thee.

Pol. Some tell me so ; but I cannot believe it.

Lo. Well, where's your woman ?

Mrs. Lo. Why ? is she not with me ?

Enter THORNEBACK with LIONELL.

Lo. Look ! she's pick'd up by ugly old Tom
Thorneback !

They tell me women love that odious fellow.

Pol. Who tells you so ?

Lo. He tells me so himself.

Pol. Ay, so I thought ; no body else will say it.

Lo. I have seen many women fond of him.

Pol. Ay, wenches, to cully him out of his money ;
Or civil women out of raillery
To laugh at him ; and he has self-conceit
Enough, to think the women are in earnest.

Mrs. Lo. Does he in earnest then make love to women?

Pol. In sober earnest.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! ridiculous!

What! and believe they can love such a monster?

Pol. Ay, and in earnest think they dote upon him.

Mrs. Lo. Impossible! he has some stock of wit.

Pol. There's no pure wit, as there is no pure element,

And men of wit will believe things incredible;

Witness the strange religions in the world,

Receiv'd by men of no small wit and learning.

And as some great philosophers believe,

The air is full of spirits and hobgoblins;

So many an ugly wit, like him, believes

As strange a thing, that he is no hobgoblin.

Mrs. Lo. If I did think he was so great a fool, I'd carry on the jest, for he courts me.

Pol. Madam, you can't profess more love to him, Than he'll believe you have.

Mrs. Lo. Then we'll ha' sport.

Lio. Enough, dear Squire! pray let me go at present.

Tho. And thou canst love a fellow something elderly,

As I am?

Lio. Pshaw, I can't abide young men.

Tho. Gad, th'art a witty wench, and hast great judgment.

I love thee as dearly as thou canst love me.

I don't fool women.

Lio. No, no, they fool you; ——

And that I hope to do, for all your craft. [*Aside.*]

Tho. I'm forc'd to fool thy lady I confess,

That I may have pretence to come at thee:

I'm sorry for't—She appears kind to me;

And gad I can't abide to fool a lady.

Lo. Why, how now, Tom ! Stealing my household stuff ?

Mrs Lo. Oh, Mr Thorneback ! Are you false to me ? I thought you had been my passionate Platonique.

Tho. Pox on't ! What makes her talk before her husband ? [*Aside.*

O Madam, your Platonique ? you may swear it.

Lo. How now, Tom ! Court my maid and wife too ?

Sure you begin too late for so much business.
Your clock, I think, has struck some five-and-fifty,
You're going down apace. Wo't marry him, Lionell,
If he'll ha' thee ? For what wo't do with him ?

Lio. Sir, I'll endeavour to wind up his clock.

Tho. A sauncy affronting puppy ! I'll be quit with him. [*Aside.*

Faith, sir, I am at th' age, I must confess,
When nature compels most men to give over
Practising love ; she pickes * 'em o'er that bar.
And truly I give over public practice :
I only draw conveyances in private ;
But not of lands to heirs, of heirs to lands.
I can convey a bastard to a cuckold ;
If his wife joins for it, he must have her thirds.

Lo. Cuckold ! you don't give me that scurvy name ?

Tho. Why, sir ! you tell me I am five-and-fifty ;
That's old enough to be your god-father,
And give you a name.

Lo. This is a keen-tongu'd fellow. [*Aside.*

Come, Tom, I take it, you're a better bowler,
And a back-gammon-player, than a lover :
Give over, Tom, playing at games of love.

Tho. No, never sir, whilst I have any stakes.

* To fling or pitch. " I holde a grote I pycke as farre with an arrowe as you."—*Palsgrave*.

Pol. Now, Tom, I see why you frequent the church.

I wonder'd to see you so very godly.

Tho. Why you and I, and most men, go to church,

As the dogs do, after our mistresses.

Lo. And, like a cur,

Thou never get'st a bone till it is pick'd.

Tho. Faith, sir, I get as much good flesh as you do,
For I have one very convenient virtue,
Which prevails everywhere : I've impudence.

You are a girlish fellow ; you expect

Women should court you ; you think your attractions

Can, like a whirlpool, suck the women to you.

Egad, the women are not to be suck'd ;

So the tall boy does only suck his thumbs.

Lo. 'Tis a sharp rascal, I will give him over.

[*Aside.*

Oh, Polidor ! Here comes your pious beauty !

Enter CAMILLA.

Mrs Lo. Sweet creature ! Where hast been these seven years ?

For every hour that parts us seems a year.

[*Mrs Lovely embraces Camilla.*

Cam. I've not been well.

Mrs Lo. How chance then I was well ?

I had been sick, had I known you were so.

Where is my sister, Sistly ?

Lio. In the church, madam.

Mrs Lo. At church ! What does she there ? the prayers are done.

Lio. But all the blessing is not over, madam,

While any of the fine young sparks are there.

Mrs Lo. You think 'em blessings then ?—Come, hold your prating !

Lo. Look ! look ! She's got with a young gallant there.
Who is it ?

Enter SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK *and* CECILIA.

Tho. 'Tis one Sir John Shittlecock :
A giddy, silly, amorous young fop ;
In love with every new face he sees.

Pol. These empty fops are Covent Garden fruit ;
And grow to this church-wall.

Lo. Ay, but they often fall in ladies' laps.

Pol. I'd have them brought in baskets into church
By the fruit-bawds, as fruit is in the park.

Sir Jo. And, madam, did you read my billet-doux ?

Cec. I read it when I kneel'd to prayers.
I am a wicked creature ; fie upon me !

Sir Jo. My dear, dear soul !

Cec. Don't speak to me in public,
Pray now ; for if I'm seen, I am undone.

Sir Jo. And, my dear, won't you be undone for me ?

I'll be undone for you with all my soul ;
And I should be undone if I should marry
Without my friends' consent.

Cec. And so should I.

Sir Jo. And won't you be undone ?

Cec. May be I will.

Sir Jo. Gad, we will be the envy of the world.

Cec. Go, go, begone, begone ! my sister sees me.

Sir Jo. Have you a sister, madam ? Which is she ?

Cec. That's she ; that looks this way.

Sir Jo. A swingeing beauty !

Gad, handsomer than this, a thousand times——

[*Aside.*

Pox, I shall never mind my mistress more.

Cec. Oh dear ! my brother comes, I shall be chid.

Lo. Sir, you converse with a young lady, here !

Sir Jo. She is your sister, sir, I understand.

Lo. Yes ; may I crave your name, and business with her, sir ?

Sir Jo. Yes, sir ; my name is Sir John Shittlecock,

My family is a great family :

Many great persons, sir, are Shittlecocks ;

And my affair is honourable love.

Sir, y'are a very handsome family ;

I shall be very glad to marry in it.

If this young lady be dispos'd of, sir,

I shou'd be very proud of this fair lady.

Lo. I beg your pardon, sir, she is my wife.

Sir Jo. I cry you mercy, sir ; your humble servant.

Oh ! here's the finest creature in the world ;

[*Turns to Camilla.*

And one I've seen at prayers a thousand times,

And that's enough acquaintance ; I will speak to her.

Madam, I am your very humble servant.

[*To Camilla.*

Pol. Have you any business with this lady, sir ?

Sir Jo. Why, sir ?

Pol. Because I make pretences here.

Sir Jo. I ha' no luck——Well, sir, your humble servant :

You are before me, and I'll do no wrong.

Oh, gad ! here is a pretty waiting-woman ;

Prettier than all of 'em a thousand times.

Dear soul !

[*To Lio.*

Tho. Ben't so familiar, Shittlecock,

For I pretend to have some interest here.

Sir Jo. What, a pox ! All these women are bespoken.

Why don't they set their marks upon their women,
That one may know 'em ?

Lo. Come shall we go home ?

Your servant, gentlemen.

Sir Jo. Your humble servant, sir.

Oh, gad ! what pretty ladies are all these ?

I am mad for 'em all.—Let's to the tavern

And drink their healths, and talk of 'em, dear
Tom.

Tho. Well, I'll endure thy follies there a minute.

[*Exeunt Tho., Sh.*]

Lo. Madam, shall we enjoy your company ?

[*To Cam.*]

Cam. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm engag'd.

Your servant, madam——

[*To Mrs Lo.*]

Mrs Lo. Oh ! your servant, dear.

Lo. Come, Polidor !

Pol. I'll wait on you immediate——

[*Exeunt Lo., Mrs Lo., Ce., Lio.*]

I'll only speak one word with this fair lady.

Madam, may I have leave to wait on you ?

Cam. Oh ! by no means, sir, I have a servant
here.

Pol. None so ambitious to attend you, madam,
As I am.

Cam. Pray, sir ! spare yourself the trouble.

Pol. A trouble to enjoy the conversation

Of one so beautiful in soul and body !

They two, and only they deserve each other.

I pretend not to merit so much happiness,

As now I beg, if love has no desert.

Cam. Love, sir ! that word you gallants use so
much

With every lady, that methinks 'tis bare.

I am betray'd !—He has been told I love, [*Aside.*]

Therefore he talks of love ; and if I stay

I shall betray myself. I blush and tremble.

Well, sir, your servant—

Pol. Pray, permit me, madam.

Cum. Oh! by no means; I'm very near my lodging.

Pol. No, madam, y'are from thence millions of miles;

For your religious heart is lodg'd in Heaven.

You are the only Covent Garden saint;

The only fair young lady comes to prayers,

Or the rest come for lovers, or for husbands.

Cum. Ay, so it may be all you gallants fancy,
You think y'ave more attractions than you have,
And we less virtue and piety than, I hope
You find we have, when we come to the trial.

Pol. All the world finds you are too much a Saint;

You are so far from granting your whole self,

You grudge th' unhappy world a sight of you.

You seldom go abroad, except to prayers,

And there you let your hood fall o'er your face,
And hide those beauties for which thousands die.

I've watch'd, to cheer my eyes with seeing you,

With all th' impatience of a feverish wretch,

After a tedious night to see the morn,

And seldom gain'd so small a charity.

Converse with angels when you are in Heaven;

But while you are on earth let mortals hope.

Cum. Hope for me, sir? I'm plac'd below your hope:

My fortune's small.

Pol. I'm very sorry for't—

Since thou hast such a plaguety stock of virtue—

[*Aside.*

Cum. I know you are too wise to hope for me;

This compliment is only charity

To one you think a poor disconsolate

And hopeless maid: Indeed, I am not, sir.

Pol. No, madam, no ; you may have what you please.

Cam. I have it, sir ; I have all I desire.
Howe'er, I thank you for your good intention,
And so your servant, sir.

Pol. A charming creature !
I cannot part with her. [*Aside.*] Nay, madam,
stay !

Cam. Pray, do not hold me thus in public, sir.

Pol. We will retire then to some privacy.

Cam. I never talk with any man in private.

Pol. What ! neither talk in public nor in private ?

Cam. Not with your sex, unless they have
business with me.

Pol. Oh ! madam ! I have vast affairs with you.

Cam. You have despatch'd 'em all ; y'ave done
with me.

Pol. No, I have much to say.

Cam. What wou'd you say ?

Pol. Why, madam—gad ! I don't know what to
say,— [*Aside.*

I'm loth to noose myself in marriage—

I have not time to tell you half my thoughts.

Cam. Nay, then sir, you must keep them to
yourself ;

For I can stay no longer.

Pol. Must you go,

And I be left in sorrow here behind ?

Pray, madam, take me with your mind,

Since I must go with you no other way,

Grant so much pity !

Cam. Well, perhaps I may. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovely's house.**Enter LOVELY and POLIDOR at several doors.*

Lo. Oh ! thou art welcome, my dear Polidor.
Now let me lead thee to my other darling,
My charming wife.

Pol. I will not tamper with her.
I love Camilla as much as you can do
Your charming wife ; and shou'd I court your
wife,

What wou'd become of me with fair Camilla ?

Lio. She shall not hear of it.

Pol. Your wife will tell.
No woman has much continence in her tongue.
Lo. Well, if she boasts of it—say she is vain ;
You may dispose Camilla to believe you.
But say you lose Camilla ; what d'ye lose ?
What you despise, the soul of a fair lady.
Her body I am sure you'll never get :
She's not to be debauch'd ; she has been offer'd
More money than has bought ten towns abroad.
'Egad, there is no garrison in Europe
So fortified as she ; she's money proof.
She never will be yours dishonourably,
And I am sure you'll never marry her.

Pol. How know you that ?

Lo. Because she has no fortune.
But if you will, you may whene'er you please,
Though you shou'd make addresses to my wife ;
For seeming to forsake my wife for her,
You make my wife the victim, her a goddess.
Suppose there be a little danger in it,
What, will you venture nothing for a friend ?
I've stak'd my life for you, and more than once.

Pol. But not in such a foolish cause as this.
I did not make you fight to be admir'd ;
Though you perhaps had such a wise design.

Lo. Well, sir, perhaps I had ; if it was foolish,
'Egad, the noblest of mankind are fools.
Do not the gallants dress to be admir'd ?
Go to the parks and plays to be admir'd ?
Do not Wits and scholars write to be admir'd ?
Do not heroes fight and die to be admir'd ?
And Kings make dangerous wars to be admir'd ?
Will you presume to say all these are fools ?

Pol. Well, but I so much dote upon Camilla,
I do not care to see another woman.
My thoughts will be so much upon Camilla,
'Egad I shall talk nonsense to thy wife.

Lo. So much the better, man ; she will believe it
A flight of wit, an extasy of love.
Do not the women admire every day
Nonsense in plays, and think it lofty stuff ?
Flatter be sure, then if you fly beyond
All bounds o' sense, she'll go along with you.
Lift up all parts of her above the Heavens—

Pol. O ! Pox ! what shou'd I do with them there ?

Lo. O'erflow in flattery, fear no excess,
Let it be sense or nonsense, she will swallow it.
You cannot give woman such a dose of flattery,
Which she'll not easily swallow, and digest.
They're used to't, as Turks are to opium ;
They hourly give themselves a lusty dose,
And what would stupify, and kill another,
Only refreshes them, and makes them lively.

Pol. This I must do, to know how she admires
thee.

Canst thou not be content thou hast her body ?

Lo. Thou art for digging downward in a woman ?
Come up i' th' air, man, and be sweet and clean.

Pol. I am for digging where most treasure is,

My wand will bend that way, then have a care.

Lo. Though I've a charming beauty in my arms,
I do not think I have full fruition of her,
Unless I know her favours spring from love.

Pol. I do by women as I do by watches,
Let them go right, I never mind the springs.
Well, if thou dost make me attack thy wife,
'Gad, if she yields, I tell thee plainly I'll cuckold
thee.

Now do not say but I have given thee warning.

Lo. I know by my own soul thou scorn'st to
do it.

No gallant man will act a rascal's part ;
But if you wou'd, 'gad sir, she will not let you.
Your murd'ring charms cannot batter her so low ;
No, sir, you are not such a mortarpiece.

Pol. You vanquish'd her.

Lo. You are mistaken, sir.

He that debauches a fine woman, conquers her ;
But if a beauty makes me marry her,
'Egad, she conquers me.

Pol. There's truth in that.

Lo. Sir, you will find a dragon in her pride,
Will guard her golden fruit, I'll warrant her.
Sir, she has all the pride of a fallen angel,
And all the piety of a loyal one.

Pol. Come, come ! she is a daughter of old Adam ;
And he had strange ill-luck with his posterity.

Lo. What ? I believe, you hold the spreading
heresy,

That nature is the same in all mankind,
And lewd in all. A horrid beastly slander !
Enough to raise the noble Roman ghosts,
And make Lucretia stab herself again.
I have found English beauties, heroines.
I vanquish'd once the soul of a young beauty ;
Oh ! with what joy she wou'd have married me,

But when she found I had ill aims, and offer'd
 To touch her t'other half, her beauteous body
 Indecently, I thought she wou'd have kill'd me :
 Virtue and fury flung her in a swoon.
 I might have said with Guyomar, one half lay
 Dead on the ground, the other ran away.

Pol. Come, Lovely ! put thy wife and me together.

Lo. Who's there ?

Enter a SERVANT.

Go, call your lady !

Pol. Now, if she be as virtuous as you say,
 What a strange monster shall I seem to her,
 For tempting my friend's wife ?

Lo. She'll think you are
 A monster and no man, if you don't tempt her.
 Women who hate the sin, love the temptation.

Pol. I will convince thee I have some kindness
 for thee.

Th'art in this matter such a monstrous fop,
 Were I not tender of thee, I wou'd shew thee ;
 And to improve thee, I'd set horns upon thee,
 As some knaves do upon a monstrous calf.

Lo. Come, prithee do thy worst ! only be true
 To one desire of mine ; tell me the event.

Enter MRS. LOVELY.

Sweetheart ! I am engaged to sup at Court,
 And I believe I shan't come home at night,
 It may be not this week.

Mrs. Lo. How ! not this week ?

Lo. No, the good company where I shall sup,
 Will go into the country for a week ;
 I fancy I shall go along with them.
 This is to give you opportunity. [*Aside to Polidor.*
 You know the company, and how to send

A letter to me.

[To Mrs Lo.

Mrs. Lo. This is sudden warning !

Lo. You will excuse me, Polidor, for leaving you ?

Pray in my absence often see my wife ;

I know she'll thank you for it, so will I.

Your servant, Polidor ; farewell, sweetheart ! [Exit.

Mrs. Lo. Is the man mad to run away from me,
And leave me with the temptingst man on earth,
After he has declared a passion for me ?

I'll shew more wisdom than my husband does.

[Aside.

Who's there ?

Pol. I will not tamper with this lady ;
For though she's beautiful, she's a coquette,
And does not [put] that price upon her beauty,
That should tempt me to stake Camilla for her.
I will deceive my foolish friend with flams. [Aside.

Enter CECILIA.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! sister, are you there ? a word with
you, [Aside to Cecilia.

Stay with me whilst this gentleman is here.

Pol. Ha ! she's on her guard ! I like her now.
Sh'as wisdom, virtue,—she grows very charming.
Now I could wish to have her all alone. [Aside.
Madam, my friend is very happy in you.

Mrs. Lo. Your servant, sir ; I'm happier in him.
He well deserv'd, and might have had my betters ;
But my kind destiny led him to me.

Pol. She is a faithful wife, an excellent woman !
I envy him. Nay, now she must be mine.
I wou'd to Heaven her sister would be gone. [Aside.

Enter LIONELL, who beckons CECILIA aside.

Lio. Oh ! Madam ! I've a billet-doux for you.

[Lionell gives a billet to Cecilia, who opens and
looks in it.

Cec. Oh ! 'tis from my dear Knight, my Shittlecock !

Let us go read it. [*Aside to Lionell.*

Lio. Ay, with all my heart.

[*Aside to Cecilia. Exeunt Lionell and Cecilia.*

Pol. So ! so ! the sister's gone ! now for the lady. [*Aside.*

Oh ! madam ! from the hour I saw you first
What have I suffered from despairing love ?
For what can you delight in but yourself ?
You have beauty enough to employ all your
thoughts ;

You so transcend whate'er man can deserve,
That all men seem equally distant from you,
As vales and mountains seem alike to Heaven.
But as all mortals may look up to Heaven,
And pray, though very few will reach those joys,
So, though unworthy, I must beg your pity.

[*He kneels.*

Mrs. Lo. How ! dares he offer this before my
sister ? [*Looks about.*

Oh, no, she's gone ! Come hither, Lionell !

Enter LIONELL.

Stay with me till this gentleman is gone.

[*Aside to Lionell.*

Pol. You come ? nay, then I must break off my
prayers,

But my devotion encreases on me !
For my fair Saint appears more bright than ever :
Methinks she has a glory round her head ;
Her virtue scatters rays about her face.
I wou'd to Heaven, I had my beauteous Saint
Where many Saints are worship'd, near a bed.
I wou'd I cou'd seduce her to her bed-chamber.

[*Aside.*

Madam, your house is very finely furnish'd.

Mrs. Lo. Not always, sir ; sometimes it has ill company,
And that's bad furniture.

Pol. Ha ! there she's keen ;
But yet that shall not make me quit my ground.

[*Aside.*

Madam, you have some fine dead companions,
Pictures I mean ; I saw one in your bed-chamber,
If you please, madam, we will go look upon it.

Mrs. Lo. That's no good picture, sir ; I only value
it

For its good meaning ; it designs to shew me
My husband's face, but does not do it well ;
However, I am fond of anything
That has the least resemblance of my husband.

Pol. That ever any fool shou'd be so happy.

Lio. I do believe this gentleman designs
To make a far worse picture of my master.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. Pictures of beauty, sir, will please you
more,
And there are some, that are thought pretty good,
On the stair-head.

Pol. A pox o' your stair-head !
You spoil those pictures, madam.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. Pray, how so ?

Pol. By your outshining all their beauties,
madam ;
They faint away before you, and appear
Shadows of shadows.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! that may be spared.

Pol. A most rare woman ! I'm stark mad for
her.

[*Aside.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Here is a letter for you, Mrs Lionell.

[*Aside to Lio.*

Lio. 'Tis from my love ! I must run out, and read it. [*Aside.*

I hope in Heaven my lady will not miss me. [*Ex.*

Pol. So, that superfluous piece o' stuff is gone Out o' my way ! I'll to my prayers again. [*Aside.*

Oh ! madam, madam ! [*Kneels.*

Mrs Lo. How ! again at this ? [*Looks about.*

My maid is gone !—that's fine !—

Pol. Pray hear me, madam.—

Mrs Lo. Sir, I have heard you, and will answer you.

I did not think to give you any answer

But silent scorn, the only fit reply

To an address so very unfit as this.

But by the folly of my family

I'm forc'd on folly ; this is then my answer :

Sir, had you kept within the bounds of honour,

I should have thought your love an honour to me,

For it infer'd you saw some merit in me ;

A man may have an honourable love

For those he cannot honourably gain ;

But now you press beyond the bounds of honour,

It plainly infers you think me an ill-woman ;

You affront me, and seek to wrong your friend.

But, sir, I'll give him notice what you are,

Unless you from this hour desist for ever.

And so, your servant, sir.—Oh, gentlewoman !

Enter LIONELL.

How durst you leave me when I bid you stay ?

I'll very soon account with you for this

And other faults ; you pick up sparks at church ;

There you let Mr Thorneback make a fool of you.

Do you think he has [an] honest love for you ?

You are a Piece, indeed, to charn a gentleman ! [*Ex.*

Lio. Perhaps I am as fine a Piece as you are.

[*Aside.*

Pol. A glorious woman ! wonder of a woman !

[*Aside.*

Now shall I never rest till she is mine,
Forbidden joys to man appear divine.

[*Ec.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cec. My sister takes the confidence to chide me,
Because I wou'd not stay with her, forsooth ;
And entertained a spark to-day at prayers
Without her leave : I will do what I please.
I'll have my Shittlecock in spite of her.

Lio. Well, and I hope to have a Gallant too,
For all she says I'm such a sorry Piece.
I think she has a mind to break my heart ;
But that will never break till my face breaks.
A looking-glass will then be poison to me,
Now 'tis a cup of consolation.

Oh, what a pretty face is here ! [*Looking in a glass.*

Cec. Let me look in the glass a little, Lionell.

Lio. Well, 'tis a troublesome, and chargeable
thing to be handsome ; one may keep a handsome
horse as cheap as a handsome face. What do our
faces cost us, in one wash or another ? and we make
many a journey in a day to the glass.

Cec. Well, so does every one as well as we.

Lio. Well, I hate my proud ill-natur'd lady.
How she grudges one a little love, and a little com-
mendation ! I had as lieve she grudged me my
victuals, one does me as much good as t'other.
Kindness comforts my heart : I eat, drink, sleep,
and look the better for't a month after.

Cec. Nay, my cheeks do so redden, if any one
praise me.

Lio. Oh, madam, you are handsomer than your
sister,
A thousand times.

Cec. Oh ! fie, Lionell !

Lio. I swear you are, madam.

Cec. I swear thou art a very good creature, and very handsome too.

Lio. Oh ! sweet madam ; I am sure you are a very good humour'd lady. I love you i' my heart.

Cec. And I love thee ; thou shalt be my servant when I'm my Lady Shittlecock.

Lio. Thank you, good madam. To tell you truth, I hope to be something myself ; you can't imagine how fond Squire Thorneback is o' me.

Cec. Have a care, Lionell ! men are false.

Lio. Let men have a care of us, we are as false as they. Men have such high conceits of their sex ; and say theirs is the stronger sex, and the wiser sex, and the wittier sex, and such a sex ! and they may be a notable sex among themselves, but among us, if we have any wit, we may make 'em, as we very often do, a simple sex, and a weak sex. We can out-do 'em in their own ways ; out-lie 'em, out-flatter 'em, out-dissemble 'em—out—out—out—everything 'em.

Cec. How madly thou talk'st !

Lio. My Squire, I believe, comes to me like a shop-lift to a shop, pretending only to see my goods, and take a snip in a kiss ; but his design is to steal the whole piece, and pay nothing for it. If he has me, he shall pay me my price, that is marriage ; I shall draw him into't. Men are catch'd as they say horses are ; run 'em into a corner, and there stroke 'em, and give 'em provender, and one may bridle 'em.

Cec. Have you a care you ben't catch'd, Lionell. I've seen you very wanton with him.

Lio. In troth, madam, I am stung with a wanton tarantula, and shall never be eur'd till I hear my wedding fiddle ; and have dane'd a jig with a husband i' bed. A husband, good lord ! say I.

Cec. I find thou dost but flatter thy Squire. I'm serious with my Knight. Oh ! if my Shittlecock should leave me I should cry my eyes out. Oh ! here he comes—

Lio. And my Squire— [*Cecilia runs to the glass.*
Dear Madam, let me have a little o' the glass.
Thank you, good Madam.

Enter THORNEBACK and SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK.

Sir John. And are the women really in love with thee?

Because, excuse me, thou art something elderly.

Tho. So much the better, man ! women are come
To a good pass of understanding now :
They have a taste of sense and despise youth.
And then a woman that regards her honour,
Will never trust it with young prating fellows.

Sir John. Methinks old fellows prate ; methinks
you are

As limber in your tongue as in your hams.

You brag of Mrs Lovely's favours to you.

Tho. Yes, I own common favours ; that's no
matter,

But if she ever grants me the last favour,—
And that she will, but make no words of it,—
If ever I make any noise about it,
Except her bed or chamber keep a rumbling,
I'll give her leave to cast me off for ever.

As to the wanton part of an intrigue,
I think young fellows have th' advantage of us ;
And yet in that I'll vie with any of you.

I'm like Ben Johnson's Ursly, the pig-woman,
'Gad, I roast pigs as well as e'er I did.

There's a sweet pig, I'll make her crackle quickly.

[*The Women turn from the glass and run to their lovers.*

Lio. Oh ! my dear Squire !

Tho. Look you here, Shittlecock,

Sir John. 'Gad, he has told me truth, she dotes upon him.

Cec. Oh ! Sir John, this is kindly done of you.

Sir John. Sir John ? me no Sir Johns.

Cec. What ! are you angry ?

Sir John. Yes that I am, do you see, Lionell !

'Gad, if I had her out o' doors I'd kick her.

Cec. Heigh ! heigh ! why so ? are you in love with her ?

Sir John. I in love with her ! no, I scorn and hate her,

Ay, and almost all women for her sake.

Cec. What ! you're afraid she will disgrace our house ?

Oh ! fear her not, she is a cunning gipsy,

She only means to draw him in to marry her.

Sir John. Well, but I hate her for enduring him.

Cec. I like this niceness in you well enough,
I hate a man that can love any woman.

Lio. Well, you are a naughty Squire, for making a poor maid in love with you. Can I hope for such a fine Squire as you ?

Tho. Such a fine Squire, you little jeering hussey ?

Lio. You know I don't jeer, you naughty handsome Squire, you.

Tho. You little flattering hussey !

Sir John. Look, look, d'ye see ? I cannot forbear,
I'll beat her.

Cec. Why so ? let her alone ! she does but fool him.

Sir John. Well, let her fool with handsome fellows then !

A sluttish wench to play with a dirt pie :

I hope in Heaven you'll never let her dress you,

Now she has foul'd her fingers with that fellow.

Cec. I like this humour in you mightily.

Tho. This fond young girl will fool me into marriage !

No wonder men are fools, they spring from fooling :
A man fools a woman, and a woman fools a
Man, and they fool with one another, till they
Get a fool.

Lio. Oh, dear, my lady, my lady ! farewell,
Squire. [*Exit Lio.*

Cec. My sister ! Oh, be gone, be gone, Sir John.
[*Exit Cec.*

Sir John. I won't go, nor I won't stay ; I am
mad !

Tho. Look, look ! the rogue is poison'd with his
envy.

Be gone ! leave Mrs Lovely and me together,
Then die like a sick rat behind the hangings.

Sir John. I'll stay and watch ; shou'd she be kind
to him,

I shou'd run mad with envy, and hang myself.

[*Sir John hides, and*

Enter MRS LOVELY.

Mrs Lo. Oh, Mr Thorneback, I am glad to see
you.

Tho. Your humble servant, madam.

Sir John. She is fond of him.

I'll ne'er endure woman while I live. [*Aside.*

Tho. Well, madam, I'm a very happy man,
To be in favour with the finest woman
In the whole world ; for, madam, so you are.
I wou'd not change conditions with a cherubim.
Cherubims are, methinks, unhappy creatures ;
They have good faces to no purpose, madam,
Because there are no female cherubims.
I never heard of any Madam Cherubim,
Or Mrs Cherubim, or Sistly Cherubim.
And, madam, now we talk of Cherubims,

I'll give your ladyship the maidenhead
Of a new song of mine, a pretty song.

Mrs Lo. It must be so, if it be like the father.

Tho. Oh, madam, you are charmingly obliging.

Sir John. Oh, Gemini ! what a rare compliment
Has she bestow'd upon that ugly fellow—

'Egad, I shall hang myself.—— [Aside.

Tho. It is a song I made upon myself and a
young beauty,
Which gave me the first cut of her sweet self.

He sings.

Oh, fie ! what mean I, foolish maid,
In this remote and silent shade,
To meet with you alone ?

My heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends than mine :
Oh, I shall be undone !

A savage beast I wou'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with villains here,
I to some cave wou'd run.

But such enchanting arts you shew,
I cannot strive, I cannot go :
Oh, I shall be undone !

Ah, give your sweet temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous lips no more :
What, must we yet fool on ?

Ah, now I yield ! ah, now I fall !
And now I have no breath at all :
And now I'm quite undone.

I'll no more see your tempting face,
Nor meet you in this dangerous place,
My fame's for ever gone.

But fame, to speak the truth, is vain,
And every yielding maid does gain,
By being so undone.

In such a pleasing storm o' bliss,
To such a bank o' paradise,
Who wou'd not swiftly run ?

If you but truth to me will swear,
I'll meet you again ; nor do I care,
How oft I be undone.

Mrs Lo. Y're very entertaining, Mr Thorneback.

Tho. Madam, I love to shew all my best parts ;
And if you like 'em, you are welcome to 'em.

Sir John. That ever such an owl should sing so well.

Gad, he sings very prettily—pox ! [*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. I'll make this pug play all his simple tricks. [*Aside.*

And Mr Thorneback, you dance very finely :

Go, bid my servants play to Mr Thorneback.

Tho. With all my heart,—I am your vassal,
madam. [*Thorneback dances.*

Sir John. Gad ! the rogue dances very finely,—
faith.

Gad ! full as well as I ; oh lucky rogue ! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. You are an excellent dancer, Mr.
Thorneback.

Tho. Your servant, madam ; I am very happy
If I please you. Well, madam, I'm informed
Your husband means to leave the town a while.

Mrs. Lo. Yes, Mr. Thorneback, won't you be so
charitable
To visit me sometimes ?

Sir John. She courts him ! courts him !

I shall knock out my brains against the wall. [*Aside.*

Tho. Here's a plain invitation to her body :
I hope in Heaven Shittlecock hears all.

Now to my instrument of impudence,
My Betty, which has broke up many a woman.

[*Aside.*

And will my visits be a charity ?
Then, madam, I'm, it seems, a treasure to you ;
You shall have all the wealth I have about me.
And now, no waiter oversees our vessels,
'Tis a convenient time to smuggle goods.
I'll smuggle you, i' faith.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Mrs. Lo. How now ! stand off,
You saucy disagreeable old coxcomb.

Sir John. Oh, lord ! oh, lord ! here's a rare turn,
I swear.

Tho. You saucy disagreeable old coxcomb !

Mrs. Lo. Yes, saucy, silly, ugly to perfection,
And old besides ; so old, that I believe,
Thou wert in Paradise one o' the beasts
That came to Adam for a name, and puzzled him ;
He could not find a word to comprehend
All thy deformities ; but thou wert not
The serpent, I am sure thou art no tempter.

Sir John. Oh ! I shall leap out o' my skin for joy.

[*Aside.*

Tho. No—You have got the devil in your
tongue.

Had Adam given as ill names as you do,
He had deserv'd to be kicked out o' Paradise
For his ill tongue ; though he ne'er touched the
fruit.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, I have done you wrong, I must
confess.

I took you for a wit, and droll'd with you,
And you, it seems, are a notorious fool ;
So I have drawn you in to play the fool.
The fault is half my own : I beg your pardon.

Tho. And, madam, I confess I've done you
wrong.

I took you for a fool, and so you are ;
 But not in that degree I thought you were :
 So I have drawn you into Billingsgate.
 The fault is half my own ; I beg your pardon.

Mrs. Lo. Thou need'st not say th'ast faults, that
 my eyes see,
 For every bit about thee is a fault.
 Be gone, and very quickly, or I'll make
 One of my footmen lay a crab-tree-cudgel
 About thy bones, and engraft crab on crab.
 Be gone ! thy sour face sets my teeth on edge.

Tho. I have more sweetness in my face than
 thou hast.

Why, what ! I think the woman has been drinking,
 Christ'ning her clapper to drive devils away.
 Bells have names given 'em, when they are
 baptiz'd.

Farewell, thou Meg of Westminster the second !

Enter SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK.

Sir John. Oh, Mr Thorneback ! your most humble
 servant.

You are so very lucky with the ladies.

Tho. Hark, Shittlecock ; don't you be bold with
 me,
 For fear I should fall heavy on your coxcomb.

[*Exit.*
Mrs. Lo. Why, how now ? here's another foolish
 fellow !

Sir John. Well, now, I find 'tis something to be
 handsome.

I would make swinging love now, if I durst.

I'll venture. (*aside.*) Madam, I'm your humble
 servant.

Mrs. Lo. Pardon me, sir, I'm a stranger to you.

Sir John. Madam, your servant ; I am one Shittle-
 cock.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! Sir John Shittlecock ?

Sir John. No, Sir Thomas, madam.

No, no, Sir John, my father was Sir Thomas.

Gad ! I forgot my name, my love confounds me.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. Oh, sir ! I think you are my sister's servant.

Sir John. Yes, madam,—no, madam ; I wou'd speak, and dare not.

'Egad I will—(*aside.*)—Madam,—'egad I dare not.

[*Aside.*

Madam,—I dare not. (*aside.*) I'm your humble servant.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Lo. What wou'd this coxcomb say, if he cou'd speak ?

I fancy he'd make love, if he knew how.

Enter CAMILLA.

Oh ! madam ! madam ! you are come in season ;

I was just sending to entreat this favour.

Oh ! madam, you must be my guardian angel,

I'm tempted to abuse my husband's bed,

By such a man ; that you will stand amaz'd

When I shall name him.

Cam. What ! is he a parson ?

Mrs Lo. A parson, madam ! will they do such things ?

Cam. Oh ! I have known within the church's pale,

Very wild bucks.

Mrs Lo. No, this is a town spark.

Cam. 'Tis no great wonder a town spark is lewd,
He's in his calling.

Mrs Lo. Ay, but this gallant

Owens no such calling ; at the least in public.

He don't keep open shop, as some sparks do.

'Tis true, he dresses, and he visits ladies,

And oft writes songs on celebrated beauties.

Cam. Those are the tools and badges of his trade.

Mrs Lo. Ay, but he's thought so much another man,

That, it is said, you lodge your heart in him ;

Which, I believe, you'd as much scorn to do,

Were he an open sinner, as you wou'd

To lodge your person in a public house.

I'll name the man,—'tis Mr Polidor.

Cam. Oh ! monstrous !

Mrs Lo. Nay, I knew it wou'd amaze you.

Cam. I thought the lost perfection of mankind

Was in that man restor'd : and I have grieved

Lost Eden too was not reviv'd for him,

And a new Eve, more ex'lent than the first,

Created for him ; that he might have all

The joys he cou'd deserve ; and he fool'd me,

To think that Eve and Eden was in me,

That he was made for me, and I for him.

Oh ! Heavens ! what bliss I promis'd to myself.

And how have I ador'd this glittering serpent !

I never shall endure myself again,

Till I've corrected and reform'd myself.

They tell me Popish priests will not use churches

Where heresy has been, till they have whipp'd 'em.

'Twere a good deed to lash my carnal temple.

Mrs Lo. Oh, madam ! that I think will not be just.

Why shou'd you suffer for the crimes of others ?

Cam. No doubt 'twill be more just to punish him,

And I cou'd do it with a better will

Than e'er I pray'd, for all I'm given to praying.

Base fellow ! to fool me out o' my heart,

And affront me, for now I understand him ;

His flattery was, it seems, a satire on me,

And in a civil manner call'd me wench ;
No doubt, he meant me for that noble office.

Mrs Lo. Ay, past dispute ; therefore I told you
this,
That you might guard your heart and honour from
him.

Cam. Madam, I thank you. Oh, how I abhor
him !

I'd love the man wou'd call him to account ;
Wou'd decency permit, I'd do't myself.

Mrs Lo. How, madam !

Cam. I dare do it—I'm no coward.

Mrs Lo. But you are a Saint.

Cam. Do not tell me of Saintship.

Madam, I am no Saint, but, if I were,
I don't know why a Saint shou'd take abuses.

Mrs Lo. I did not think you'd ha' been thus
concern'd ;

I thought your pious heart had been in Heaven.

Cam. Oh ! pshaw, our hearts are seldom such
high flyers,

'Tis well if they can fly above commodos ;

I ne'er cou'd get my heart above this town.

Now wou'd I were in my cold quiet grave.

Mrs Lo. Why, truly, that is not quite out of
London,

For I believe you'd have a London grave,

And there y'are in old London under ground ;

In a dark silent suburb o' the city.

Cam. Away with these vile tears ! where did
they fall ?

If on my clothes, I'll never wear them more ;

They're stain'd with water from an odious spring,

From shameful love for a false, wicked wretch ;

But I'll dry up the hateful spring for ever.

Well, what reception did you give this man ?

Mrs Lo. I call'd in company to guard me from him ;

But I perceive I can't command my sister,
 She'll follow her own will ; and 'tis not fit
 To make my woman my companion.
 Therefore, my dear, pray stay with me a while,
 Because my husband's going out o' town,
 Though I have given him notice of his danger.
 I sent him such a letter where he supped,
 That I imagin'd, at the opening of it,
 Storms wou'd have seiz'd on him, and brought him
 back

As if he had been hurried by a whirlwind.
 He only smil'd at it, and sent me word,
 I knew not Polidor ; for ought I see,
 He means to go, and leave me with this man ;
 Therefore, my dear, pray do you stay with me.

Cam. With all my heart ; I only will go home
 And order some affairs, and then return.
 Oh, this majestic knave ! this charming cheat !
 But we, perhaps, will all his arts defeat. *[Exit.*

Mrs Lo. My Saint's a very Fury ; I perceive
 In flesh or spirit we are sinners all ;
 But spiritual sins I think most dangerous.
 Sins of the spirit will to age endure ;
 But a flesh wound, time seldom fails to cure.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Enter SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK and a SERVANT.

Ser. Who wou'd you speak with, sir ?

Sir John. I don't know—

I have a devilish mind to court Madam Lovely,
 and dare not—Pox on me for a half hearted fop—

What shou'd I fear ? I will venture—(*Aside.*) Sir, I wou'd speak with your lady, Madam Lovely—Hold, hold, sir—

I dare not venture—(*Aside.*)—Call Madam Sistly—'Egad I'll venture—(*Aside.*) Hold, call Madam Lovely—'Egad I dare—(*Aside.*) Hold, call Madam Sistly.

Ser. The man is mad ; let him call 'em himself—
[*Exit.*]

Sir John. Oh, here comes Madam Sistly !

Enter CECILIA.

Pretty rogue : gad I think she's handsomer than her sister—No, pox—Yes, pox—no, pox—Yes, gad she is—(*Aside.*) My dear !

Cec. Stand off, you base, unworthy, false, deboist man—you—you have been making love to my sister Lovely—a married woman.

Sir John. Oh, pox ! has she heard o' that ? [*Aside.*]

Cec. I'm serv'd right for entertaining and loving a man before I knew him ! I hate myself for it.

[*She weeps.*]

Sir John. I swear she cries ! I'd give a hundred pound some body saw it, for the honour of it.

[*Aside.*]

Cec. Wou'd I had never seen your face, you scurvy man !

Sir John. She takes on more and more. If she shou'd hang herself for me ; there wou'd be an honour to me ! Gad, wou'd she wou'd. Oh, no, pox ! that wou'd be a pity—pox—(*Aside.*) Come, don't spoil thy pretty eyes, my dear.

Cec. Get you gone, and don't tro—o—ouble me.

[*Sobs.*]

Sir John. She sobs so, I swear, that she can hardly speak—Pretty heart ! Now cannot I forbear weeping with her. (*Aside.*) My dear !

Cec. Stand off!

Sir John. Pray hear me.

Cec. I won't!

Sir John. Pray do! You must know, I am one the world is pleas'd to call a beau; and you know a little courtship is expected by every lady from a beau. So I bestowed a little, to shew my good breeding, that was all. But if you will forgive, I'll never shew any good breeding again, as long as I live.

Cec. What care I what you do.

Sir John. Nay, if I can't be forgiven I may as well make love in earnest.

Cec. Well, I will forgive you for once; but if ever you do so again—

Sir John. I swear I won't—and so let me kiss your pretty hand, to shew we are reconciled.

Cec. I won't!

Sir John. But one.

Cec. I won't!

Sir John. Pray do.

Cec. I won't!

Sir John. Nay, if you will be so cruel, fare you well.

Cec. Well, I will—but 'tis more than you deserve.

Sir John. Then we are reconcil'd?

Cec. May be we are, may be we are not—I won't tell you—So fare you well.— [Exit.

Sir Joh. Yes, yes! we are, pretty rogue. 'Tis a fine thing to have a pretty lady cry for one. Gad, I'd be contented to be dead, upon condition all the pretty ladies in the town cried for me. Ah! what a pleasure that wou'd be.

Oh dear, here comes the fine waiting-woman!

Enter LIONELL.

Now, for my heart, cannot I be true to Mrs Sistly.

Oh, no, here I shall be in my element ! I'm a pe-goose* with a lady ; but I'm the devil with a chamber-maid. Here I can kiss without a master of the spiritual ceremonies. Pretty Mrs Jenny ! How does your under petticoat ?

Lio. Oh, pray forbear, sir ! You and I are not so intimate : You know neither my name nor my nature. My name is not Jenny, nor is my nature wanton.

Sir John. Heigh, heigh ! my name nor my nature ? —thou art a very pretty scholar. Canst thou speak any Latin ?

Lio. No sir, what shou'd I do with Latin ? I have English enough to give a gentleman an answer.

Sir John. Very witty, and very pretty, faith. I know thy name, not that which thy godmothers gave thee, when thou wert sprinkled at the font. No, thy father and mother sprinkled thy face and beauty ; thy Christian name is " Prettiness," and thy surname, " Come kiss me."

Lio. No, good sir—I'm none o' the family o' the kiss me's. Pray, sir, keep off !

Sir John. No, no, I will have a kiss, i' faith ! I will, i' faith ! I will, i' faith !

Lio. No, no, i' faith, i' faith, you shall not, sir.

Sir John. Heigh ! heigh ! she's as stiff as her own broom ; stiffer, for that has a stake i' the back, but a flag i' the tail. What ail'st you ? Dost not like me ?

Lio. Like you, sir ! Who does not like the fine Sir John Shittlecocke ?

Sir John. Oh ! you little rogue ! do ye jeer ?

Lio. Jeer, sir ; no, sir, you know I don't.

* Pea-goose—a silly fellow.—" One who has an aspect both sickly and silly."—*Forby*.

Sir John. Why, wou'dst thou have me, if I'd have thee?

Lio. Have you, sir? ah! wou'd I were a Queen for your sake.

Sir John. 'Gad, she'll make me stark mad in love with her. I'll marry thee, faith I will——i' faith I will.

Lio. Well, sir, don't mock! I have seen as wise men as you snap'd—— [Aside.

Sir John. But prithee, dear rogue; let me have a touch of thy fine lips.

Lio. I'll give him one for a bait—— [Aside. Oh! sir! would I were worthy of the honour.

Sir John. Oh! the honour will be mine.

Lio. Well, sir, in a civil way. [He salutes her.

Sir John. I swear sh'as all Arabia in her mouth.

Lio. And you have all the East-Indies, sir, in yours.

Enter THORNEBACKE.

Tho. So, Shittlecock! undermine me everywhere,

Both with the lady, and the servant too?

I think the women are all in a plot,

To put me totally out o' conceit

With my own person—'Gad, I hate myself.

I've had a good opinion o' my self

These thirty years, and lost it in a minute.

Sir John. Oh sir, the ladies are all dying for you.

I only take possession, sir, for you.

Well, pretty rogue! I'll see you another time—

[Exit.

Tho. So, so! what! you and he are very great? Much good may do you; I'll not trouble you.

Lio. Nay, squire! pray, squire!

Tho. What wou'd you have with me?

A horse don't love to graze after a goose,
 And will I touch you after such a fellow ?
 D'ye think I have more stomach than a horse ?

Lio. What wou'd you have me do, squire ? he's
 a gentleman,
 And he did humbly beg a kiss o' me——

Tho. Then it seems, madam, if I married you,
 And a Spark humbly beg'd me for a cuckold,
 You'd very humbly grant the favour to him.
 Madam, I am not for such humble women.

Lio. A cuckold ? Squire ! d'ye think I am so
 base ?

Tho. I cannot think worse of women than I find
 'em.

Lio. Ay, this it is to be a handsome man :
 Too many women grant you any thing,
 And then you think all women are as bad.
 I love you as my life ; but if I lov'd you
 More than I do, but that's impossible,
 Though 'twere to save my life, I'd grant you
 nothing,

But what you might have in a civil way.

Tho. A handsome man ? prithee, don't flatter
 me !

I have just got some wisdom from your lady,
 Sh'as clear'd my head of all fantastique thoughts,
 I thank her for't ; she call'd me to my face,
 A saucy, disagreeable, old coxcomb ;
 Now she has made me wise, you wou'd spoil all,
 And coax me into a coxcomb once again.
 I'll see you whip'd first ; I will be an ass
 No longer to your sex.

Lio. And did she give you
 Such odious names ? come, she is a proud woman,
 And does not speak her mind ; she'd give the
 world
 She were but half so handsome for a woman,

As you are for a man.

Tho. Prithee, away !

Lio. I speak my thoughts, and that you know too well.

Well, my dear squire, I cannot stay with you now,
Come to me when my lady's gone to bed,
About eleven o'clock, and then we'll junket.

Tho. 'Gad, I shall be a woman's fool again.

Well, if you have a mind I should come to you,
Go to a bagnio, and sweat out the kiss
This fool has given you.

Lio. I will, I will.

Away, away ! I see Squire Polidor,
Creeping in yonder room, and I'd feign watch
him.

Tho. Well, then, farewell—my girl ! *[Aside.*

Lio. Farewell, sweet Squire ! *[Exit.*

Well, this Squire Polidor's an arrant thief,
And comes to rob my master of his honour ;
That was his business lately with my lady ?

'Twas so ! 'twas so ! he was endeavouring
To commit burglary upon her body ;

Ay, ay, 'twas so, that made my Lady call.

Now he is stealing to her the back way,

[She looks within the scenes.

And now I swear he's got into her chamber,

What will become o' this ? I'll peep and listen.

[Exit.

SCENE, *Another room.*

Enter MRS LOVELY, POLIDOR *stealing after her.*

Pol. So ! she's alone ! now will I board my
prize. *[Aside.*

Dear madam !

[Steps into her sight.

Mrs Lo. Bless me, Heaven ! who's there ? who's
there ?

Pol. Call not, dear Madam ; fear no harm from me.

No one can come who loves you more than I do ;
And I fear nothing but the loss of you,
Therefore you call in vain ; I will not stir.
You'll only bring dishonour on yourself.
Then spare yourself.

Mrs Lo. What ! dost thou mean to force me ?

Pol. By the sweet force of love, no otherwise.

Mrs Lo. 'Tis likely I shon'd be allur'd to love
One in the frightful figure which you make ;
For you come like a ravisher and robber,
And treacherously seek to rob your sworn
Obliging friend ; that of all men on earth
I'll ne'er trust you.

Pol. Oh ! madam ! do you think
I'm serious when I give the name of friend
To such a foolish creature as your husband ?
He loves one certain beauty above the world,
I mean his handsome self—

That you have no great cause to speak for him.

Mrs Lo. Suppose all this ; I will be just to him
For my own sake.

Pol. He thinks you can't be just,
That you can never do his merit right.

Mrs Lo. I care not what he thinks ; if he wants
sense

And honour, must I therefore do the same ?

Pol. Madam, upon my knees I beg your pity !

Mrs Lo. You're a presumptuous beggar ! you ask
jewels,

My conscience, honour ; sir, I am bestowed,
You come too late.

Pol. You have bestowed, indeed,
Too much of your fair self before I saw you,
So much, the thought on't almost makes me mad ;
And on a very undeserving creature.

But I am sure he has not all of you,
 You cannot love a man so much beneath you
 In understanding, as your husband is,
 Therefore I hope I'm not too late for love.

Mrs Lo. You are, to hope for any fruits of love,
 At least for any fruits with innocence.

Bot. May I not glean upon another ground
 What he rejects ? Madam, I may, and will.

Mrs Lo. I tremble ! I'm afraid he'll conquer me.
[*Aside.*

I beg you leave me !

Pol. Oh ! you are descending
 From your great heights ? I'll catch you as you
 fall. [*He embraces her.*

Mrs Lo. Fie on you ! you pretend to some
 religion ;
 You go to church.

Pol. Yes, with a zealous heart ;
 But I am overcome by such temptation
 No mortal can resist ; which is not more
 Or less than man. Where's the young vigorous
 Saint

Who would not, to ascend these mounts of lilies,
 Leave for a while religion at the bottom ?

Mrs Lo. You make me hate you ; you shall find
 I'm one

Who will not be allur'd to do the least
 Dishonour to religion ?

Pol. No, nor I.

Our happy love may have a secret church
 Under the church ; as Faith's was under Paul's,
 Where we may carry on our sweet devotion,
 And the cathedral marriage keep its state,
 And all its decency and ceremonies.

Mrs Lo. And will our consciences be decent
 too ?

Oh ! marriage bonds are not like other bonds

Seal'd but with wax.

Pol. Or else you wou'd be wax,
Soft melting wax, and yield to my impression.
Is it not so ? Oh ! come thou sweetest creature,
That ever grac'd the earth, or blest a lover,
Make me more blest, than e'er was man in love ;
For never mortal lov'd as I do now.
See yonder gentle yielding bed invites ;
The curtains wave to us, the air seems sensible
Of hast'ning bliss, and dances round the room.

Mrs Lo. You give me very great offence—he
gone !

Pol. I cannot go, I can as easily tear
A star from Heaven, as myself from you.

Mrs Lo. When you have gain'd your ends, you'll
soon be gone.

Love hastens, like a wanton summer bird
To foreign lands, when once hot weather's over ;
And heat in love goes quickly after harvest.
When I've lost my honour, you'll believe
I've lost my beauty too ; the charms of women
Vanish like fairies, when approach'd too near.
Then go, or you and I shall part for ever.

Pol. Madam, I cannot part with you, nor will,
Till I'm the happiest man in the whole world.

Mrs Lo. I'st possible ? what do you think I am ?

Pol. I have no time to think, no power to think,
My ravish'd soul is gone out o' my head
Into my heart, my veins ; I've lost all thinking.

Mrs Lo. Be gone ! or you'll undo yourself and
me ;
Camilla will be here immediately.

Pol. Well, let her come, she'll think you are at
prayers.

Mrs Lo. What shall I do with him ? I'm yield-
ing ! yielding ! [*Aside.*
I will not run the danger for the world,

And she'll be here in half-an-hour at most.

Pol. A noble space o' time ! 'tis not enough
To raise my joys so high, as I desire,
But I, at least, may lay a good foundation.
That I'm resolv'd to do.

Come, come, my dear ! I've got thy beauteous
body

Into my custody——Now, ere we part
I'll strain for all the debts thou ow'st my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

*He pulls her off the stage, and bolts the door ; Then
Enter LIONEL.*

Lio. Oh ! dear ! dear ! what have I seen and
heard ?

Shall I disturb 'em ? I've a mind to do't.
I envy 'em——I will——no, 'twill be pity ;
I would be loath to be serv'd so myself.
I am possessor of a mystery,
And I'll make money on't, as all trades do.
I'll let my lady know I understand her,
And make her glad, if I will be her lady ;
Which I'll not be, unless she pays me well ;
And with a good reason too, for to a woman
It is a horrid pain to hold her tongue ;
And I must bear the torment a great while,
That I shall very dearly earn the money.
Oh ! dear ! dear ! here comes Madam Camilla.
What will become o' my lady now ? for she won't be
kept from her. I'll ha' no partner in my mystery,
for fear o' spoiling the profit of it ; else I would
not care what became of my scurvy lady.

Enter CAMILLA.

Cam. Your servant, Mrs Lionell ; I have dis-
patch'd my business at home, and come to lie with
your lady.

Lio. She's dispatching a little business too, madam; she'll be ready to wait upon you presently.

Oh! what a base office do I take upon myself! I'll see my lady whip'd, before I keep her Stinking counsel—— [*Aside.*

Madam, you may go in, if you please!——
—No, madam, if you please, let it alone.

Cam. Heigh! heigh! what ails the foolish creature? [*Aside.*

Yes, Mrs Lionel, I'll go in; your lady keeps nothing from me. Ha! the door's shut! and I hear a bustle within! Is anybody with your lady?

Lio. Yes, madam!—no, no, madam.

Cam. She's fuddled, I think. [*Aside.*

Lio. I'm not expert at these businesses. I shall betray all; I'll be gone. Oh! fie, upon me! for undertaking this base office. [*Aside. Exit.*

Cam. What means this confusion? and in the chamber

I hear whispering (*listens*) and a man's voice—

I'm stricken to the heart, 'tis Polidor,

As sure as I am here, this tempting man

Has, in my absence, ruin'd Mrs Lovely.

'Tis so! 'tis so! for now I hear him plain.

Oh! woman! woman! what a thing is woman!

I swear I am asham'd I am a woman.

I'll rouse 'em—Madam—I am come, I'm come!

A door creaks—I will see who gets out.

'Tis Polidor! he has undone us both;

Ruin'd her honour, and has broke my heart.

Enter MRS LOVELY.

Mrs Lo. I hope in Heaven she has not overheard us.

Cam. Oh, vile, horrid woman!

Mrs Lo. I'm discovered!

I'll kill myself—(*Aside.*)—What do you mean by this?

Cam. Pray what did Mr Polidor with you ?

Mrs Lo. How ? Mr Po—Po—Polidor——

Cam. Mr Po—Po—Polidor. (*She mimics her.*)

How you stammer.

Your sin's so very young, it can't speak plain.

Mrs Lo. Oh, it is true he got into my chamber—

And so—but—but—but—I'll tell you.

Cam. But—but—but—

You would fain tell a flam if you could speak ;

Your blashing brow is the only part about you

Has any modesty or truth in it.

That blazing beacon openly confesses,

The enemy has been upon the coast.

Mrs Lo. What ! you believe I've got the lover
from you,

And, in revenge, design to blast my honour ?

Hark you—if you do—I'll stab you—

Cam. Stab me ?

Mrs Lo. Stab you !

Cam. Here's a virago ! Are you such a woman ?

Nay, then I think, I'm bound in conscience

To give the world a public warning of you.

I'll print you, publish you in the Gazette.

Mrs Lo. Will you ?

Cam. I will.

Mrs Lo. 'Tis well—you'll publish falsehoods,

To please your malice, envy, and revenge.

Is that your sanctity ? I find your heart

Has many motions, as some watches have ;

For you have love, and piety, and malice ;

And all these motions hinder one another.

You are impotent and false in all of them ;

So are the hearts of all the saints I know.

They're the worst kind of hearts, they ne'er go

right ;

They're neither true to wickedness, nor goodness.

Virtuous they are by halves, they do not love it :
In sin they would be dabbling, and they dare not ;
And then their envy wou'd bark others from it.

Cam. You are sincerely and completely wicked ;
I have more proofs on't, madam, than you think.
For shame, for shame, persist not thus in sin !
Repent or I will make you an example.

Mrs Lo. Oh, she will ruin me, I must submit.

[*Aside.*

These Saints will suffer no sin but their own.
Oh, madam ! I confess I've been surpriz'd
By wicked Polidor ; he forc'd himself
Into my chamber, and he would not leave me
Till he had ruin'd me. Oh, spare me ! spare me !
I promise you I will not spare myself ;
I'll live in everlasting grief and shame :
I'll never see wicked Polidor again,
Nor anything on earth—I'll weep my eyes out.

Cam. Oh, madam, now y'are growing worth my
pity ;
Continue thus, I will not only spare you,
But love you, love you dearly as a sister ;
And I will do my best t'establish you
Firmer than ever in your husband's love,
And in Heaven's favour, if my prayers can do't.

Mrs Lo. Oh, madam, you are some celestial
creature,

Let me adore you !

[*Kneels to her.*

Cam. Nay, this is too much,

Enter LIONELL.

Lio. Madam, my master's come.—

[*Speaks snappingly.*

Mrs Lo. Oh, how she frightens me.

Lio. A scurvy woman ; I can't speak to her,

[*Aside.*

Nor look on her with any patience—

[*Exit.*

Mrs Lo. I'm in strange disorder ;
I shall betray myself.

Enter LOVELY.

Return'd so soon ? [*She runs and embraces him.*
My dearest dear, you please me now, indeed.

Lo. Well, and your letters pleas'd me very well.
It was, methoughts, a kind of paper window
Into your soul ; and at the opening gave me the
best prospect

I ever had. You are discreet and virtuous ;
But do not be displeas'd with Mr Polidor ;
He is a well-bred man, and courted you
In love to me, and complaisance to you,
To keep you in good humour in my absence.
He knows your sex is sick, when y'are not courted,
When not smil'd on, you die like plants in shades.
He has bestow'd his heart on this fair lady.
Madam Camilla, your most humble servant,
I thank you for your kindness to my wife.
You come, it seems, to bring her a night-jewel
To grace her bosom with ; I mean yourself.
I'm told, you meant to be her bed-fellow.

Cam. Yes, sir ! but you have brought her in
yourself, a better jewel.

Lo. Oh ! your servant, madam.
Upon my conscience she's in love with me,
And for my sake, pays visits to my wife. [*Aside.*
Dear Polidor !

Enter POLIDOR.

Pol. Dear Lovely !

Cam. Oh, false man ! [*Aside.*

Lo. You rogue, you have been tampering with
my wife ! [*Aside to Polidor.*

Pol. You have put me on a fine piece o' business.
[*Aside to Lovely.*

Lo. Poor Polidor, hast thou been baffled ? ha !
 I've had a letter from my wife worth gold.
 Poor snake ! how out o' countenance thou art.
 Methinks, a forward fellow, that attempts
 To make a man a cuckold, and fails in it,
 Is more ridiculous than any cuckold.

'Egad, methinks thou art my cuckold now, ha, ha

Pol. So, you reward me well for all my service.

Lo. Oh ! thank thee a thousand times ; and do
 thou marry,

I'll do thee as much kindness, with thy wife.

Pol. I thank you, sir ; I shall not trouble you.

Lo. But one word more ; was my wife true to
 me

From conscience, duty, and such vulgar things ?
 Or from the value which she has for me ?

Pol. I will not tell you, it will make you vain.

Lo. Enough, I'm happy !—now I'll reconcile
 My wife and thee.

Pol. I am asham'd to look on her.

Lo. Alas ! poor rogue ! come hither, Mrs Lovely !
 I much commend your watchfulness and care
 Of your dear honour ; but don't fear this gentleman,
 He's your near cousin.

Mrs. Lo. He is not my cousin—
 He may be yours.

Lo. He's kin to both us :
 That is to say, he is of our proud strain,
 And has, like us, exquisite sense of honour.
 Look, if she does not turn away from him,
 Not only in scorn of him, but my commands.
 These virtuous women are so insolent.
 Embrace her, Polidor !

Pol. I dare not do't.

Lo. The devil's in you both.

Pol. Well, don't be angry,
 Your humble servant, madam.

Mrs. Lo. Sir, your servant.
You'll pardon me, I did not understand you.

Lo. No, you're a goose ; and cackle, do you hear?
When any man but he, assaults your capitol.
He's half myself ; there's but one soul between us,
And so we two together make one husband.
Therefore be kind to him, as half your husband.
And you commit adult'ry, Polidor,
If, whilst she lives, you lie with other women.
Now keep together, I will to this lady.
Sweet, madam, shall we enjoy your company
For half an hour ?

Cam. Sir, I'm at your command.
I'll stay to rattle this false Polidor. [*Aside.*]

Lo. Thanks, dearest creatures ; and I'm yours, I
swear.
I'm strangely fortunate with all the fair. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter SIR JOHN SHUTTLECOCK.

Sir John. Gad, I can't go to bed till I've taken a turn before this house. Pox on me for a fool, I'll go home. Pox, gad, I can't ; pox !—I must walk here. That I should be in love with three beauties at once ! and, gad, I am. I don't know which I love best, Mrs Lovely, Mrs Sistly, or Mrs Lionell. They are three sweet creatures, and make this house, to me, a sweet house. The doors are sweet wood, the bricks are sweet paste, the mortar is Amber-greece, and the stones are sugar-candy.—Gad, they are

Enter THORNEBACK.

Tho. 'Tis now about eleven o'clock, the time Mrs Lionell appointed me. How now? Who walks before the door?

Sir John. Methinks all the three pretty rogues see me, and watch to steal out to me. And first Mrs Sistly creeps out. Dear Madam.—

[He embraces a post.

Tho. 'Tis Shittlecock, and he has got a madam with him.—He's kissing. He makes my mouth water. Who is she? Oh! foppish rogue! he's kissing a post. And 'tis a kind post, it denies him nothing.—Ha, ha!

Sir John. Dear soul—*(He hugs the post, then speaks in a woman's tone.)* Well, I did steal out to bid you good night, Sir John. Good night—good night!—*(He speaks for himself.)* What, so soon my love? *(Now in a woman's tone.)* I must, I must, good night—good night—*(Now for himself.)* Good night, dear Sissee!

Tho. Was ever such a coxcomb? I dare not tell this, it will reflect upon all beaus, and I am loth to foul my own nest; which is too foul already. Many of us beaus are such odious rogues, 'tis pity our fathers had not been married to posts.

Sir John. Now, methinks, stately Madam Lovely comes to me, like a Venus out of a sea darkness.

Tho. From what hedge did this gipsy steal that rag o' wit? There's no laying any wit abroad, some rogue or another pilfers it.

Sir John. This, madam, is a high glory indeed. *(He speaks in a woman's tone.)* I saw you at the door, Sir John, and could not but shew you a little pity. *(He speaks for himself.)* Oh, madam, you do me a great honour; and your favours are not

thrown away on an ungrateful dog. Egad—I love and honour your ladyship above all things.

Tho. Oh! how he loves and honours his Lady Post? truly it deserves honour, more than many that have it.

Sir John. Going already, madam? Oh, madam! pox!—(*In a woman's tone.*) I must, I must, Sir John; good night, good night! (*For himself.*) Well, dear soul, good night! Oh, Mrs Lionell, are you come?

Tho. So now the post is Mrs Lionell. This post will have as many Christian names, as some foreign princesses have.

Sir John. I thought you had been in love with Thorneback, Mrs Lionell.

Tho. Ha, the rogue names me.

Sir John. (*In a woman's tone.*) In love with Mr Thorneback, Sir John, and have you i' my eye? You cannot think I have so little judgment. You are the handsomest man in England, and he's the ugliest. I swear he turns my stomach.

Tho. Does he so?— [*He goes to Sir John.*

Sir John. Thorneback! I'm catch'd in my foppery. [*Aside.*

Tho. You are a conceited fellow, Shittlecock, and your post is a lying bitch. I cou'd find i' my heart to set your head where your heels are, and then I shou'd turn your stomach in good earnest.

Sir John. How shall I bring myself off? (*Aside.*) You think you have catch'd me making a fool o' myself!—oh, pox, you are mistaken, I saw you, —pox!—

Tho. No, thou didst not make a fool o' thyself. Nature made a fool o' thee, and, when she gave thee being, presented thee with a coxcomb: Wou'd she were less bountiful o' those presents; we abound with 'em.

Sir John. Well, you ha' wit, Tom. Where does it lie? in your round back, Tom? hum, Tom.

Tho. No,—Tom Ninny, my head is better than my back, and I'm sorry for it. What prefers a man to a great lady? A good back. What makes a weak headed fellow in favour with a great man? A good back to bear affronts, and all the shame of his master's rogueries. If I desir'd advancement, I wou'd wish myself a good back, and be content no part o' my head were strong, but my forehead; I wou'd have that be all o' brass. But come, sir, you say I turn Mrs Lionell's stomach?—You shall see if that be true, presently. Mrs Lionell! Mrs Lionell!

Enter MRS LOVELY to the Balcony.

Mrs Lo. Somebody in the street calls Lionell.

Tho. She's come into the balcony, now, sir.

Sir John. Gad, she is! to what purpose shou'd a man be handsome, when such ugly fellows get fine women?

[*Aside.*

Tho. Mrs Lionell!

Mrs Lo. Well.

Tho. Is that proud fantastical jilt, thy lady, i' bed?

Mrs Lo. I come out it seems to have my picture drawn. I'll pay the painter. (*Aside.*) She's just gone to bed.

Tho. That's well. And is she beginning to spin a nap, the only houswifery she's good for?

Mrs Lo. She's about it.

Tho. May she spin sleep strong as a cable, that may bind her confounded body to her good behaviour whilst I enjoy thy sweet one. Wo't t'hu come down to me?

Mrs Lo. Go to the other door! I'll come, or send.

Tho. Sweet rogue! now Shittlecock, do I turn stomachs?

[*Exit*

Sir John. Was ever such a lucky ugly fellow ?
I shall turn witch with envy. I must see what
they do——— *[Exit.*

Enter a Servant, to the balcony.

Mrs Lo. Jane !

Jane. Madam.

Mrs Lo. A couple of fops follow Lionell to de-
lude her ; they are at the back-door. They are
beaus, and love washes ; give 'em a wash of clean
water. They'll think it something worse ; so I
would have 'em. *[Exit.*

*[Water is flung down within the Scenes, and
Thorneback, and Sir John Shittlecock return
dubbed.*

Sir John. Oh ! pox ! in what a pickle am I !
———Pox !

Tho. Oh ! th' impudent nasty sow ! what does
she do this for ?

Sir John. You don't turn stomachs, Thorneback ?
You are so lucky with the ladies. Pox o' your
luck, and me for following you. Pox !

Tho. I'll break all their windows, if I can have
stones for love, or money. I'll pelt their reputa-
tions too.

[Thorneback goes in, and breaks windows. Then

Enters, retreating from LOVELY, and POLIDOR.

Lo. What rascal breaks my windows ?

Tho. What nasty strumpet flings pots out o'
windows !

Lo. How ! then, sir, I beg your pardon. I'll
turn my correction another way, and make you
some amends. Ho there ! a light.

Tho. No matter for a light, we are not prond of
our persons.

Sir John. We'll ha' no light—Pox !

*Enter MRS LOVELY, CECILIA, CAMILLA, LIONELL,
and Servants with lights.*

Lo. Who's this ? Tom Thorneback ?

Tho. I was Tom Thorneback. I don't know what I am now ; a pickleherring, I think. I'd be loath to meet with a hungry Dutch seaman.

Pol. Who's this gentleman ?

Sir John. No matter—pox !—

Pol. Oh ! 'tis Sir John Shittlecock.

Cec. Sir John !

[*Aside.*

Lio. And my Squire ?——

[*Aside.*

Cec. Our lovers, Lionell.

Lio. Mum !

Lo. Who play'd this sluttish trick with these gentlemen ?

Tho. Your sluttish maid there, Lionell.

Lio. Who, I ? This lady's my witness, 'twas not I.

Cam. No, Mrs Lionell was with me, when the water was flung out o' the window ; we heard it, when it went.

Tho. Ha ! I'm glad to hear that ; I love the fool. Who spoke to me from the balcony ? not the devil, sure ! he deals in fire, not in water. (*Aside.*) Some in your house have a vile infirmity, they cannot hold their water. Pray let 'em send it to doctors, not to gentlemen.

Lo. Gentlemen, I'll enquire into this matter, and, if I find the guilty person, you shall have satisfaction.

Mrs Lo. I am the guilty person. I was in the balcony, and heard men calling to my maids, to entice 'em out. I must not have my maids ruin'd, and my house dishonour'd. So, to keep my young fruit from being spoil'd, I strove to wash away caterpillars ; I'm sorry that name, gentlemen, shou'd belong to you.

Lo. Nay, gentlemen, if you be lovers, you must be willing to swim through a Hellespont.

Tho. Of essence of slut? The devil shall have my mistress first.

Mrs Lo. 'Twas clean water, I'll assure you, gentlemen; and I hope has quench'd your unlawful flames.

Lo. I'm sorry for your misfortune, gentlemen. Good night to you. [*Ex. Lo., Mrs Lo., Pol., Cam.*]

Lio. Squire! Squire!

Cec. Sir John! Sir John!

Sir John. Who? Madam Sistly?

Tho. Mrs Lionell?

Lio. You betray'd all to my lady. She talk'd with you in the balcony.

Tho. Thy lady envies thy intrigue with me; and is enrag'd because I won't court her. She might ha' sent me a better *billet doux*. I am mollified; I will go home, and be dulcified; and then give thee another visit, out o' malice to her. [*Exit.*]

Lio. Do, dear squire. [*Exit.*]

Cec. Oh! You pitiful man; court servants? And kiss servants?

Sir John. Has Mrs Lionell told you then? A blabbing, bragging hussy!

Cec. She does not brag, she's not so proud of you. She laughs at you, and throws you off for Mr Thorneback; and will I accept a chambermaid's cast love? No such matter. When you courted my sister, I cried my eyes out; like a fool as I was. For she's a gentlewoman, and a gentleman may be in love with a gentlewoman; but now I despise you. And well I may, everybody does so. Lionell says you are silly; and my sister says, you are silly and ugly too.

Sir John. Does she so? gad, would she were a man!

Clc. Well, for my part, I begin to be of her mind ; I don't like you now. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. Gad ! I'll kill myself ! I'll see her hang'd first. I am ugly, it seems ? They lie against their own consciences ; they don't think it. I can forgive anything rather than that. I value nothing like handsomeness. I don't envy the greatest wit or soldier, or Prince in the world, if he ben't handsome. And, gad, I'll be handsome, or it shall cost me five hundred pounds. I know some young fellows that have rare washes, and paint and paste to put on their faces a nights, that make 'em look as fair as any waxen babies. I'll go and get some o' their paste to-night, and some o' their washes to-morrow, and make Mistress Sistly ready to die for me ; and then I'll marry a kitchen wench. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *a room.*

Enter MRS LOVELY and CAMILLA.

Mrs Lo. Oh ! madam ! I'm sincerely sorrowful. From this sad hour I'll change my course of life ; Throw off my vanities and vain society, And get acquainted with some good Divine.

Cam. Pray have a care it ben't a young Divine. For some o' them are very dangerous men.

Mrs Lo. No, I'll seek out some ancient grave Divines.

Cam. They will not care to be acquainted with you, Unless you have an interest at Court. Get an acquaintance, madam, with religion.

Mrs Lo. Madam, I will. Oh ! dear ! here comes my husband.

I am as fearful of him, as a criminal
Is of a judge ; whenever he is with me,
Methinks 'tis Sessions' time, and I in a trying.

And I am forc'd to fawn most shamefully.
Never was woman humbled as I am.

Cam. Oh! Madam! Madam! you have been too humble.

Enter LOVELY and POLIDOR.

Mrs Lo. My dear! my dear! give me a thousand kisses.

Lo. A thousand kisses? that's as if a beggar Should ask a thousand guineas. Is the art Of kissing fail'd, that kisses are so cheap? A Grecian courtesan once gave a youth Two talents for a kiss; now I believe The modern kisses equal the antique.

Cam. Away, you wretch! [*Aside to Polidor.*

Pol. I am more innocent Than you believe. [*Aside to Camilla.*

Cam. Sir, I know what you are.

Lo. Look, look, Camilla cannot suffer Polidor; That handsome fellow has no luck with women.

Mrs Lo. Who can be minded, dear, when you are by?

Lo. So! How you flatter!

Mrs Lo. Who can flatter thee?
Speak things too fine, of one so superfine
As thou art!

Lo. Superfine? pox! thou hast borrowed That flattery out of a pack of cards: Card-makers give their cards that compliment. What! dost thou take me for a knave o' diamonds?

Mrs Lo. I cannot tell thee the fine things I think of thee.

Madam Camilla, look on Mr Lovely!
Pray, Madam, has he not a fine turn'd mouth?

Cam. Madam, I never mind gentlemen's mouths. They may turn east, west, north or south, for me.
[*Lovely goes to Polidor and talks aside with him.*

Lo. She's sharp. Hark, Polidor, thou'rt very unlucky.

Thou canst not get my wife ; but, o' my conscience,
I've got thy beautiful Camilla from thee.

She is uneasy under thy addresses,
But she's displeas'd with me for not addressing.
She wou'd not own I had a well turn'd mouth,
Because it was not turn'd to her in flattery.
Now that is a wrong way of making love,
For it makes women love themselves, not us,
Makes us their conquest. I wou'd make them
mine,

By shewing my perfections, and not theirs.
My way of making love, is taking care
That all my looks and motions have a charm.

Pol. So, then you kill in silence, like white powder?*

Lo. You may talk what you will of wit and courtship,

A graceful body is the dead-weight in love.
A lady once had a great passion for me,
Before she saw my face.

Pol. Report had charm'd her?

Lo. Report ! she fell in love with my backside.
She took me in pieces as I walk'd before her ;
And read a lecture upon every part o' me,
Upon my shoulders, on my legs, my calves.
Some fine forehanded beaus are ill behind,
I'm well both ways.

Pol. D'ye ne'er make love in words ?

Lo. Yes, but I put on love with negligence ;
Give it a manly air, which awes the women.
Now you make love with passion and formality ;
'Egad, thou may'st as well make love in buckram.
I bear down women's hearts by over-topping them,

* Gunpowder which exploded without noise. Such a compound is believed at one time to have obtained.

So the least favour from me seems a miracle.
 Now I will strangely charm your Saint Camilla,
 I will present her with a puppy-dog.
 Madam, I thought of you, the other day,
 A charming female grey-hound, with fine limbs,
 Small as a spider's, you may thread a needle with
 them,

Belonging to a lady of my acquaintance,
 Is brought to bed of puppies, and all beaux
 I humbly beg'd the honour of a puppy,
 Intending to present you with it, madam.

Cam. Oh ! sir, your servant.

Lo. To confess the truth,
 I bought it with the promise of a song.
 I'll make the song, and then send for the puppy.

[*Exit.*

Cam. Oh, madam ! I am in your husband's favour.

Mrs Lo. Oh ! I am troubled for my husband's folly.

[*Aside.*

I wou'd feign love him, and he will not let me.

Cam. Well, madam, I'll accept your husband's present.

I will step home only for half-an-hour,
 And then return.

Mrs Lo. Madam, your humble servant.

Cam. Now will I watch these two.

[*She hides between the Scenes.*

Pol. My dear ! my dear !

Cam. So, he is at his wickedness again. [*Aside.*

Pol. I've so long fasted from those luscious lips,
 I'm eager to devour thee. Come away !
 I'll play the tiger with thee.

Mrs Lo. No, I've done
 With these base things.

Pol. Done ! Y'ave but just begun.
 You are but enter'd in this dancing-school ;

You have not yet gone over half your dances.

Mrs Lo. Out, out upon you ! you have made me
hate

You, and myself ; I cannot shew my face.

Pol. I'll cover it with mine.

Mrs Lo. You shall not, sir.

Pol. I care not what you say : I have no ears
for you :

But I have eyes, and lips, and arms for you.

Mrs Lo. I find you have no ears for conscience.

Pol. Pshaw ! conscience ! do not talk to me of
conscience.

If this be very bad, Heaven help the fair ;

They are all tempted, and 'tis odds they fall.

Do you believe no women go to Heaven,

But they that have the devil in their faces ?

Mrs Lo. I'd rather have the devil in my face,

Than in my heart, as you have.

Pol. I perceive

Your Saint Camilla has been spoiling you.

Mrs Lo. She has been mending me, but cannot
make me

So excellent a woman as herself.

Pol. She is no woman, she is a church-monu-
ment,

A picture of virginity in marble.

Mrs Lo. She is a cherubim in flesh and blood.

Pol. She's not all flesh, sh'as kept so many
Lents

Till she's a fish.

Cam. Oh brave !

[*Aside.*

Pol. A very mermaid !

And, mermaid-like, brings tempests where she
comes.

In short, don't strive with me, you shall not go ;

You cannot go. Y'ave not the heart to do't.

I'll venture you. Gad, but I wo' not though,

Now I consider on't—I don't know what
The devil may put into your head—Along!

Mrs Lo. Release me, or I swear I will call out.

Pol. You wo' not do't—nay more, you cannot
do't.

Mrs Lo. D'ye think I am so fond? Who's there?
who's there?

Pol. Who's there? who's there? (*mimiques her.*)
you squeak

So like a mouse,—the cats will catch you; come
out o' their way.

Mrs Lo. What ails me that I cannot strive with
him? [*Aside.*]

As he is pulling her, CAMILLA enters.

Cam. So madam! I'm return'd again.

Pol. Undone! [*Aside.*]

Your servant, madam.

Cam. Why d'ye speak to me?

I am a fish.

Pol. Oh! madam if you were,

I shou'd be glad to be a fishmonger.

Cam. His falsehood wounds me deeply—but I
scorn

To let him see it; I will seem to slight it. [*Aside.*]

Your servant, sir,—pray sir, how does your
brother?

Pol. My brother, madam?

Cam. Yes, the gentleman

Who did me th' honour to address to me?

Your faces are so like you may be twins,

But in all other things you are so different,

I'm sorry for it; you very much disgrace him.

Pol. Pardon me, madam! I've many brethren,
But they're all, like me,

Poor sinful mortals; we are sons of Adam,

And he ne'er got much honour by his sons.

If there be any perfect man amongst us,
His mother shou'd be question'd how she had him,
For he was not begotten by a man ;
And therefore he disparages his house.

Cam. You think the same, no doubt, of all the
sisters ?

Pol. No, madam,—what purgation do I suffer !
[*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. No, sir, the worst of us, and I am one,
Are not by nature so corrupt as men.
If we be bad, their arts have made us so.
The high professions which you made of virtue
And honour, ruin'd me ; if I had known you,
I wou'd have shunn'd you,—I abhor lewd men.

Pol. Madam, I know you do.

Cam. I'll witness for her,
She is not easily drawn to wickedness,
I saw and heard how she resisted you.
Such a design no doubt you had on me,
Therefore I will avoid you like the devil.

Mrs Lo. And so will I. Pray, sir, come here
no more,

Cam. Never speak to me again.

Mrs Lo. No, nor to me.

Pol. So ! so ! my love is in a fine condition.
This 'tis to have two mistresses at once.
'Tis sailing in a vessel with two keels ;
Two holds will never join well, 'tis odds they split.
And such a risk why shou'd a merchant run,
For where's the man has freight enough for one ?

[*Exit.*

Cam. Now, madam, I will take my leave of you.

Mrs Lo. Shall I wait on you, Madam ?

Cam. By no means.

Well, madam, I have hope in little time,
To see you fam'd for piety and goodness.
A limb by being broke gets strength, they say,

If set with art ; so broken virtue may. [*Exit.*

Mrs Lo. Ah ! wou'd to Heaven I did not need
th' experiment.

Enter LIONELL.

Lio. I thought I heard my lady in some sorrow.
[*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. Begone !

Lio. Begone ? I won't be so snapp'd.

Mrs Lo. You won't, hussy ?

Lio. I won't be hussied neither.

Mrs Lo. Is't possible ? why, mistress, what are
you ?

Lio. Madam, I'm virtuous ; I wou'd you were
so.

I know what you have done with Mr Polidor ;

Ay, madam, and my master shall know too.

Mrs Lo. Oh ! mercy on me ! this is worst of
all. [*Aside.*

Come back, come back, upon your life I charge
you !

What do you know ?

Lio. She'll kill me—[*Aside*—nothing—nothing,
Madam.

I am a prating fool, a saucy gossip.

Your ladyship is a modest, virtuous lady.

I only saw a rude bear of a fellow,

That wou'd ha' mumbled you, if you'd ha' let him ;

But you behav'd yourself as handsomely

As e'er I saw a lady in your circumstances ;

Till the base man at length o'er-master'd you.

Mrs Lo. I'm an undone, lost woman ! Heaven
and grace

Abandon'd me, and now my honour's gone.

Begone, and use me as ill as I deserve.

Lio. I use you ill, dear madam ? Heaven forbid !
Though you have been very severe to me,

I have had always a great love for you.
 And now I'm very sorry for your circumstances.
 How came your Ladyship to do this thing?

Mrs Lo. Oh ! ask no questions, bury the foul story.

Lio. Indeed I wonder how he work'd upon you ;
 For, Madam, you are virtuous in your nature,
 But any one may be o'ertaken once.
 Well, Madam, I'll be faithful to your Ladyship.

Mrs Lo. Then I'll be kind to thee ; preserve my honour,

And, if thou wo't, take all my other jewels.

Lio. These tears are jewels, and become you sweetly.

Well, there's a rich old spark comes after me,
 And I believe designing scurvy matters ;
 But he shall find I am a virtuous maid.
 Whate'er he thinks, I'm only kind to him,
 To try if I can fool him into marriage.
 And, Madam, won't you lend a helping hand ?

Mrs Lo. My hand ! my purse ! I'll give thee a good fortune.

Lio. Thank you, good Madam.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mrs Lionell,

Here is a gentleman wou'd speak with you. [*Exit.*

Lio. Oh ! I believe 'tis my old fusty spark. [*Exit.*

Mrs Lo. So, I'm become a vassal to my servant ?
 Farewell intriguing, and come happy virtue !
 There's no true peace or pleasure but in thee.
 I'll break with Polidor, but do't, if possible,
 So gently that the breach may make no noise.

Enter LIONELL.

Lio. Oh ! Madam ! my lover, Squire Thorneback is come

To see me ; and my room is full o' company.
I don't know where to put him. Pray will you lock
Him up in your closet ?

Mrs Lo. So, I have got an honourable function.
[*Aside.*

Lio. Squire, Squire ! come hither, Squire !

Enter THORNEBACK.

Here, madam ; lock him up awhile ; I'll do as
much for you.

Stay there, Squire ; I'll come to you presently.
[*Exit.*

Mrs Lo. I must obey ; Go in, Mr Thorneback.

Tho. How, madam, lock me up in your closet ?
Love

And murder will out.

Mrs Lo. What ! thou wo't be a lover and a
beau again ?

Wo't choose the only part thou art not fit for ?

Tho. Now she is at her tricks again.

Mrs Lo. Thou seem'st made for a soldier ; go to
the wars !

There thou may'st get honour ; and if thou
should'st

Lose thy nose, or a jaw, thou'dst be as much

A beau as thou art now.

Tho. Gad !—I could beat her. [*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. If thou should'st lose a jaw, thou
might'st have one from an ass, as good as thy
own ; and if thy nose, a goldsmith would make
thee a better, and as natural to thee as thy com-
plexion ; for that's none of thy own ; thou art
painted.

Tho. Painted ?

Mrs Lo. Yes, painted.

Tho. Gad, so I am ! and well painted too, how-
e'er she comes to know it. [*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. Let my handkerchief examine thy face, if thou dar'st.

Tho. Gad ! I dare not. (*Aside.*) Come, madam, this seeming aversion of yours is art and paint : wou'd you lock me up in your closet, if you did not reckon me among your sweet-meats ?

Mrs Lo. Sweet-meats ?

Tho. Yes, madam ; I don't think you e'er laid up conserve o' roses for your maid, and conserve o' man is more luscious.

Mrs Lo. A man ! thou art rather a great mandrake. I have read of a wife who gave mandrakes for a man, never of any that gave a man for a mandrake, as I should do, should I quit my husband for thee.

Tho. What a preposterous thing is a woman ! Everything moves forward to what it desires, but a woman and a crab, and they run backwards. Madam, you will make me renounce you.

Mrs Lo. Prithee do.—Ha, I see Polidor ! [*Aside.* Get you in quick, quick !—

Tho. Oh, are you complying ?— [*She puts him in.*

Enter POLIDOR.

Pol. How, madam ! put a man into your closet ?

Mrs Lo. So, now he'll rave, and in revenge dishonour me. (*Aside.*) A man ?

Pol. A man !—I saw you put him there.

Mrs Lo. Well, make no noise—there's a reason for it.

Pol. Must you conceal him ? Well, I'll do't effectually :

I'll render him eternally invisible,
If possible ; I'll mangle him into atoms.

Mrs Lo. Away !

Pol. Stand back ! I'll see what you ha' got,
Whether it be a flower or a weed,
Which you are stilling in this limbeck here,

For I believe he's in a dropping sweat.
 Come out here !— [*He pulls in Thorneback.*
 Mr Thorneback ? Sir, your servant.—
 You are a happy man.

Tho. Well, so I am,—
 Happier than many of you smock-fac'd fellows.
 Girls may be liquorish after such white faces,
 As kitlings love to have a lick at cream ;
 But your good mousers love—

Pol. Vermin ! like thee.

Tho. Rail at me, how thou wo't, I do not care ;
 But slander not this lady ; if you do,
 Egad I'll cut your wind-pipe, if I can ;
 And I dare fight, you know. Madam, your ser-
 vant,—

I'll vindicate your honour.— [*Exit.*

Pol. With thy face,—
 For that will do it better than thy sword.
 Madam, you banish'd me but to make room
 For a new friend, it seems.

Mrs Lo. You do me wrong.
 You have made me a servant to my servant :
 My reputation is at her command,
 And therefore I am forc'd to be at hers ;
 Be her fool's fool, and hide him for her use.
 I do not speak this to preserve your love,
 That I cast off, but for my honour's sake.
 And therefore do not blast it with the world ;
 For if you do, I will have such revenge,
 That all shall startle when they hear me nam'd.

Pol. Th'art a brave woman ! And, be true or
 false,
 love thee. [*He runs to her, and embraces her.*

Mrs Lo. Oh, thou art a tempting man !
 I never shall be good, till I am rid of thee.

Pol. I'll never part with thee, whilst I have life ;
 For though thy heart be false, thy beauty's true :

Though not a word of truth comes from thy
mouth,

I'm sure there's unfeign'd sweetness in thy lips.

I will have some employment in that treasury :

If I cannot be Lord Commissioner,

I'll be contented with an under office,

Only for fees, to have one kiss in twenty.

Mrs. Lo. How pleasant you can be with sin, and
shame ;

A sign thou art a hard'ned malefactor.

Repent, repent ! and leave thy wickedness.

Pol. Ben't you so wicked, when the nation

Is settled comfortably, in cuckolding,

To make a schism in it ; a new distraction.

All parties lovingly agree in cuckolding,

Thou't be the only member o' thy church.

But I believe thou wilt remain a sister

Of the great, universal, primitive church ;

For cuckolding is very ancient.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, nay, the sin's so old, 'tis time it
died ;

It shall with me, I'll harbour it no more.

I'll separate from you, we will be two.

Pol. Ay, till we get on a soft bed again,

There we'll again sink sweetly into one.

Mrs. Lo. No ! I've some conscience still, whate'er
you think.

Pol. Ay, and some warm desires, whate'er you
think ;

You are fearful of your honour ? have no fear,

I'll be as careful of it, as my life.

Our private meetings shall be known to none.

Mrs. Lo. What ! not to me ?

Pol. Yes, you'll know something of 'em.

Mrs. Lo. Well, that will be enough to make me
wretched :

No, we will never be thus close again,

Except in death ; one grave may lodge us both.
I shall desire to sleep with thee in dust.

Pol. Then I shall be a scurvy bedfellow.

Mrs. Lo. Till then I am resolv'd to part with thee. [*She goes from him.*]

Pol. And can you do it ?

Mrs. Lo. You will part with me,
When you have sated your ill appetite ;
Perhaps before ; shou'd a disease drink up
This little beauty, you wou'd vanish too.

Pol. It may be so ; but, prithee, let me have
Thy body, till thy beauteous face departs.

Mrs. Lo. No ! I've given up my fort ; but I will
march

Honourably away, with arms, and flying colours :
And so, sweet Polidor, farewell for ever.
Be not displeas'd ; I leave thee for no rivals
But virtue, conscience, honour, things Divine,
Which I to-night lost only by surprise ;
And nothing else out-shines thee in my eyes. [*Exit.*]

Pol. She is a false, dissembling, artful jilt !
Proud to excess ; some man o' quality
Has got her from me, Thorneback was the bawd ;
Now she wou'd blind my eyes with flattery,
And a pretence to conscience :—
The common covering for all kind of cheats.
I am convinc'd, this woman's race in sin
I did not start ; nor will it end with me.
To recompence the wrong I've done my friend,
I'll free him from so dangerous a wife.

Enter LOVELY.

Lo. The lady gone, before she has her puppy ?
Dear Polidor ! I will be free with thee.
W'ave swom down far in night ; methinks I scent
The coast of sleep, a vapour comes that way.
I think w'are on the borders of the morning.

Go home and sleep, if envy will permit thee ;
 For I will play the epicure to-night :
 My wife and I will be exceeding wanton.
 I'll have ten tapers burning o'er my pillow,
 To give us both full sight of all our features.
 My luxury will consist in curiosity.
 My eyes shall wander o'er her face to spy
 If, when I kiss her, she's entranc'd with joy.

Pol. Lovely, I'll shew I am more fond of thee
 Than of myself ; for, to be true to thee
 I will betray myself, nman myself.
 For he, who when a beauteous lady favours him,
 Rejects her love, and treacherously informs,
 Does not deserve to be esteem'd a man.
 But I have first sworn loyalty to thee,
 Therefore I can, with less reluctancy,
 Throw off allegiance to thy charming lady,
 And own she is not what she ought to be.

Lo. I am the miserablest man on earth !
 I will first murder her, and then myself.

Pol. How, murder her ? you shall first murder
 me.

I've suffer'd you to make me more a villain,
 Than e'er I thought there cou'd be stuff found in
 me

For that base work ; and shall I let you make me
 A murderer too ? for if you take her life
 For what I've told, I'm guilty of her blood.
 And will I be your vile eternal tool,
 And join in sacrificing such a goddess
 To such a beast as thou ? I'll rather victim
 A hecatomb of such as thou to her.

Lo. Well, I will suffer these provoking words,
 Because I've given too much occasion for them.
 I had a hand too, in corrupting her.
 Shou'd I chastise you both, for bringing forth
 The monsters, which I help'd to generate,

I shou'd be worse than any wolf or bear ;
 I spare you both, in reverence to myself,
 But I will never see her face again.

Pol. What have I done ? Curse on all lewd
 intrigues !

When we give up our reason to our lusts,
 It is no wonder if we act like beasts.
 Oh ! what a damn'd barbarian have I been
 To this too fair frail vessel. I first plunder'd her,
 Then dash'd her all in pieces on a rock ;
 Because I cannot get all that I would desire.
 But I'll endeavour to piece up the wreck ;
 And then impose her on this odious fool,
 Put him aboard, then let him sink or swim.—

[*Aside.*

Lovely, I'd part with my right hand to cuckold thee,
 Enjoy thy beauteous wife, and sweet revenge,
 For the return thou mak'st my foolish friendship.

Lo. Since thou hast got her soul, I'd have thee
 cuckold me

To damn her soul.

Pol. I take thee at thy word ;
 Go out, and give me opportunity
 To play my game of love out, if thou dar'st.

Lo. I'll not go out but I'll pretend to do't,
 And only stand conceal'd, and see my lot ;
 If she be lewd, take her ! I'll thank thee for't.

Pol. As I wou'd have it. (*Aside.*) Come, it is
 a bargain.

Go, tell your wife you go abroad.

Lo. I will.

Pol. And I meanwhile will whisper Lionell.

[*Aside.*

Lo. Shou'd lotteries have no other stakes than
 whores,
 The lucky lots wou'd to the losers rise,
 And they be curst, who carry off the prize. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. *Scene continues.**Enter* MRS LOVELY.

Mrs. Lo. My husband gone abroad at this late hour,
 And in disorder too ? what shou'd it mean ?
 I'm terribly afraid I am discover'd.
 In what a horrid slavery am I !
 How many do I fear, and must obey,
 Or suffer shame, which I hate more than death :
 I'll drive the painful thoughts out o' my mind.
 Who's there ?

Enter a SERVANT.

Go, bid my maid sing the new song.—

THE SONG.

See ! where repenting Celia lyes,
 With blushing cheeks, and downcast eyes,
 Bemoaning, in a mournful shade,
 The ruins in her heart and fame,
 Which sinful love has made.
 Oh ! let thy tears, fair Celia, flow !
 For that Cœlestial, wondrous dew,
 More graces on thee will bestow,
 Than all my dresses, and thy arts cou'd do.

Ye nymphs who oft to springs repair,
 For beauty, health, and airs and air,
 But lose more beauty than you gain ;
 You cleanse your skins, but there too oft
 Your fames you deeply stain.
 Ah ! nymphs, with tears, your faults bemoan,
 If you wou'd lasting beauty share ;
 Those springs and wells, and those alone,
 In spite of age and death, will make you fair.

Enter LIONELL.

Lio. Oh ! madam ! madam ! I've ill news for you ;
You have been tamp'ring with a barbarous fellow.
What d'ye think Mr. Polidor has done ?
Highly enrag'd because you hid Squire Thorneback,
He has been blabbing : he has told my master.

Mrs. Lo. What has he told him ?—

Lio. Nay, nay, be not frightened,
For as his tongue was prancing to the devil,
He rein'd it in, and only told my master,
He made love to you, and you lent an ear.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! villain ! vain, ungrateful, loose-tongu'd villain !

Lio. Nay, nay, be comforted, all will be well :
For Mr. Polidor repents his rashness,
And has contriv'd to do you good by it.

Mrs. Lo. 'Twill do me good, I'll never intrigue more.

Lio. You know my master has pretended business

Abroad to-night ; that's nothing but a trick
Agreed between 'em ; he's to stay and watch,
And see how you treat Mr Polidor.
And Mr Polidor desires you, Madam,
To use him scurvily, and then you'll set
All right again ; and bravely fop my master.

Mrs Lo. Nay, I believe we may delude my husband,
But who can rule Polidor's prating tongue ?

Lio. Nay, men are lying, bragging, prating things.

Mrs Lo. Their chiefest luxury consists in bragging.

They take more pleasure to enjoy a beauty
In empty bragging, than in their embraces.
My story will soon fly like powder fir'd,

And shake the town with laughing at my shame.
 I'll to some distant unknown wilderness,
 Where never any day or man appear'd.
 Pathos and washes were my study once ;
 Now penitential tears shall be my wash,
 Where I will bathe my soul and whiten it,
 If I have one ; for I can scarce believe
 Heaven to a woman wou'd entrust a soul.
 Nature to our frail sex is not a friend ;
 She for our ruin gifts on us bestows,
 Charms to allure, no power to oppose.
 In passion we are strong, in reason weak,
 Constant alone to error and mistake ;
 In virtue feign'd, in vanity sincere,
 Witty in sin, and for damnation fair.

[Exeunt Mrs Lovely and Lionell.]

Enter LOVELY and POLIDOR.

Lo. Methinks this woman shou'd not be false to me.
 I love not vanity, but I am forc'd on't—
 What can she ask in man which I have not ?
 I've youth.

Pol. Too much, it makes thee over fond.

Lo. I've vigour.

Pol. Everywhere, but in thy head.

Lo. I've wit.

Pol. And folly too, a needful thing.

Lo. So 'tis in him, who means to please a
 woman ;

And I have folly, or I ne'er had married.
 I've beauty.

Pol. Th' art th' Adonis of the age.

Lo. The Orpheus too ! I sing.

Pol. Ay, and in tune ;

Which many cannot do, who live by singing.

Lo. And in my own songs, I sing ; for I write
 songs.

Pol. And sense ; a thing not done by many poets ;
Some of them write but rhyme ; dry rhyme,—so dry,
If they were not supplied some other way,
Their Helicon wou'd never make them drink.

Lo. Then I have noble birth and a large fortune.

Pol. Not on thy forehead—I hope—see, Lionell
Is here, retire ! retire !— [*Exit Lovely and*

Enter LIONELL.

So, what's the news ? Speak softly ! your master's
Within hearing.

Lio. My lady was in a wonderful rage when I
told

Her how I had serv'd her.

Pol. Well, that I might have guess'd, without
your telling.

Lio. I was forc'd to let her fury vent itself,
before

She was capable of reason ; now's she's calm, and
Will come. [*Exit Lionell and*

Enter LOVELY.

Lo. What says Lionell ?

Pol. Your lady will come.

Lo. Then she's a strumpet, and you are a traitor.

Pol. How, Lovely ?

Lo. A traitor, I say.

Pol. Does this become you ?

Lo. D'ye mock me, sir ! what can become a
cuckold ?

Pol. I thought y'ad been of a more gentle nature.

Lo. Oh ! sir, you thought I'd ha' been ridden
patiently ;

I will y'ave rid one half of me, my wife ;

Now pray, sir, mount the other half, mount me.

Who's there ? Get Polidor his boots and spurs.

A bridle he needs none ; I ha' one i' my mouth—

I'm married with a pox !
 That any honest gentleman shou'd marry !
 Marriage is worse than Bridewell to our sex.
 Strumpets are whipp'd in Bridewell, but in marriage

Harlots are daily rods for honest men.
 I wou'd have none but malefactors marry ;
 Instead of drudging in plantations,
 I'd have 'em doom'd to stay at home and marry,
 Plough their own wives, and plant that weed,
 mankind.

Be my wife true or false, th'art a base fellow
 For undertaking such a paltry office.

Pol. 'Tis very well ; did you not beg me, sir ?

Lo. Yes, I confess ; I begg'd thee for my fool,
 Therefore I ought to be thy guardian ;
 But if thou wert any man's fool but mine,
 Hadst done this at another man's request,
 I wou'd correct thee ; swingingly correct thee.

Pol. Correct me ! I despise thee, laugh at thee,
 If I've enjoy'd thy wife, th'ast been my fool.

Lo. Enjoy'd !

Pol. Enjoy'd.

Lo. Don't say't, or think it, sir.

Pol. Release me from the ties of friendship to
 you,

And I'll both say't, and do't.—

Lo. How, do't ?

Pol. Ay, do't.—

That is, if your fair wife will give consent.

Lo. Well, if you do, 'tis but what I deserve ;
 I'm tame, not out of any fear, you know.

Pol. And I more fear to do, than suffer wrong ;
 You know it, sir.

Lo. I know you brave enough ;
 And for that reason I believe you honest.
 But she's a whore.

Pol. I hope in heaven she is.

Lo. To steal by night to you, so near her bed-chamber !

'Tis a plain introduction to her bed.

Pol. 'Tis the road to it, and gad I will jog on :
But I'm afraid she'll stop me by the way,
And only means gay faultless liberty,
In which some women love to have their swing,
And they can measure it to a hair's-breadth.

Lo. Pox o' their even hands ; I'm mad to find
A strumpet and my wife a measuring cast.
She, who will run so near the brink of sin,
If strongly push'd, is sure to tumble in.
But come let's see the end of this affair.—

[*Lo. hides.*

Enter at another door, MRS LOVELY.

Mrs. Lo. So, Mr. Polidor !

I perceive your addresses to me were serious.

Pol. Ay, believe it, madam ; most men are
serious at the bar of their judge, when their lives
are at stake. Upon your sentence my life depends.

Mrs. Lo. Is't possible ? then wou'd you rob your
friend,

Your bosom friend, of his most dear lov'd wife ?

I did not think man cou'd have been so false,

And made the assignation for a jest.

Now you indeed pursue your horrid purpose ;

I come to look upon you as a monster.

You have no honour, conscience, nor eyes :

Do you not see my husband's a young gentleman ?

One of the handsom'st men in the whole world ?

Pray, why shou'd I change him for any man ?

Lo. Oh ! rare ! oh ! rare !

[*Lovely peeps and listens.*

Mrs. Lo. Go, go, I laugh at you,

But if you ever trouble me again,

Upon my word, I will have worse revenge.

[She goes out in great rage—and Polidor shrugs, taking her words as they are meant, in a double sense.]

Lo. Dear Polidor ! my honest Polidor !
My injur'd Polidor ! forgive ! forgive me.

Pol. What Polidor de'e speak to ? not to me ?
I am a traitor ; I've abus'd your bed.

Lo. Thou art an angel, and has scatter'd joys
About my bed, transporting joys ; I'm rapt.
Not that I'd have thee pardon me too soon,
For that will spoil me, and encourage me
To play the fool again ; no, beat me, kick me—

Pol. Kick you, and cuckold you too ? no, that's
too much.

Lo. Cuckold me ? ha ! ha ! honest, poor dear
Polidor,
Th'ast suffer'd so much for thy honesty,
I almost wish that thou might'st cuckold me
For half an hour, to make thee some amends.

Pol. This I can bear from thee, but I'll renounce
Your house, ay, and your lady too, for ever.

Lo. Poor rogue ! art angry th'art come off so
blank ?

Pol. Pox o' you handsome fellows ; there's no
getting
A woman from you. I will ne'er endeavour
To cuckold a young handsome rogue again.

Lo. P'shaw ! th'art the graceful'st fellow in the
world,

And I'm the happiest—what a wife have I !
How fond she is of honour, and of me.
Ah ! how she rated thee, for what she thought
Dishonourable teachery to me.

I told you her humour ; if a brave ambition
To be admir'd and honour'd be a foible,
Gad, let me tell you, 'tis a noble foible.

Well, now I am convince'd I have her soul ;
 And the soul's all in all, the beauty in beauty.
 Tho' she has charming lips, if, when I kiss her,
 I shou'd taste only conscience, and cold duty,
 I'd as lieve kiss the common prayer book :
 Now she will fuddle me with every kiss ;
 For I shall taste the quintessence of bliss.
 Well, Polidor, I'm much indebted to thee.

Pol. Ay, more than you can pay ; by serving
 you

I am afraid I've lost my fair Camilla.

My courtship to your wife has reach'd her ear.

Lo. Oh ! you may have her upon terms of
 marriage,

I warrant you ;— but wou'd you marry her ?

Pol. With all my heart ! I'm tir'd with lewd
 intrigues,

There's more vexation in them than they're worth.

I have a mind to fix, but know not where,

Except on her ; she's a reserv'd young beauty ;

And marry her, I marry but one woman,

And th' only perfect creature of her sex.

But if I marry a vain visiting beauty,

I marry half the gossips in the town ;

I shall have them as oft as I have her,

And they will rule my house as much as she shall.

Lo. Say she brings twenty thousand pound.

Pol. What then ?

Who will she bring it to ? why, not to me !

But to her mercers and her milliners,

To India houses, and to basset tables.

And for this fortune, which I shall not share,

I must on her settle the devil and all.

But I am sure I shall not settle her ;

For every fool will have her more than I.

But if I have Camilla for a wife,

She'll lay out all my money upon me ;

And, what's far better, her sweet charming self.

Lo. Yet I believe you rather wou'd debauch her.

Pol. I have sometimes design'd to go that way,
But still I met an angel in her face,
Made me start back like Balaam's frightened ass.

Lo. Well, to requite the service thou hast done
me,

Before she sleeps, I'll try to make her thine ;
And may she prove just such a wife as mine.

[*Exeunt Lovely, Polidor.*]

Enter MRS LOVELY and LIONELL.

Mrs Lo. Oh ! what a 'scape have I had ? Lionell,
I am much beholding to thee for thy assistance in
this scurvy business.

Lio. Madam, I was bound in conscience to help
you out of a snare, into which I brought you. I
made you hide Mr Thorneback. You are clear of
all sin with him, I am sure. Ah ! wou'd you were
as free from t'other offence.

Mrs Lo. Ah ! wou'd I were, Lionell.

Lio. Really, Madam, I wonder how you cou'd do
such a thing. I protest, I'd not ha' done it, for a
thousand pound, and a thousand.

Mrs Lo. Nay, prithee, talk of it no more.

Lio. I thank Heaven, I am virtuous. He that
has me will have a virtuous wife. I know Squire
Thorneback comes with hopes to fool me out of
my virtue, and I encourage him, in hopes to draw
him into marriage ; but if my old water-wagtail
will only hop about the brinks of marriage, and
never step in, I'll drive him away. Last time he
was here, we cou'd not have opportunity to talk,
so he sent me word he'd come to-night again ; if
he does, I'll know what he means.

Mrs Lo. Do, Lionell ; 'tis pity thou shoud'st not
be well bestowed ; thou art very pretty.

Lio. Oh! Madam! you are pleas'd to say so.

Mrs Lo. Wou'd I were so handsome.

Lio. Oh! sweet Madam!

Oh! poor heart! how low she's fallen, to be a flatterer o' me. I shall be asham'd to keep her.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Lo. Come, Lionell, I'll set thy things about thee a little handsomely, against he comes; and lend thee anything o' mine. Come, thou shalt have this ring off my finger—'Twill become thy pretty hand.

[*She gives her a ring.*

Lio. Oh! good Madam!

Ah! poor soul! how humble and kind she's grown. She's strangely mended. Well, I see a little iniquity does one good sometimes.

[*Aside.*

Well, what a cully have we made my master!

How he prais'd you for seeming fond of honour,
When, Heaven knows, if you can save your own,
His may go hang. Men thunder one another,
But in our hands they're nothing. Oh! what gulls,

What coxcombs, and what cuckolds do we make 'em!

Whene'er I see a man, I laugh in's face.

Enter THORNEBACK, peeping.

Tho. Ha! with her lady? well, this is the craft of her lady, to hook in a visit to herself; for I am sure they are confidants. The lady knows I am to visit her woman. But why cannot the lady come directly to the point, and encourage me? Ladies, like their own shocks, will wheel and wheel ere they lie down in laps.—I'll appear—Dear Madam!

Mrs Lo. Thou here again! begone, thou odious fool;

I'd rather die than bear the sight of thee.

Tho. Die and be damn'd! I'm not so fond of thee.

You believe all the world's in love with you.
 I never valued you, forsooth ; I came
 After a prettier woman, Mrs Lionell,
 Whom I shall quickly make a better woman,
 For I will marry her ; and know, forsooth,
 I am by birth a peg above your husband.
 He's but an ordinary Squire, and I
 Am th' only sprig of a great noble family.
 Come, pretty rogue, I'll marry thee to-night

[*Exit Mrs Lovely.*]

Lio. Your servant, Squire ; and shall I be the
 lady
 Of a great honourable high-born Squire ?

Tho. Ay, and take place o' thy proud lady there.
 Come, dear, where shall we get a marriage jobber,
 A holy joiner to put us together ?

Lio. Here, in the house is a genteel young par-
 son,
 A kinsman o' my master's ; he'll be glad
 To do a little job o' journey-work
 For a young woman.

Tho. Come, my pretty rogue.

Lio. Come, Squire. [*Exeunt Thorneback and Lionell.*]

Enter SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK and POLIDOR.

Sir John. Dear Mr Polidor I must speak with
 you—'Tis about a young lady in this house, Madam
 Sistly ; I'm stark mad in love with her. You must
 know I once had her heart, and I have lost it ; Pox
 —I'd give a hundred pound to get it again—I can't
 sleep without it—Pox—you are great here—Gad,
 if you would help me.—Pox !—

Pol. What will you do with it, when you have
 it ? Will you marry her ?

Sir John. Marry her ! Oh, pox ! d'ye think I
 won't ? pox !
 Ay, with all my soul.

Pol. The rogue has a pretty estate, and she but a small fortune : I'll make the match.—(*Aside.*)—Well, I'll assist you in it.

Sir John. Thank you, dear Mr Polidor, I'll do you as much service with all my heart—I'll marry you to any body.

Pol. I'm much oblig'd to you, sir.

Enter CECILIA.

Sir John. Oh, gad, here she comes ! I dare not see her—

I'll run away from her ; Egad I won't—I'll stay, and,

If she be angry, I'll be as angry as she.

Pol. Madam, here's an humble servant o' yours—

Cec. I'll ha' nothing to do with him ; I can't abide him.

He makes love to every body he sees.

Sir John. Oh, pox, madam !—only in gallantry.

Pol. Hark you, madam ; he has a pretty estate.

Cec. I don't care for his estate, nor him neither. I'll ha' nobody but those that I love, and those that love me.

Sir John. And do you think I don't love you, madam ?

I love you more than I am able to express—pox !

Pol. I'll tell you how you shall express your love. The form of marriage best expresses love.

He loves, that from his heart can say those words.

Sir John. I'll marry her to-night with all my soul.

Cec. I won't have you.

Pol. Kneel, kneel, and beg.—

Sir John. I will—with all my soul. [*Kneels.*

Gad—I won't kneel—I'll be as dogged as she—

If she won't ha' me, let her chuse— [*Rises again.*

Pol. Do you see, madam ! You'll lose him—have a care.

Cec. Well, I'll forgive him ; but I could find i' my heart not to do it.

Sir John. And shall we marry ?

Cec. Yes, may be I will—may be I won't—

Sir John. I'm overjoy'd ! but hark, Mr Polidor, a word.

Now I ha' got her consent, I care for no more—
pox—

I don't care for marrying—pox !— [*Aside to Pol.*

Pol. How, not marry her, after you have promised her ?

Oh, 'twill be base.— [*Aside to Sir John.*

Sir John. Oh, right ! it will be base, I'll marry her,—pox !

Faith I've no mind—yes faith—I have—

Oh, faith, I'll marry her with all my soul—

[*Aside to Pol.*

Come, my dear soul, let's go together, dear.—

[*Exeunt Sir John and Cecilia.*

Pol. A giddy fool, how fast his brains turn round !

The fair Camilla ?

Enter CAMILLA.

Cam. How dare you be here ?

For to my knowledge you were lately banished ;
But you deserv'd severer punishment.

Pol. For taking the heart from you I once gave you ?

Madam, I will be sworn I never did.

Cam. Well, if you did, that is but petty-larceny ;
An honest jury, especially of women,
Won't value such a heart as yours at ten-pence.
But for the barbarous robbery committed
On your kind friend, I think you deserve death.

Pol. Madam, suppose I conquer'd Mrs Lovely ;
Then, Madam, see the triumph of your beauty !

I'll part with my dominion over her,
To be your vassal, by the name of husband.

Cam. Oh, sir, we are not fit for one another ;
I have no fortune, sir, and that you love ;
You've no religion, sir, and that I love.

Pol. I love to live in decency and ease,
And I've enough for that to serve us both.

Cam. I have enough for me without your help.

Pol. You are a light and ought to shine aloft ;
And I can give you a convenient rise,
Some five and twenty hundred pound a-year.

Cam. That tempts not me.

Pol. Well, though you own religion,
I do not find you are of any church.

Cam. How ? of no church ?

Pol. No, madam ; what, slight money ?
You're a dissenter from all churches, madam,
And truly you renounce your nation.
Can you pretend to be of English blood,
And will not part with anything for money ?

Cam. Nay, money is too much ador'd amongst us ;
Merit gets nothing without money here.
Well, Heaven without money may be had.

Pol. Nay, no doubt, madam, you will go to
Heaven :

But 'tis great pity you should go a-foot.

Cam. I think the foot-path is the readiest way ;
So many coaches wander, that methinks
The way appears too narrow for a coach.
I observe many of our spiritual guides,
When they're in coaches, drive another road.

Pol. Madam, 'tis true ; therefore be you my
guide,
And out of love to goodness pity me ;
Your love will charm me into piety.

Cam. Not when I am your wife ; charmers and
sorceresses

Lose all their power when they are in bonds.
I will not countenance so bad a man.

Pol. Cruel young beauty, you are to this town
Like a cold spring ; how many tender plants
Does your severity suppress and kill ?
You spoil the growth of hundreds of young sparks,
They languish, and will ne'er be perfect men.
You nip much blooming wit, we fear 'twill die,
Instead of sprouting upwards it shoots down.
And now you check my budding piety.
I wou'd and shou'd be good if you were mine ;
Virtue will then have all your charms to win me,
And sin have no temptation to corrupt me.
When I'm possest of you, I've all I wish,
But you to new temptations cast me off ;
Now if I sin, my sin be at your door.

Cum. Well, if I yield, record it in your
thoughts,
'Tis not by your estate to raise my fortune,
But to advance your virtue by my love,
For I will be no richer than I am ;
I will with you have nothing but your self.

Pol. Can I content thee ? thou shalt have me
all,
Were I ten Polidors ; and wou'd I were,
T' enjoy thee ten times more than I can now.

Enter MRS LOVELY.

Cum. Madam, I'm hither come at your com-
mand,
What is your pleasure ?

Mrs Lo. 'Tis to share in pleasure, madam.
My husband is to-night in excellent humour,
And is resolv'd upon a ball and an entertainment,
and
Desir'd me to invite you, as one of the best of my
friends.

Cam. Madam, I shall be proud to call you friend,
If you continue in that good state of mind, where
last
I left you.

Mrs Lo. Madam, I do, and shall do so, I hope.
Blest be the day when first we came acquainted.

[*Mrs Lovely makes signs of anger at Polidor.*]

Enter LOVELY.

Lo. What, quarrelling again with Polidor? Ha!
ha!

My over-virtuous dear! good to excess.
Come, he's a better man than thou believ'st.
Pardon him, I say, and let us all be happy—
My charming rogue!

Enter THORNEBACK and LIONELL.

Lio. Madam, I'm married; I am Madam Thorneback.

Mrs Lo. I'm glad on't.—Mrs Bride, I wish you joy.

Lo. So do I.

Pol. And I. [*All salute Lionell.*]

Enter CECILIA, and SIR JOHN SHITTLECOCK.

Cec. Oh! sister! I'm my Lady Shittlecock.

Sir John. And I'm King Shittlecock; King Solomon!

And here's my Queen of Sheba, who is leaving
Her habitation to see my glory.

Mrs Lo. Sister, you have made quick dispatch;
but I hear

Sir John is a gentleman of a good family and
estate;

So I am glad of your good fortune, sister.

Lo. So am I.

Cam. I wish you joy, madam. [*All salute Cecilia.*]

Sir John. Oh ! Pox ! wou'd I were unmarried ;
that Madam

Camilla is handsomer than my wife. No—pox !

Yes, pox !

No pox ! my wife is handsomer than she.

Lo. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you shall give
me

Leave to treat you, and the married couples shall
bed here.

Tho.

Sir John. } A match ! a match.

Lo. Go bid the fiddles strike up !

[*A dance.*]

Now I've all joys by me on earth desir'd :

By her I most admire, I am admir'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Dogget, who acts Thorneback.

You, gallants, your own pictures love to view,
And some, we hope, are here drawn pretty true.
Old ugly beaux, in me your selves behold,
You get young women, only by your gold ;
For women fancy nothing else that's old.
Yet your opinions of your selves are great,
No man so old to out-live self-conceit.
But you, young beaux, be not too proud and vain ;
Beaux without money, seldom women gain.
A giddy *Shittlecock*, indeed, may catch
A female fool, for nature made the match ;
Like will to like : but women that have wit,
Only good settlements, and jointures get.
And beaux, if fools, then do not get their hearts,
Though they be fools of honour, fools of parts ;
Such as you see in *Lovely*, here display'd ;
Though swinging beaux, they're swinging cuckolds
made.
And common women, every mortal knows,
Think guineas are the only tempting beaux.
They will not stake, before they draw a prize,
And they see benefitted tickets rise.
Till then, they cry—sir, I the thought abhor—
I'm not the woman which you take me for.
But when the little shining round-fac'd rogues,
Call'd guineas, peep—ah ! how a jilt colloques.
Then on her cullies she begins to sken ;
She pats their cheeks, and calls 'em—pretty men.—
Wit is,—whatever gallants you suppose,—
A needful thing, in making perfect beaux.

How to make men Pythag'ras did devise,
And women have no finger in the pyes.
Troth, from that cookery women shou'd be barr'd,
For men are very oft by women marr'd.
Beaux have sometimes a very insipid taste,
For women have the raising of the paste.
Wit, past dispute, to make a man complete,
Is one ingredient in his strange receipt.
Sirs, if much wit did not to day appear,
Forgive it ; all things now are scarce and dear ;
None more than wit. Some foreign lands complain
Of famine ; we are so supplied with grain,
Store of most kinds, 'tis said, is sent from hence ;
I doubt we cannot spare one grain o' sense.
But on our heroes now such planets smile,
Wisdom, and wit, will once more grace this isle.

FINIS.

CALIGULA.

Caligula. A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Mr Crowne. London: printed by F. Orme, for R. Wellington, at the Gate in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and sold by Percival Gilborne, at the Harrow, at the corner of Chancery-Lane, and Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys in St. Martins-Lane, near Long-Acre. 1698.

GENESTE* observes that Crowne has "been very injudicious in the choice of his subject—it was not possible to construct a good play on the story of Caligula—he was a monster of wickedness, but none of his actions were of such a nature as to produce a good effect upon the stage." Had our author attempted to frame a dramatic chronicle of the life of this execrable tyrant, the critique might have been accepted, but this was not the object of the writer. Giving the piece the name of Caligula, did not necessarily constitute him its hero. The name was used as a peg on which to hang the plot, and this has been done by Crowne with more success than might have been anticipated, when the circumstances under which the tragedy was written are taken into consideration.

In the address prefixed to this tragedy, which was printed in 1698, the author says, "I wrote this play when I was in great disorder, not in mind. For I never lov'd much any part of this world but a friend, or merit in a friend or enemy. I never sought more than the bare conveniencies of life. But want of health makes life itself an inconvenience. I have for some few years been disorder'd with a distemper, which seated itself in my head, threatened an epilepsy, and frequently took from me not only all sense, but almost all signs of life, and in my intervals I wrote this play. Therefore if it has any wit or poetry in it, I wonder how it came there."

When these painful statements, the verity of which cannot well be questioned, are considered, the wonder is not at the "indifference" of the tragedy, but that its author, during the intervals when relieved from the torture he had been enduring from the periodical returns of a disease which not only deprived him of "all sense," but all signs of life, could have been able to construct a tragedy, capable of being put upon the stage with any prospect of success.

The plot is ingeniously framed. The Asiatic Valerius

* Vol. ii. p. 123.

is the antithesis of Caligula. The former, manly, valiant, and virtuous—the latter, effeminate, cowardly, and vicious. Adhering to history, Crowne makes Cassius Cherea stab the Emperor. It would have been better had Valerius been the murderer in revenge for the violation of his wife, whereas he only plays second fiddle, entering when Caligula had previously been struck down.

The dialogue is almost entirely in rhyme, which is to be regretted, as Crowne wrote blank verse much better. It is however not deficient in harmony, and the dying scene of Julia, with which the fifth act commences, may be taken as a favourable specimen of the poetry of the drama. The Emperor is given as portrayed by Suetonius, upon whose scandalous, but we suspect tolerably correct, biography, Crowne has drawn largely. Niebuhr speaks somewhat disparagingly of the style of composition and want of arrangement of this Roman author, but does not venture to deny the truth of what he advances.

Valerius Asiaticus, his wife Julia, Philo, Pastor, Lepidus, and Salome are indebted to Crowne for their ephemeral existence. Cassius Cherea is a reality, and so is Cæsonia the wife of Caligula, whose unhappy end Crowne judiciously suppresses. As the chapter in Suetonius after the death of the Emperor is short, the reader may not be disinclined to have the exact words:—

“Vixit annis viginti novem; imperavit triennio et decem mensibus, diebusque octo. Cadaver ejus clam in hortos Lamianos asportatum, et tumultuario rogo semiambustum levi cespite obrutum est: postea per sorores ab exsilio reversas erutum, crematum, sepultumque. Satis constat, prius quam id fieret, hortorum custodes umbris inquietatos: in ea quoque domo, in qua occubuerit, nullam noctem sine aliquo terrore transactam, donec ipsa domus incendio consumpta sit. Perit una et uxor Cæsonia, gladio a Centurione confossa et filia parieti illisa.”* Josephus says that the death of the Empress was by order of (Cassius) Cherea, who despatched Julius Lupus, one of the tribunes for that purpose, by whom the mother and her child were murdered.

Warned by the absence of success in the three spectres

* Suetonius Pitisci. Tom. i., Fol. 626. Leovardiae, 1714.

introduced in Darius, Crowne, although he had the positive assurance of Suetonius (*satis constat*) of the ghostly appearances in the Laminian Gardens,—the nocturnal terrors of the Royal residence, did not venture to use them. This legend shews the antiquity of the superstitious belief which has come down to modern times, that the spirit of a murdered person could not find rest until the body was interred according to religious rites. The body of Caligula was only half cremated and hastily buried, but it was not until his sisters returned to Rome that his remains were disinterred, burnt, and the funereal urn, in which his ashes were deposited, had been ceremoniously laid in the earth, that his spirit was appeased, and ceased to frighten the keepers of the gardens.

Geneste supposes the tragedy was printed without the *Dramatis Personæ*, and refers to two copies he had seen in that state; but he is in error, as the one in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, as well as that used for this republication, have the persons of the drama and their representatives placed at the end, to enable, it is presumed, Richard Wellington, the publisher, to give upon the back of it a catalogue of “the books” lately printed by him. So anxious was the enterprising bookseller to communicate to the readers of the play his professional labours, that below the imprint on the title page itself, he calls their attention to four additional works then recently published.

The assumption of Geneste that the career of Caligula was not suited for the purposes of the drama has been disproved within the last twenty years in Germany, where a tragedy was brought out with the greatest success at the Theatre Royal of Vienna, bearing the title of the Gladiator of Ravenna, in which the Emperor is the pivot upon which the plot turns. It was originally presented to the public anonymously, and, after its great popularity, was claimed by two persons, neither of whom now appear to have been the true author, as it has been included in the dramatic works of Frederic Halm, one of whose plays has been represented on the English stage under the name of Ingomar.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1837, there is an

admirable critique upon the "Gladiator," a perusal of which cannot fail to afford much pleasure to the reader. But the critic, in addition to his lucid and just remarks in prose, has been induced to translate, in the most harmonious blank verse, several passages of the original so admirably, that we feel grieved when they terminate.

One scene in which Caligula, the Empress, and Court appear on the stage is admirable. The portrait of the effeminate, sensual, and cruel oppressor of the Romans is perfect, and the German author has been particularly fortunate in having had a specimen of his drama submitted to our countrymen by so competent and accomplished a translator.

In the noble earl to whom Crowne's tragedy is dedicated, it is difficult to recognize "le beau Sidney" of Grammont, the original protector of Lucy Waters, and the alleged paramour of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York.* Whatever may have been the origin of the latter allegation, there does not appear to be any foundation for it. Sidney was one of the Duke of York's bed-chamber attendants and a great favourite, but was summarily dismissed, and the cause assigned by Grammont was the partiality of the duchess for him. The duke was as great a profligate as his brother the king, and as inconstant, but more guarded in his amours. He had become tired of his wife, whose unblemished character was a reflection on his own. He was consequently desirous of getting rid of one who, to a certain extent, was a check upon his intrigues. Sidney afforded a colourable reason for substantiating his accusations, and he took advantage of the opportunity. His highness disregarded all his lady's protestations of innocence, and Sidney was discarded.

This supposition goes far to explain the extreme bitterness subsequently displayed by Sidney towards the duke when he ascended the throne as James II., and the zeal with which Sidney served the Prince of Orange during the exciting period that preceded the Revolution. The

* *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, by Count Hamilton, 3 vols. London, 1809. Crown 8vo, vol. iii., p. 46.

regard he formerly entertained for Anne Hyde was transferred to her two daughters, Mary and Anne, both of whom reposed the utmost confidence in him. With the Prince he was always a favourite.

There was another reason still stronger,—namely, the unjust execution of Algernon Sidney, but as this did not take place until after Henry Sidney had taken service with the Prince of Orange, it could not originate, although undoubtedly it must have greatly increased his aversion.

Burnet has this account of the future Lord Romney,—"Henry Sidney was a graceful man, and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, but no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure."* Dean Swift had a somewhat different opinion of the "graceful man," as he does not scruple to call him "an idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

The "adventures" were no doubt the stories already mentioned of the Duchess of York, which, if Grammont can be believed, were in general circulation at court, and, if well founded, must have led to a divorce. The duchess was not a high-born dame—a Princess of the blood-royal, whose royal relatives could have, by force of arms, vindicated her reputation—but the daughter of a lawyer, who raised himself to the position of chancellor, and, at the date of the slander, had incurred the displeasure of a faction, and was powerless. The duchess died 31st March 1671, and her father followed her in 1674. He had been an exile from 1666.

Burnet continues,—“Sidney had been sent as an envoy to Holland in the year 1674, where he entered into such particular confidences with the prince, that he had the highest measure of his trust and favour that any Englishman ever had.” This means, it is to be presumed, he was doing what he ought not to have done. “He was so apprehensive of the dangers this might cast him in, that he travelled almost a year round Italy. But new matters ripened faster: so all centred in him. But because he was lazy, and the business required an

* Burnet, vol. iii., p. 277, Oxford, 1834.

active man, who could both run about and write over long and full accounts of all matters, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnstone, whom I had found and knew to be both faithful and diligent." This individual Swift politely terms "an arrant Scotch rogne."

Sidney does not appear in a very respectable position, if the bishop is correct in his story. He is sent as an envoy to Holland by Charles, with whom he was on the best terms, and to whom he owed his allegiance; and he commences a course of intrigue, which makes him so much alarmed that he hides himself in Italy. His appointment must have been recalled, otherwise he could not have left Holland.

After the death of Charles, the bishop, thinking that affairs were not proceeding as quickly as they should, induced the Prince of Orange to entrust the management of his intrigues to the "arrant Scotch rogne" of Swift, and it appears that the Right Reverend prelate made a judicious choice. The "end justifies the means" is an adage believed to have had its origin in the north, and can be traced as far back as the murder of Cardinal Beaton. This adage may, if it is worth anything, be applied to the expulsion of James II., which arrested his insidious attempt to re-impose Popery upon his subjects, a blessing for which every Protestant ought to feel truly thankful.

Upon the accession of the Prince and Princess of Orange to the throne of England, "Henry Sidney, youngest son of Robert Sidney, the second Earl of Leicester," was, by letters patent, 9th April 1689, created Baron of Milton and Viscount Sidney of the Isle of Sheppey, and, on the 25th of April 1694, elevated to a higher dignity as Earl of Romney, in the county of Kent.

His capacity for business does not appear to have been at all great, at least such was the opinion of his Royal master, if we believe the following anecdote, which is vouched by an unimpeachable authority:—

"When Romney was made Secretary of State, the Duke of Leeds,* meeting the Earl of Dartmouth, told him that, happening to go into the king's closet soon

* The first Duke of Leeds, better known as Earl of Danby.

after the Earl of Romney had left it, the king asked him if he had seen the new secretary. The duke answered he had met no person but Lord Romney, little thinking he could be the man.

"The king told him he would laugh at his saying so, but he could not think of a proper person at present, and knew he was the only Englishman he could put in and out again without disobliging of him. The duke remarked he did not laugh before, but could not forbear when he heard he was to be at the secretary's office like a footman at a play, to keep a seat till his betters came."*

He held this office from the 26th December 1690, until his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, upon the 4th September 1692. It was about this time that he received a large grant, out of the Clancarty principality, then being parcelled out amongst the supporters of the new dynasty.

The earl, it is presumed, outlived the poet, whose health, as stated by himself in 1698, gave little hope of recovery. Nothing is indicated in any of the dedications or prefaces of his having been married, and even when summing up his misfortunes in the dedication of his last play, whilst deploring the loss of his American estate, he does not include amongst his many miseries a wife and family, whom he was unable to maintain. From his dramatic writings nothing can be gathered to shew that he considered matrimony one of the great blessings of life. His last patron never married, so that when he died, upon the 4th of April 1701, his earldom, viscounty, and barony became extinct.

Downes, in his list, thus mentions another play of our author, which, not having been printed, and no account remaining of the existence of the manuscript, the Editors have been unable to include in these volumes:—

"Justice Busy, a comedy, wrote by Mr Crown; 'twas well acted, yet proved not a living play. However, Mrs Bracegirdle, by a potent and magnetic charm, in performing a song in't, caus'd the stones of the street to fly in the men's faces."

* Burnet's History of his own Time, Oxford edition, 1833. Vol. iv., p. 8.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY EARL OF RUMNEY, Master-General of the
Ordnance, Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports,
Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber,
and one of the Lords of His Majesty's most
Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

MY LORD,—An address of this kind, from a man so idle and unusefull as I am, is at all times unseasonable; to a person, whom the wisdom o' the king, and the good fortune o' the kingdom, employ in so many great affairs, as take up your lordship's hours. But it can never be more out of time, than now; when your lordship is in sorrow for the loss of your brother, the late great Earl of Leicester. Who mourns not, that knew him? All that knew him, lov'd him, if they lov'd mankind; for, a greater example of humanity, the world, I believe, has seldom found. All honour'd him, that knew him, if they valued truth and wisdom; so much good sense fell from him, in his common conversation, that none convers'd with him but were both entertained and improved, if they were capable of it. And, no doubt, many great men were the greater for his acquaintance; and thus, tho' in a private life, he influenced the publick, and the whole kingdom was the better for him. Some survive themselves, and their understandings die before 'em. His mind retained its wonderful vigour to the last. He was pleasant to all, when years and pains had taken all pleasure from him, but what he found in doing good of his bounty, I have often shar'd, and

so have many more. And I was always extremely proud of any marks of favour from such an impartial and discerning judge. I could dwell on so pleasing a subject as the extraordinary qualities of this great nobleman ; but since Providence has taken him from the world, to number up his deserts and virtues were but to set before your lordship your losses, and the misfortunes of the kingdom. Now I am entering on another copious subject ; what does this kingdom owe your lordship ? you have been in several reigns, one of the greatest ornaments of England ; but you have of late been one of its fortunate preservers : your lordship was an eminent instrument in this revolution, which has been so happy to England, and the greatest part of Europe. Had not this change been, almost all Europe had been overrun by France ; England, for certain, had lost its rights, liberties, and religion, and perhaps been no more a kingdom, but a province to France, a vassal to vassals, and for all its wealth had nothing but a wafer. What could have stop'd that inundation of power which was rolling on, and swelling as it roll'd, delug'd many parts of Europe, and threatened all ? What could a formidable fleet and army, almost innumerable, have ask'd of a few divided counsellors, at White-hall, which they durst have deny'd ? And what a glorious figure does England now make, in comparison of what it did some years ago ! It lay one reign becalm'd in luxury, in another fettered. In this reign it has not only freed itself, but humbled France, and protected Germany, Spain, and Holland, and appears one of the greatest powers in Christendom. How much then is owing to your lordship, by whose wisdom and courage this revolution was contriv'd and carried on ; in a reign when the

least opposition to unlimited power, was judg'd an unpardonable crime ! But, I may quit this subject, since what your lordship has done, will make a noble part of English history. In this play, I set tyranny before the eyes of the world, and the dreadful consequences of lawless and boundless power. But some would not have the world frightened with such a figure nor an image of a government profan'd, which they adore ; 'tis well for them that they worship an unknown god. If their dwellings and estates, if they have any, lay in the reach of a mighty prince, whose will is law, I believe they would be glad if they were secur'd from foreign invasions by the English seas ; and from boundless power at home by English laws. I have suffer'd severely, and therefore may be allow'd to speak. The favour, or rather authority, which a mighty neighbouring kingdom had in our court some years ago, got my inheritance, which, tho' it lay in the deserts of America would have enabled me, if I cou'd have kept it, to have liv'd at my ease in these beautiful parts o' the world ; the loss of it has made England a desert to me. No wonder then if I am pleas'd with the successes of our wise and valiant king, who was born to free and do justice to oppress mankind ; and I hope, to myself. And now, I doubt not, but your lordship, who has been so instrumental in preserving and establishing the liberties of all Englishmen, will also permit a poet to enjoy poetic liberties. I mean that leave which has been long granted, of addressing to such great men as your lordship for your favour and protection. I need encouragement from others because I have none from myself. No man can have a meaner opinion of me, than I have of myself. I am oppress'd by myself, I will not say

by my modesty, for modesty is a virtue ; and modesty and boasting are inconsistent ; my fortune has long languished under an unmanly spiritless temper of mind, which makes me rather choose to suffer than give trouble to any ; nay, than to seek the favour of those who take a pleasure in obliging. A poet may very well hope for patronage from a nobleman, who is of the blood of Sir Philip Sydney. And I have found your lordship ready to assist me. Your lordship addrest to the late Queen of ever-blessed memory, in my behalf, and, by your intercession I had a large share of her princely bounty ; and, no doubt, I should have had more, if England had longer enjoy'd her. And now, my lord, I humbly beg your lordship's favour, not for this play, but myself ; at least that I may have leave thus publicly to honour myself, with the title of,—MY LORD, your Lordship's most humble and most thankful servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

I cannot blame the world for any unkindness I receive from it; I seldom make any court to it. And I have so much affected retirement and solitude, that a writing of mine, like an inscription on a wall, at Belshazzar's feast, comes from an unseen scribe. And the judgment past on Belshazzar, and my Emperor is in some measure the same: *Thou art weigh'd in the balance, and art found too light.* Many say, there is more levity in the character of this Emperor than suits with the dignity of so great a Prince, and the gravity of tragedy. But with what does the Emperor sport himself? with the honour of women, the fortune and lives of men, and the ruin of nations. And I thought there was so much good nature among mankind, that spectators would have trembled, when they saw Kings and Kingdoms forc'd to yield up their rights, religions, laws, and gods, to the lusts and frenzies of a young fantastical tyrant, and all the world at the disposal of a mad man. But an' you please, I shou'd have shewn a more beautiful figure! So I have in Valerius, and many other characters in this play. I have also beautified the Emperor's character, and all parts of the play, with as much good sense and poetry as are in any of my writings: For I will compare myself only with myself. And few of my contemporaries have pleas'd the world much more than I have done, both in tragedy and comedy. But many say the play wants plot; I confess, I think it does. I have put little more into the play than what I found taken out of History. All the characters and most of the

events in the play I have taken out of history ; and I have made as lively images of what I found there, as I believe can be done by any man. This was unknown, it seems, to a great part of my audience, therefore they condemn'd the character of Vitellius ; his flattery to the Emperor and courtship to the Empress : particularly, his begging a sandal of hers, as a reward for his services, and, when he had it, his carrying it in his bosom, and sometimes kissing it. This was a compliment he made to Messalina, the belov'd lewd wife of the Emperor Claudius. By his flattery and addresses in the reigns of three or four bloody tyrants, he kept himself not only safe and whole, but raised his fortunes to such a height, that his son Aulus Vitellius, who had not one good quality, came to be Emperor of Rome. I thought most gentlemen had more skill in history, poetry, courtship, and address to greatness than I perceive they have. But I will not further displease by contending. I confess, I wrote this play when I was under great disorder, not in mind. For I never lov'd much any part of this world, but a friend, and merit in a friend or enemy. I never sought more than the bare conveniencies of life. But want of health makes life itself an inconvenience. I have for some few years been disorder'd with a distemper, which seated itself in my head, threatned me with an epilepsy, and frequently took from me not only all sense, but almost all signs of life, and in my intervals I wrote this play. Therefore if it have any wit or poetry in it, I wonder how they came there. But many of the first rank, both for quality and understanding, have said they were pleased with it, and therefore I value it. Now I will say one word in defence of my morals.

I cannot but take notice of some lines I have

read in the preface to the Poem call'd King Arthur,* where the world is told, that all who have written before the author of the Mourning-Bride may be asham'd, since, for want of a genius, they have depended on bawdy for their success on the stage. I much commend that gentleman's design of reforming the stage from obscenity, immorality, and profaneness ; but I wish he had taken more care of his pen : I mean not in his poem. I will not quarrel with that, if it gave me cause. In my notes on a play call'd the Empress of Morocco, I call 'em mine because above three parts of four were written by me, I gave vent to more ill-nature in me than I will do again. But I am sorry that the learned author of King Arthur, who labours so commendably for virtue and morality in plays, should set an ill example, and injure truth and the reputation of his brethren. Many of my plays have been very successful, and yet clean. Sir Courtly Nice was as fortunate a comedy as has been written in this age ; and Sir Courtly is as nice and clean in his conversation as his diet and dress. And surly, though he affects ill manners in everything else, is not guilty of obscene talk. I have fallen, I confess, in other plays of mine into a worse fault. I have, in my Jerusalems, made too beautiful an image of an Atheist ; and Atheism appears too reasonable and lovely. I am sorry there should be any thing under my hand in defence of such a false, pernicious, and detestable an opinion. Some endeavour to clear me of the guilt, and would persuade the world they were written by a noble and excellent wit, the late E. of R——. But they were printed long before my Lord died his Lordship in his poem, call'd the Sessions of Poets charges me not with theft, but my scenes

* By Sir Richard Blackmore.

with dulness and want of wit, and poetry, which he wou'd not have done if they had been his own. But since there is too much Atheism in those plays, I am content they shou'd be thought not mine, or not good. I had rather have no wit, no being, than employ any part of it against him that gave it.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by MR POWELL, who acted the Emperor.

So mad a tyrant's part I act to-day,
That you will think him mad who wrote the play.
In comick humours he takes most delight,
And yet he rants in tragedy to-night,
And strives to give diversion for an hour,
With a young prince, mad with excess of power.
He had that mighty power you all desire ;
Power you all love and labour to acquire,
Some have desir'd a French invasion here,
For under them they hop'd to domineer :
But, oh ! shou'd France this nobler realm subdue,
Ev'ry dragoon wou'd be a Cæsar too.
Poor rogues, who for three-half-pence sell their
 lives,
Wou'd lord it o'er your lands, yourselves, your
 wives.
What wretched slav'ry is we shew to-day,
'Tis well you only see it in a play :
Thanks to the brave, who well deserve their pay.
Some gentle pity we have hopes to move
By the misfortunes of sweet virtuous love.
The nicest lady need not blush to-day,
At least, at what the women do or say.
Chaste all the beauties are they represent,
Their loves are conjugal or innocent.
We are young actors ; yet we hope to please
By acting love, for love with youth agrees.
You love the actors, who have pleas'd you long ;
But th' images of Love shou'd all be young.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR POWELL,	CALIGULA,	<i>Emperor of Rome.</i>
MR WILLIAMS,	VALERIUS ASIATICUS,	<i>General of the Imperial Army in Germany.</i>
MR SIMPSON,	ANNIUS MINUTIANUS,	<i>A noble Roman, married to one of the Emperor's sisters.</i>
MR MILLS,	VITELLIUS,	<i>Proconsul of Asia.</i>
MR THOMAS,	CASSIUS CHERÆA,	<i>A Tribune in the Emperor's Guard.</i>
	PASTOR,	<i>An old Roman Knight.</i>
MR EVANS,	LEPIDUS,	<i>Pastor's Son.</i>
MR DISNEY,	PHILO,	<i>A learned Jew, Ambassador from the Egyptian Jews, to the Emperor.</i>

WOMEN.

MRS KNIGHT,	CESONIA,	<i>The Emperor's beloved Wife.</i>
MRS TEMPLE,	JULIA,	<i>A young beauty, Wife to Valerius.</i>
MRS CROSS,	SALOME,	<i>Philo's Daughter.</i>
<i>Consuls, Senators, Guards, Attendants.</i>		

The SCENE, the Imperial Palace of Rome; the Time, the last hour of the Emperor's life.

CALIGULA.

ACT the First.

SCENE, the Imperial Palace in Rome.

*Enter, at several doors, VALERIUS ASIATICUS, and
ANNIUS MINUTIANUS.*

Val. A. My noble Lord Minutianus !
I'm glad to see so good a man alive,
And wonder at it ; for, as the times are,
When any good great man has a new day,
He has new life, at least a new reprieve ;
For by the Emperor he's decreed to die.

An. M. Indeed, my lord, ev'ry new day to me
Seems a new pleasing shining prodigy :
I lift my eyes with wonder at the sun,
Nor look to see him more when day is done ;
And when night comes, I am a-while afraid
I'm not alive, but in the infernal shade.

Val. A. Caesar has broke the fortunes, and the
 hearts
Of half the world ; men are but half alive.

An. M. Sometimes your lordship gives our
 hearts some hope,
But then your league with Caesar frightens us.

Val. A. Oh ! two proud men to friendship ne'er
 incline ;
You may as well two lofty mountains join.
If close in league Caesar and I appear,
It is because you do not see us near.
So when imperfectly remotely seen,

Two mountains on each other seem to lean ;
 Approach them near, you'll find them wondrous
 wide,
 Int'rest and nature do the great divide :
 Pride is a friendless vice, and foe to pride.
 I've had success in war, and got renown ;
 And Cæsar hates all glory but his own.

*Enter CASSIUS CHERÆA viewing himself in a pocket
 looking-glass.*

Why, how now, Cassius ?

Cu. Ch. My most noble lord !

Val. A. Examining thy figure in a glass ?
 That glass is a dissembler, Cassius.
 Thou wouldst not love it if it told thee truth,
 For then the shadow on that dial shewn,
 Would let thee know thy sun is going down :
 Th'art in thy fall, witness thy falling hair,
 Yet thou would'st pass for young with all the fair.
 Oh, Cassius ! thou hast wander'd far from youth,
 And thy young dress tells scandalous untruth ;
 That th'art in heart a Hector, who wou'd guess,
 Whilst th'art a wanton Paris in thy dress ;
 Paris was not accoutred with such art,
 Thy habit is a libel on thy heart.

An. M. Oh ! but a manly daring soul lurks deep
 Under this gentle lady-like outside,
 Which Cæsar takes a pleasure to deride.

Val. A. Nay, Cæsar ought to spare him, you'll
 allow,

Cæsar's grave only in his frowning brow :
 He folds his brow in frowns ; had he his will
 Basilisk like he'd with his aspect kill.
 But this fierce monarch, in unmanly dress,
 Is oft extravagant to mad excess.
 His robes, like chrystal waves, around him flow,
 At once his limbs and lusts they lewdly shew.

His only coverings, in his wild attire,
 Are blazing gems, which make him seem o' fire.
 His wrist in bracelets far outshine the stars ;
 You'd think them comets, and fear plagues and wars.

An. M. Ay, and his sandals powder'd o'er with
 gems
 Exceed in splendour regal diadems.

Val. A. They are so wondrous soft, and easy
 too,
 He feels the ground no more than if he flew.

Ca. Ch. Dresses are politics of love ; he's wise,
 And steals to hearts of ladies, through their eyes.

Val. A. Were Cassius led to die he'd die well
 dress'd,

To leave a dart in ev'ry lady's breast ;
 And to his death he'd gracefully advance,
 As if he only led a solemn dance.
 And loss of life shall grieve him more, he'll own,
 Than loss of love ; the dead are lov'd by none.

Ca. Ch. No, from dead lovers living beauties fly,
 And soon let all remembrance of them die.
 Our images for years in marble stay ;
 Our images in hearts scarce last a day.

Val. A. Well, Cassius, though you soft and frail
 appear,

Cassius is hardy, valiant, and sincere :
 Calm to a friend, a tempest to a foe,
 With his hand active, though in speech he's slow.
 He fights as if he had a thousand lives,
 But for preferment modestly he strives.
 In court he yields, in danger leads the way ;
 Wins, yet can scarce be said to gain the day.
 Of speech he's sparing, lib'ral of his blood ;
 To all, but to himself, he's just and good.

Ca. Ch. This from your lordship ? I am overpaid
 For all I've done.

Val. A. No, there are great arrears

Due to thy fortune, and thy honour both,
Injur'd by Cæsar.

Ca. Ch. I am wounded by him
In a more tender part, my conscience ;
He often forces me to ruin those,
Whom I am bound in conscience to defend.
The fortunes, nay, the flesh I'm fore'd to rend
Of those who have no faults but wealth or power ;
And thus myself I torture ev'ry hour.
For all the miseries I impose, I feel ;
And my heart bleeds when guiltless blood I spill.
Because I faintly act this cruel part,
Cæsar is pleas'd to say I want a heart,
And has my tenderness in great disdain ;
He thinks I'm not a man, because humane.

Val. A. Nay, Cæsar counts humanity a crime.
Well, Cassius, you may have redress in time.

[Several go over the stage, carrying robes and crowns.]
Behold a foolish ostentatious show
Of robes and crowns, won in the German war ;
Not by the valour of the Emperor.
He never stoops in person to subdue,
He fights by proxy, as great princes woo.
He dares not look on war ; a-while ago,
He march'd towards war, and made a noise and
show,
Which through the German woods a horror spread,
The hasty Rhine to sea more swiftly fled.
He had two armies.

Ca. Ch. No, my lord, but one.

Val. A. Yes, Cassius, I led gallant men, and
Cæsar

A flying camp of ranting concubines,
Who flam'd, and gave a lustre to the day ;
No meteors were so bright or hot as they.

Cas. Ch. Ay, but my lord, these falling stars,
'tis known,

Though bright aloft, are jellies when they're down.

Val. A. That you have often found ; now what became

Of this bravado, and attempt on fame ?
It dwindled to a farce, and foolish scene ;
For his light-horse, light concubines I mean,
With Cæsar in their head began to fly,
On the first news the enemy drew nigh.
To look on a brave foe they durst not stay,
The German trumpets blew them all away.

An. M. They have some wounds I'm told.

Val. A. In fame they have,
And scratches which the quick-set hedges gave.
Cæsar is often prancing on the road
To war, but long e'er danger is abroad.
Like a hot early spring he oft sets forth,
Not to enrich, adorn, but blast the earth ;
Whilst sweet young beauties, in their lovely May,
Like blossoms round him blow, but far more gay
And when approaching dangers rudely threat
The splendid prince, he and his buds retreat ;
He wisely keeps in war a regal state,
Makes danger from himself at distance wait,
But with stiff pride enters an empty town
His troops have won, and assumes their renown.

Ca. Ch. Second-hand glory appears somewhat bare.

Val. A. Second-hand clothes he may as proudly wear.

With all their laurels then a prince is crown'd,
Who ne'er saw fight, nor felt a noble wound.
Wounds he has had, but they were all behind,
For yet his face danger cou'd never find ;
But he'll triumph in person o'er the bold,
For victories he never durst behold.
Now in triumphal pomp he enters Rome,
Leading those chain'd he durst not overcome.

And now who dares but in a look betray
The least contempt of this illustrious day,
Sacred to th' honour of th' imperial sword,
And the vast pride of our vain-glorious lord?

An. M. You of his pride and vanity complain ;
Oh ! wou'd to heaven he were only vain.
But he has vices I abhor to name ;
They cover me with everlasting shame.
His sisters were all wonderfully fair ;
Part of that beauty I desir'd to share.
The youngest then seem'd to have ev'ry grace ;
Her beauty gave a lustre to her race.
I humbly begg'd his leave for an address,
And angry heaven curs'd me with success.
I got his sister, and let that suffice
To express all the plagues hell can devise.
By Heavens, he whor'd her on the bridal night ;
Nay, which is more, he whor'd her in my sight.

Val. A. She was his sister I may safely swear ;
No race besides affords so lewd a pair.

Enter VITELLIUS sad and drooping.

I pity this great man, in war he's brave,
In court he is a cautious fawning slave.

Cas. Ch. He views the ground with a dejected
eye.

Val. A. And with good reason he expects to
die.

An. M. For what offence ? He has ruled Syria
well,

And humbled haughty kings who durst rebel,
As fame reports.

Val. A. Court deeps but few can sound ;
Tyrants and priests in mysteries abound.
Perhaps their arts will not the light endure,
They strike most awe, like temples, when obscure.
This sad and thoughtful hero let's approach,

Try if his painful wounds will bear the touch.
 My Lord Vitellius, you seem full of care,
 And out of Asia bring a cloudy air,
 Which weighs your eye-lids down ; what shou'd it
 mean ?

Your fortunes have been smiling and serene,
 And yet you sigh as if your heart wou'd break.
Vit. My lord, I'm bruis'd, I have scarce strength
 to speak,
 I've had a fall, which makes my vitals bleed.
 I fell from heaven.

Val. That's a high fall indeed.

Vit. From Cæsar's favour. [*He bows low.*]

Val. A. Why d' ye bend so low ?

Vit. To Cæsar's image in my thoughts I bow.
 [*He always bows when he names Cæsar.*]

I honour my own thoughts when Cæsar's there,
 And when he's nam'd, I reverence the air,
 And lowly towards the awful sound incline ;
 The air is then, methinks, a holy shrine.

Val. A. Your prudent, courtly temper, I
 commend,
 But I had rather make proud monarchs bend,
 And with crown'd victims my devotions pay ;
 So I wou'd worship Cæsar ev'ry day,
 And now bring princes to adore his throne.
 Cæsar's my prince—

Vit. And God.

Val. A. well, that I own.
 To Cæsar I'll not grudge a pompous word ;
 And how he pleases he shall be ador'd. [*Shouts.*]

Vit. These shouts tell joyful news that Cæsar's
 nigh ;
 Oh ! I've his glorious person in my eye.
 His glitt'ring chariot is of beaten gold ;
 But in himself I nature's pomp behold,
 The bounteous monarch, as he rides along,

Rains silver show'rs on the admiring throng.

Cal. A. Bribes to the rabble ; that a Prince so
proud *[Aside to An. M.]*
Shou'd stoop to purchase flattery from the crowd ;
From all bold foes, but flatterers, he flies ;
Flattery is a part of his high luxuries,
And none can be too fulsome for his taste ;
Thus wit, and gold, and blood, we vainly waste.

An. M. Rome pours into the court a dazzling
crowd,
With an illustrious stream 'tis overflow'd.
I dare not shew myself in Cæsar's sight ;
My lords, farewell ! may fortune do you right. *[Ex.]*

Enter CALIGULA, CESONIA, Attendants, Guards.—
VALERIUS and VITELLIUS retire at a distance.
CASSIUS CHERÆA mingles with the Guard.

Ces. Welcome to Rome once more, my Mars, my
Jove ;
Welcome from war, to luxury and love.
Well, I am pleas'd to find they've taken care
To fill the palace with a fragrant air.

Cal. I have bestowed more odours on these
rooms,
Than wou'd, I think, perfume a thousand tombs.

Ces. Sir, why do you name tombs ?

Cal. Does it become
A heroine to startle at a tomb ?

Ces. Nay, I cou'd dwell with pleasure on the
graves
Of Cæsar's foes, or his rebellious slaves.
I've a nice nostril, with rich perfumes fed,
The least offensive vapour strikes me dead,
I can endure no sweets but what excel ;
Yet of dead enemies I like the smell.

Cal. Well, if dead enemies can entertain,

Thou hast been gratify'd this last campaign.

[*Val. comes forward, and bows low.*]

What wou'd you have Valerius ?

Val. A. What you please ;

I am attending, sir, on your decrees.

[*Vit. comes forward, bows low, then covers his head and face with his robe, turns round, then prostrates himself on the ground.*]

Vit. Cæsar, victorious, gracious, pious, wise,
The noblest pleasure of our thoughts and eyes ;
Scourge of the proud, relief of all the oppress'd ;
Cæsar, of gods the greatest and the best.
At Cæsar's feet I humbly prostrate lie,
To live his vassal, or his victim die.
But I wou'd live, if that might be allow'd,
To pay those off'rings I've to Cæsar vow'd ;
Those divine honours are to Cæsar due,
The only god that stoops to human view.

Ces. Sir, in no mortal all perfections dwell,
They've both been faulty, but they've both done well.
That lord in Germany has battles won ;

[*Pointing to Val.*]

This made the Parthian King leave Babylon,

[*Pointing to Vit.*]

Cross his Euphrates, and his swelling pride,
To pay those honours he till then denied,
Cæsar's divine protection to implore,
His eagles and his images adore.

Vit. Madam, the glory wholly I disclaim,
To Cæsar's divine genius be the fame.

Ces. Let them once more in Cæsar's favour rise,
For all that honour him I highly prize.

Cal. Thy will is irresistible, like fate ;
What makes me love thee at so mad a rate ?
Live both in the commands you had before ;
Now is there any thing you wou'd have more ?

[*Vit. rises and bows low.*]

Vit. To kiss your sacred feet we beg your leave.

[*Cal. offers his foot with scorn.*

With humble thanks the bounty we receive.

Val. A. We must give thanks for such affronts
as these ;

And proudly humbling us below our knees. [*Aside.*

[*Both kiss the Emperor's sandal.*

Vit. Oh ! how the world is with an Emp'r'r
blest ;

May I presume to make one more request ?

Cal. What is it ? speak !

Vit. The honour, sir, to kiss

Th' Empress's sandal ;—but 'tis too much bliss.

Alas ! I am afraid, I've been too bold.

Cal. Lucius, your lips are common, I am told ;

Of to the sandals of the fair you bend,

And to your joys from those low stairs ascend.

Vit. Light, sir, is common, so is vital air,

And often kiss the sandals of the fair.

Cal. Well, Lucius, I am in good humour now,

And the great honour you have begg'd bestow.

Let them adore you, madam, at your feet.

Vit. Oh ! bounteous prince !

Oh ! Empress ! heavenly sweet.

[*He kisses the Empress's sandal ; so does Val.*

Cal. Come, you wou'd try my bounty once
again ;

Speak boldly, man, I'm in the giving vein.

Vit. I'd beg the shell of that delicious fruit,

A sandal sweetened by that beauteous foot.

Cal. Go fetch him one with speed. [*Exit a lady.*

Vit. Transporting joy !

For such a gracious god, who would not die ?

[*The lady enters, and gives Vit. a sandal.*

Oh ! 'twill recal my youth, perfume my breath,

Restore my health when I am sick to death.

Nay, when I'm dead, make life in me return ;

I shall, to kiss it, leap out of my urn.

Cal. I once look'd round me as I pass'd along,
And near me I observ'd a mutt'ring throng,
And in their looks saw discontent appear,
Which grudg'd my pomp, as if it cost too dear.
Do not they know, that Cæsar cannot brook
The least offence, but in a word or look?
They who will live, must not with Cæsar strive,
Or dare to let me know they are alive,
Till my commands enliven, and inspire,
And warm their bosoms, like Promethian fire.
Rome to amazing insolence is grown ;
No doubt, one spirit runs through all the town.
Since Rome has but one proud rebellious soul,
Which dares presume my pleasures to control,
And in my pomp give me a secret check,
Wou'd to the gods all Rome had but one neck,
That I might cut off millions at a blow ;
Cheræa, fling 'em to my lions, go.

Cas. C. Whom shall I fling ?

Cal. The rogues I nam'd of late ;
I'll silence villains who presume to prate.

Cas. C. Sir, on my knees —

Cal. I know thou art afraid ;
Fear not the stubborn rogues, thou shalt have aid.
Besides they are in fetters.

Cas. C. So am I.

Sir, from arm'd enemies I wou'd not fly ;
But from obeying such severe commands,
Humanity and pity bind my hands.

Cal. Hast thou humanity, thou fearful slave ?
No, thou art not a man, because not brave.

Val. A. Sir, I have found him brave.

Cal. So have not I,
The coward dares not see another die ;
When I have fore'd him to strike off a head,
The executed wretch look'd not so dead.

Begone!

[*Exit Cassius Ch.*]

Val. A. Forgive me, sir, if I am bold,
And the dark thoughts of mutt'ring Rome unfold.
Sir, you engage in wars, which cost you dear ;
But, sir, no reasons for those wars appear.

Cal. Must I give reasons, sir, for my decrees ?
I may do what I please, with whom I please.
Perhaps I burn proud towns, and slaughter men,
Only to please my humour, sir,—what then ?
When wild convulsions divide streams from springs,
Roll hills o'er hills, the rabble o'er their kings ;
Lift commonwealths to realms, sink realms to
states ;

What are all these, but gambols of the fates ?

But to eternal glory I address

In all my wars, with infinite success.

I, for my glory, seize on regal crowns ;

To make my glory blaze, burn wealthy towns.

The gods for glory, worlds from chaos won ;

The gods for glory, kindled up the sun,

And set that noble part of heaven o' fire ;

I'm hourly urg'd by such divine desire.

Ces. Inglorious princes are but half alive,

And want a sense worth all the other five.

Val. A. The pris'ners, sir, whom you have
doom'd to bleed,

Have begg'd of me that I would intercede.

Sir, with appeals to Heav'n, they all declare

They mutter'd nothing, but a loyal prayer

For blessings on your person and your crown,

And admiration of your great renown.

Cal. Am I delighted with a fool's applause ?

No more, by Jove, than were I prais'd by daws.

Val. A. Sir, these men's lives are below your
regard,

They've sent petitions, sir ; shall they be heard ?

Cal. Ay,—sing 'em.

Val. A. Sing 'em? I've no skill in song ;
I ne'er so idly, sir, employ my tongue.

Ces. Then were I Cæsar I would have no ear ;
I wou'd no troublesome petitions hear,
Unless sung to me with harmonious airs.

Cal. Priests sing, and make an opera of their
prayers.

Val. A. Sir, one thing more, I'm told by com-
mon fame,
From empty bowels many murmurs came.
The last campaign trod all our harvests down ;
And all the horses, in, or near the town,
You press'd, to bring th' imperial treasure home ;
Therefore the farmers cannot furnish Rome,
With what supplies they're able to afford ;
And here our granaries are all devour'd.
And thus, sir, by your wars you grind mankind ;
But you will let 'em have no corn to grind.

Cal. Damn 'em, they're over-fed ; the muttering
sounds
Came from full bowels ; luxury abounds.
War destroys men, but luxury mankind ;
At once corrupts the body, and the mind.
And thus, a just revenge poor brutes receive
Who die for rogues that deserve not to live.
Rich knaves will engross corn to raise the price,
And starve mankind, to feed their avarice.
For harmless injur'd beasts I've some remorse ;
But my chief care is for my fav'rite horse.
That animal is full of noble fire ;
Go visit him, and how he fares enquire.

[*To Vit. who goes out.*]

Ces. Heaven! how we spoil the pleasure o' the
day.

Cal. 'Tis true, my love, but we will soon be gay.
The falls of nations, which fill cowards with fears,
Shall but like water falls delight our ears ;

And murm'ring subjects shall, like purling streams,
But lull us deeper in our pleasing dreams.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II.

Enter CALIGULA, CESONIA, Guards and Attendants.

Cal. Ware deep in winter, yet methinks the air
Has an unnat'ral heat, I cannot bear.

Ces. Cæsar's swift marches have inflam'd his
veins ;

He drives with all the spirit that he reigns.

I wonder not you left me far behind,

Methought your fiery steeds outran the wind ;

Winds lost their breath in giving Cæsar chase :

His speed seem'd more a rapture than a race.

When a high mountain shew'd him to my eye,

I fear'd some goddess snatch'd him to the sky ;

Then from my seat I oft fell cold and pale,

Till I beheld him flaming in a vale,

Saw his bright chariot and his glitt'ring train,

Flying like blazing meteors o'er the plain.

His dazzling chariot, though a pond'rous mass

Of solid gold, scarce bent the tender grass.

I'm apt to think there can no prints be found

Where Cæsar drove, his steeds scarce touch'd the
ground :

No, sir, provok'd by their own fire and you,

They ran, rag'd, foam'd ; I thought in clouds you
flew.

Cal. I love intemperance in all I do.

All speed to me but drowsy sloth appears,

I thought I linger'd on the road for years,

And my dull horses did not run, but creep ;

I'd have sprung hither at one lofty leap.

Had I my will, I wou'd range lands and seas
As swift as thought ; think and be where I please.
The very minute I begin my flight,
I'd pierce all regions, at a start, like light.

Ces. You'd range all lands, new beauties to sub-
due,

For your desires the world has not enow :
And, without toil, you'd give a beauty chace,
You wou'd but think, think in her embrace.

Cal. We call men constant, when they're dull
and tame ;

Thus imperfection gets a noble name.
I have a heat which never can be cool'd ;
A spirit in me which can ne'er be rul'd ;
It rages whilst 'tis in my bosom pent,
Nor can a thousand beauties give it vent.
When I am deluging your arms with bliss,
You never think me guilty of excess.
Egypt is not more pleas'd with flowing Nile ;
But if I rove to others arms awhile,
Of my intemp'rance you complain aloud ;
Though it be but a momentary flood,
You think you have a dreadful dearth in view ;
Madam, was Cæsar only made for you ?

Ces. Jove had, no doubt, intentions more divine,
But Cæsar will not be a moment mine.

My heart in Cæsar lives, to Cæsar grows ;
Therefore I never have an hour's repose.
Repose ? His many wand'rings tear my veins,
And give me wounds which have tormenting pains.

Cal. You love an Emperor, that I'll not deny ;
Who, but a Cæsar, can your heart supply
With all the pleasure, wealth, and pow'r it craves ?
Now you have Queens for your domestic slaves,
And all delights that nature yields in call ;
Were there more Emprors you wou'd love them all.

Ces. No, sir, of all men, Emprors wou'd I shun,

They are mysterious, understood by none.
 But this I know, what are so much above
 All Kings on earth, 'tis arrogance to love ;
 And, to my sorrow, I have found it vain,
 For having all things, all things they disdain.
 Cæsar is pleas'd with beauty, whilst 'tis new,
 And the next hour thinks it not worth his view.
 Awhile I'm graceful in the Emp'rour's thoughts,
 And the next moment seem all over faults.
 Now I've all beauties, then I've all decays ;
 Now sudden starts of joy, then sharp always.
 Now I'm in luxury, and then in tears,
 And always shaken with confounding fears.

Cal. Oh ! my Cesonia, prithee have a care,
 Impose not on me more than I can bear.
 This neck is soft, so is not Cæsar's heart ;
 This head and neck how easily can I part.
 But though in Cæsar thou hast no delight,
 To thy fair self thou art a pleasing sight ;
 And by all eyes thou art with wonder seen :
 Oh ! I am loth to stain so white a skin.
 'Tis pity so much beauty should be lost,
 Thou wilt not be so lovely when a ghost.

Ces. I find I'm pleasing still in Cæsar's eye,
 And therefore now I'm very loth to die ;
 No joys in the most sweet Elizian grove—
 Can equal the remains of Cæsar's love.
 With pomp and power I am pleas'd, I own ;
 But Cæsar far outshines his glorious throne.
 Were Cæsar but my equal, were he lower,
 Had but that graceful person, and no more,
 From all mankind to Cæsar's arms I'd fly,
 And think no goddess is so blest as I.

Cal. Oh ! thou art made exactly to my mind,
 Fair to perfection, fond tho' I'm unkind.
 Faithful thou art as the severely chaste,
 And yet as Venus wanton, when embrac'd.

I have a thousand Venuses in thee ;
 Once more I love thee to a mad degree.
 New beauties for a moment snatch my eyes,
 And entertain me whilst they're novelties.

Ces. Cæsar will oft abandon me I know,
 But one hour's love will rich amends bestow.
 I am luxurious, freely I confess,
 But Cæsar, Cæsar is my sovereign bliss.
 From Cæsar's lips divine ambrosia flows,
 His breath in sweets excels the Syrian rose ;
 And when I have his arms I think I'm dress'd,
 The Queen of heaven has not so rich a vest.
 In Cæsar's arms in extacies I lie,
 Like a mad prophetess, entranc'd with joy ;
 Whilst a god fills me all my spirits fly.

Cal. No, my Cesonia, I must do thee right,
 Thy spirit gives a life to my delight ;
 A livelier beauty Cæsar ne'er enjoy'd,
 Thou hast more life than all thy sex employ'd.

Ces. Now I am compos'd, and fit for great affairs,
 Your glory must awhile employ my cares.

Enter VALERIUS ASIATICUS, LUCIUS VITELLIUS.

Oh ! come my lord, tho' in this last campaign
 You gave us too much reason to complain,
 Your service for your faults make great amends ;
 And I rank you among the Emperor's friends.

Cal. Th'art proud, and therefore I think Cæsar's
 friend,—
 Thy haughty heart can to an Emp'rour bend ;
 My powers by Jove and nature were bestow'd,
 By serving me thou serv'st an earthly god.
 Oft senators are of ignoble blood,
 And all their pow'rs the offspring of the crowd ;
 Can thy proud heart endure those men shou'd reign,
 Whom thou wou'dst scarce admit into thy train ?
 Will one so brave by cowards be controll'd ?

And one so rich, let bankrupts rule his gold ?
 So wise, to blockheads for advice repair,
 In all the great affairs of peace and war ;
 Depend on the result of empty prate,
 And account fools the oracles of State.

Val. A. I wou'd not be a slave to slaves, 'tis true ;

Our senators are solemn slaves to you.
 If I must serve, on Cæsar I'd depend ;
 For as the ladies, who on Queens attend,
 Are by the world Ladies of honour styl'd,
 Tho' of their honour they have been beguil'd.
 So, sir, if honour can to slaves be due,
 They're slaves of honour who are slaves to you.

L. Vit. Spoke like a nobleman, and man o' sense ;
 'Tis an illustrious thing to serve a Prince
 So great, so glorious, so renown'd, so wise !
 What vassal wou'd not such a glory prize ?

Val. A. When he has Cæsar's favour in pursuit,
 He'll lick the dust beneath the tyrant's foot. [*Aside.*
 Cæsar's a god, and Cæsar says I'm proud ;
 A god knows all the secrets of our blood.
 Therefore, no doubt, I'm ostentatious, vain :
 The characters he gives me I'll maintain ;
 I will be proudly faithful to my trust,
 To all mankind I will be proudly just :
 All danger, sir, I'll haughtily despise,
 To serve you boldly fight, boldly advise.
 Your service to your pleasure I'll prefer,
 And boldly stop you if I think you err.

Cal. Stop me ?

Val. A. By counsel, tho' it cost my head ;
 Even by yourself I will not be misled.

Cal. Will I be judg'd and govern'd by my slaves ?

Val. A. I'll judge, and, if I can, I'll rule your knaves.

I'll offer and I'll suffer no abuse,
 Because I'm proud ; pride is of mighty use.
 The affectation of a pompous name
 Has oft set wits and heroes in a flame ;
 Volumes, and buildings, and dominions wide,
 Are oft the noble monuments of pride.

Cal. Then I'm your lofty building ? Have a care,
 This from no other man on earth I'd bear.
 Thou rul'st thy Emperor, I know not how ;
 More than thou dar'st demand I dare bestow,
 Have all a vassal can from pow'r derive,
 Tho' th'art the boldest, proudest man alive.

Val. A. All this I durst not have presum'd to
 crave ;
 My thanks I'll on your foes in wounds engrave.

Ces. In serving Cæsar rich rewards proceed
 From the mere conscience of the noble deed ;
 But yet is Cæsar so divinely good,
 He over-pays his warriors for their blood.
 I'm sure, my lord, your recompense is great,

[*To Val. A.*
 You've rubies for your blood, and pearls for sweat ;
 Y'ave provinces for all the fields y'ave won,
 And realms for all the Kings you have undone.

L. Vit. Higher rewards than these my service
 meets,
 This province, madam, 'tis all over sweets.

[*He takes out of his bosom the Empress's sandal.*
 Here dwelt a foot, a wonder of its kind,
 And left a thousand fragancies behind.

Cal. How false are men both in their heads and
 hearts,
 And there is falsehood in all trades and arts.
 Lawyers deceive their clients by false law ;
 Priests, by false gods, keep all the world in awe.
 By their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves are
 rais'd ;

For their false wit scribblers by fools are prais'd.
Whores, by false beauty, Venuses appear ;
Hect'ring faux-braves o'er cowards domineer :
Look round the world what shall we find sincere ?

Ces. The senate, sir, attend.

Cal. Well, let them wait.

How dare you, in my ear, name what I hate ?
I'll have no guardians, I'm at age to reign ;
What my birth gave my courage shall maintain.
I will endure no partners in my throne,
I'll govern as I please, and rule alone.
Do not I trample Kings beneath my feet ?
Will Cæsar then let his own slaves be great ?
Cæsar shall be the only sovereign lord,
'And senate be a vain and useless word ;
And therefore wholly laid aside, ere long,
Amongst the rubbish of the Roman tongue.

Val. A. Then will the name of Emp'rор be
low ;

Sir, your throne stands on golden columns now,
On men who are by birth and fortune great ;
Wou'd you be King of beggars, fix your seat
On a vile dunghill, on the dirty crowd ?
This by your friends can never be allow'd.
Sir, your mistakes are your most dang'rous foes,
And for your service I'll yourself oppose,
And in the face of any danger fly ;
You have not a more faithful friend than I :
Compar'd with Cæsar's service, how I slight
Danger and death I've often shew'd in fight.

Ces. Cherish him, Cæsar.

Cal. Well, let quarrels cease ;

Th'ast a great genius both in war and peace.
But love not, if th'art one of Cæsar's friends,
A senate : for the very name offends.
But call them in, for they shall quickly know
I have a farther quarrel with them now.

Enter the Consuls and Senate.

When Caesar by a triumph honour'd Rome,
How durst you tarry sullenly at home,
As if my victories you proudly scorn'd,
Or thought them curses, and in darkness mourn'd ?

Val. A. Who dares reply ? for to this raving
Prince
What can be said that will not give offence ?

Com. The honour, sir, we humbly did implore
To fill your triumphs, to be triumph'd o'er,
To be led captives ; but we beg in vain,
Our great devotion met your high disdain. *[Aside.*

Cal. 'Tis true, I scorn all honours you bestow,
And you resent th' affront ; ha ! is it so ?

Com. That were presumptuous arrogance indeed !
Sir, with united hearts, we've all decreed
The highest honours—

Cal. How ! dare you pretend
To grant me honours ? Honour must descend.

Com. We humbly beg—

Cal. You'd beg me for a fool ;
Beg me to own you have sovereign rule :
By this decree you saucily invade
Imperial power, imperial glory shade.
Affronts from his own slaves, will Caesar bear ?
Refuse, or grant me honours, if you dare.

Com. My errors wrong the senate I perceive ;
To shew our love we humbly beg your leave.

Cal. Your love ? mankind is envious, vain, and
proud,
Love nothing that's above them, bad or good.
You hate a Prince, unless he'll tamely bear
Partners in power ; let senates have a share.
Where laws, and domineering senates reign,
Princes are slaves in purple, slaves in grain ;

Sword bearers to a many-headed lord,
 I mean the crowd, and weak upon record ;
 For ev'ry law, made by the state, implies,
 That Princes are defective, senates wise.
 Such demi-Kings have half your hearts, no more,
 While they have any share of sovereign power ;
 But if a Prince entirely quits his throne,
 He's lov'd by all, because he's fear'd by none.
 The votes of senators, tho' ne'er so great,
 Shall but like echoes my commands repeat ;
 So forests may advise and utter law.

L. Vit. The wisest monarch the sun ever saw.

Cal. Fear me, I care not how I am abhor'd,
 Your hearts I'll have ; with my imperial sword
 I'll rip 'em from your breasts, when I think good :
 In short, I'll have your duty, or your blood.
 This you all know, and therefore you'll obey ;
 Fear is the parent of all sovereign sway.

Val. A. Sir, with triumphant pomp, to court
 they've brought

Your image wrought in gold ; is that a fault ?

Cal. My image may have faults, the gold has
 none ;

'Tis th' only faultless thing below the sun.

Ces. No, Cæsar, no ; if art has done you right,
 Th' image is faultless ; bring it in my sight.
 If Cæsar's graces in the image shine,
 There is no gold on earth, so rich, so fine.
 This shining shadow I would feign behold ;
 This constant shadow fix'd in solid gold.

*Enter Priests in procession singing, carrying a golden
 image of the Emperor, attended by the Consuls
 and Senate.*

The SONG, sung by the Priests.

Hail ! mighty Prince, whose loud renown
 O'er ev'ry region flies ;

On whom with wonder gods look down,
And gaze with envious eyes.
Whom, more than hell, all nations fear,
And more than Heav'n obey ;
Who o'er-runs kingdoms ev'ry year,
With Jove has equal sway.
Who ruins realms, enriches graves,
Makes mighty Kings of humble slaves,
And slaves of mighty Kings ;
His praise, this great assembly here
With all devotion sings.

Our bloody wars are ended ;
The sword is now
But worn for show ;
And the stubborn bow unbended.
Our hours of ease and leisure,
We'll give to pomp and pleasure,
And songs in praise of Cæsar,
Who war with glory ended.
The sword is now
But worn for show ;
And the stubborn bow unbended.

Now peace begins to heal our wounds,
And all our wants repair ;
We'll plough the seas, and plough our grounds,
And plough the tempting fair.
Our lofty tow'rs shall scale the sky,
Our wealth unbounded, like our joy,
Shall fly more free than air.
Our wars are done,
And the world is won,
So now farewell to care. [Exeunt omnes.

ACT III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter VALERIUS ASIATICUS, ANNIUS MINUTIANUS.

An. M. Caesar triumphs, and is by Rome ador'd,
For battles won by your victorious sword.

Val. A. 'Tis true, to triumphs he has small pre-
tence ;

But wou'd y'ave me proudly out-brave my Prince,
And boast I won those fields he durst not see ?

This wou'd be fatal sauciness in me.

Soldiers in fight their courage shou'd display ;

They have a triumph when they win the day.

Let them be brave against the bold and great,

But humble to all those beneath their feet.

An. M. A gen'rous thought.

Val. A. In most triumphal shows,

A conqu'ring coxcomb o'er a beaten crows.

The fopp'ry in the hero then appears,

The lion's couched, the ass pricks up his ears.

Vain ostentation does too oft enslave

The learn'd, the wise, the mighty, and the brave.

The man of learning no content can reap

From all his knowledge, till he spreads the heap,

And great applause and admiration gains ;

For that poor chaff, how he will thrash his brains !

He is in throes before, but then he's eas'd ;

When he's a public fool he's highly pleas'd.

For fame vain wits take all their soaring flights ;

For fame the ostentations hero fights ;

For show, with wounds will be embroider'd o'er,

And deeply dyed in his own purple gore.

An. M. Vain ostentation deforms ev'ry grace ;

'Tis like a blister in a beauteous face.

Val. A. 'Tis hard to know whose brains have wider flaws,

They who sit rattling chains, and plaiting straws,

Or they who toil only for vain renown,

To wear in history a paper crown.

Whilst Cæsar now for a design so vain

Takes poets and historians in his train,

How like a lunatic this Prince appears,

Pleas'd because bells hang jingling at his ears !

Thus he resolves oblivion to subdue ;

Ay, and the graces of his person too,

In strong and lively colouring display'd,

And in bold images shall time invade.

For this are famous artists kept in pay,

And art brings forth dead Cæsars ev'ry day ;

You will see all our gardens and abodes,

And temples crowded with those silent gods :

And, for his likeness, he'll sit brooding long,

With all the pains birds do to hatch their young.

An. M. Well, this campaign the Emperor ventur'd far ;

I think he march'd to the frontier of war.

Val. A. Yes, and he bore some little Princes down,

Whose fall will give no sound to his renown :

Their provinces he might with ease o'er-run :

On my war-horse I could have leap'd o'er one.

An. M. Your lordship is the pillar of his throne ;

But that's a truth Cæsar disdains to own.

Val. A. I support Cæsar ! Be not so profane ;
Cæsar's a god, to him all aid is vain.

An. M. Who can that impious flattery endure !

His father was a mortal man, I'm sure.

Val. A. His godhead both from chance and nature came ;

'Tis a convention in his sacred frame

Of divine atoms ; it was not begot,
 'Twas an original and glorious lot.
 Thus his atheistic flatterers blaspheme,
 Hum'ring their hot-brain'd Emperor's waking
 dream.

Vast fortunes bred the frenzy, I confess ;
 Feeble mankind can suffer no excess ;
 Fortunes too high or low wrack human thought,
 But fortune only has not been in fault ;
 The Empress too did her assistance join,
 And often gave him filters in his wine ;
 When this proud folly first began to reign,
 Successes turn'd and drugs diseas'd his brain.

Enter CASSIUS CHERÆA.

Cassius, I'd rais'd thy fortunes by commands,
 But thou hast enemies, which hold my hands :
 Howe'er I'll raise thy honour, if I can,
 I do not know a more deserving man.

Ca. Ch. In the esteem of such a noble friend,
 My lord, I to an envied height ascend ;
 The Emperor's pleas'd to call me coward, fool,
 Because he always finds me soft and cool ;
 And always slow in shedding guiltless blood,
 Cæsar may give what titles he thinks good.
 I've many faults, but boasting is not one ;
 If anything deserving praise I've done,
 I'm not much pleas'd to hear it oft proclaim'd ;
 But yet, methinks, I'm loth to be defam'd.

Val. A. Oh, my good lord, I've in this vessel
 found
 Excellent metal, tho' it yields no sound.
 A piece of fine court-furniture, at best ;
 In war is more than man.

An. M. So I've been told.

Val. A. I've seen barbarians numerous and
 bold,

Fly from this man, like locusts from a storm ;
 Wonders in war I've seen him oft perform :
 But of rough Cassius, after a campaign,
 No marks but in his scars and wounds remain.
 Here all his time on pleasure he bestows ;
 He rises late, and rises to repose
 On a soft couch, where wine drowns all his care ;
 Or on the softer bosoms of the fair,
 Where amorous dalliance, and wanton play,
 Is all the toil in which he wastes the day.

Cas. Ch. My lord, I love all pleasure nature
 yields ;

The joys of wanton beds, and bloody fields.
 Perhaps your taste and mine may not agree ;
 Whilst I have life, I would shake all the tree :
 I'd have wine, women, music, and renown,
 And thus have all my days go sweetly down :
 I would not let one moment run to waste,
 No, nor go off, with an unpleasant taste.
 Fearful and melancholy minds prepare
 For their last hours by sacrifice and pray'r,
 Contemplate bones and skulls : but I design
 To part with life, over a glass o' wine :
 I'll fill my eyes with beauty ere they close,
 And songs shall lull me to my long repose.

Val. A. But whilst your time you eagerly be-
 stow

On the warm side of life where pleasures grow,
 Men think you not the gallant man you are,
 That all your manhood lies among the fair.

An. M. So Cæsar thinks, and tramples on his
 brow,

But Cassius does not seem to feel the blow,
 But is to admiration calm and tame ;
 And all his anger is a lambent flame.

Cas. Ch. Oh ! no, my lord, I feel the heavy
 blows,

Nor have I all the patience you suppose;
 'Tis true, I keep my painful wounds unseen,
 But wounds, when inwardly they bleed, gangreen.
 Reasons there are why I seem patient now;
 But I, one day, may let the Emperor know.
 I love not to oppress, or be oppress'd;
 But every thing is in its season best.
 Man has his hours of sleep, when he's embalm'd
 With that soft unguent, and lies all becalm'd;
 Trees have their seasons when you'd think them
 dead,

But Nature finds a time to lift her head,
 And shortly Cassius may his vigour shew,
 And make the world ring with a dreadful blow
 Shall settle regal diadems, which now
 Totter on many a trembling Prince's brow;
 But all our bonds write in Imperial gore,
 That I'm a man, and Cæsar is no more.

An. M. This sudden lofty flame has made me
 sweat;

Oh! Cassius, worthy of a name so great,
 May'st thou in fame and fortune far exceed
 The renown'd Cassins, who made Julius bleed.

Val. A. Have I not told the Emperor I'm his
 friend,

That Cæsar, against Cæsar, I'll defend?
 That, to increase his Empire and renown
 By wars, which I may honourably own,
 I'll in the face of any danger fly?
 And dost thou hope I'll give my self the lie,
 Let Cæsar's life be stol'n by base surprise,
 And own my self a villain in disguise?
 On faith and honour I have fixt my foot;
 And for that ground with Cæsar I'll dispute.
 Perhaps his favour nothing can retain,
 In my own favour I'll to death remain.

Cas. C. Does not your lordship every moment shed

Blood, guiltless blood, by guarding Cæsar's head.

Val. A. He's young and fiery, and has a brain
Diseas'd by drugs, and knaves, the dregs of men.
All the corruptions of a land repair
To courts, and fill them with unwholesome air :
A monarch with great virtue is endu'd,
If he appears but moderately good.
Cassius, your wrongs are not to me unknown,
Nor that all nations under Cæsar groan ;
But I'll to him and all mankind be just,
Protect his person and oppose his lust.
I'll try by counsel first to stop his course ;
That failing, I'll to fair and open force.
In Cæsar's faults, or yours, I'll have no share ;
Secure this Tribune, sir, with utmost care.

[Beckons to an officer of the Guard.]

*An Officer of the Guard carries off CASSIUS CHERÆA
a prisoner.*

An. M. My lord, a noble spirit you display ;
But yet, my lord, this I must boldly say,
You feel not Cæsar's faults as thousands do ;
A decent distance they have kept from you.
They have not yet approach'd your heart or head,
Nor seiz'd your fortune, or defil'd your bed.

Val. A. My bed ?

An. M. Your bed, as mine he oft has done ;
His brutal lust has oft my bed o'er-run.
On remote fires with small concern we gaze,
But we all rise when our own dwellings blaze.
Had Cæsar and your wife been kind——

Val. A. Been kind ?

No more, I sweat whene'er their names are join'd.

An. M. You wisely keep her out of Cæsar's
sight,
And in safe privacies engross delight :
You never suffer her to see the town,

And thus secure her honour and your own.

Val. A. My lord, I'd stab her, if she shou'd presume

But to look t'wards, or own she dreamt of Rome !
 Damnation ! She's in court, in this lewd court :
 I pray, my lord, for your own sake retire,
 Of my domestic troubles take no share,
 You have enow, and more than you can bear.

[*Exit An. M.*]

Enter JULIA, attended.

Why, how now, madam, am I disobey'd ?
 What has allur'd you from your secret shade
 To Rome, where ev'ry vice has open sway ;
 Revells and rages in the sight of day ?

Jul. My lord, I'm overjoy'd with your renown ;
 Spoil not my pleasure with an angry frown.
 Why do you look with such a threat'ning brow ?
 My lord, you are not in a battle now.

Val. A. I'm in worse danger, as I've cause to fear,

For you expose my life, and honour here.
 If e'er you come in ravenous Cæsar's eye,
 Your beauty 'll be devoured, and I shall die.

Jul. I'll guard my self.

Val. A. I'll not trust your defence :

I'll hurry you a hundred leagues from hence.
 Your beauty shall not flourish in report ;
 I'll furl that banner up, remote from court.
 Shall I display your tempting white and red,
 And challenge Cæsar to invade my bed :
 Provoke the proud adulterer to my couch,
 And be procurer to my own reproach ?

Jul. You have confin'd me till I wished to die :
 Th' unborn have as much joy in life as I.

Val. A. Cæsar and you I labour'd to divide ;
 But, shame and ruin, what have I denied ?

I, out of love, confin'd you to a seat,
 I do not think Elizium is so sweet.
 I kept you a luxurious court at home :
 You had the pomp, without the crimes o' Rome.
 Had reason rul'd you I had pleas'd your mind,
 But reason is no part of womankind.
 Your lusts and vanities no bounds admit,
 You're moderate in nothing but your wit.

Jul. This picture of our sex not much allures,
 Now I'll endeavour to delineate yours :
 Our follies are akin, but yours are gross,
 And ours from beauty have a pleasing gloss,
 Your fop is but our ape, he paints the face,
 And acts our fool without her charming grace.
 Both sexes vex the world with noise and prate,
 But we confound a street, and you a state ;
 Our fools but seldom write ; your sex is stor'd
 With fools, who will be coxcombs on record,
 And their impertinence through ages spread ;
 Your scolds in books wrangle alive, and dead.
 Fighting all women, and most men, abhor ;
 But women cowards have wit to keep from war.
 Your mighty tyrant Lords our beauty rules ;
 Your greatest wits are gull'd by female fools.
 I've youth, I've youth, and pleasure I'll enjoy,
 But fear me not, my birth and spirit are high,
 Rather than taint my family I'd die.

Val. A. Of Caesar's wickedness I'm most in fear,
 Madam, begone, you're in a mad-house here ;
 Not where a lunatic is held in chains,
 But where a great Imperial madman reigns.
 Who tears the world and lays all nations bare,
 And when he has enjoy'd he strips the fair :
 Of his lewd love those are triumphal shews,
 In jovial moods on fav'rites he bestows.
 The beauteous Empress I have oft by night
 Beheld all naked, like unclouded light,

Have often seen in wanton postures spread,
That brazen beauty on a golden bed.

Jul. Whatever you suppose, ere I'd be food
To brutal lust, lions shou'd drink my blood.

Val. A. Oh! madam, you have virtues that he
 slights,
And rapes and rapines are his high delights.
He loves to make all nature feel his force ;
Rivers he ravishes, and turns their course !
He levels mountains, elevates the vales,
O'er waves he rides, and over lands he sails.
Nay, he builds lofty palaces on seas ;
He scorns the pleasure he can gain with ease :
I have been hot, but no one shou'd admire
In a watch tower to see a blazing fire.
'Tis kindled up, to lend a needful light
To mariners, in dangerous dead of night :
To tell 'em land is near, they're cast away,
Unless they keep aloof to sea, till day :
For such kind ends my passion flam'd aloft,
But though my words were harsh, my heart is soft.
Now I'll no more be troublesomely wise ;
Dwell where thou wilt, with thy own heart advise,
Study thy pleasures and regard not mine ;
To my own bosom I'll my fears confine.
But of my fortunes carve thyself thy share,
I will lock nothing from thee, but my care.

Jul. This gen'rous love I never can requite ;
In pleasing you I'll place my chief delight !
Rome from this moment I renounce, abjure,
I'll not the memory of Rome endure.
Nay, in my presence, no one shall presume
To mention infamous and vicious Rome.

Val. A. Oh! if this town shou'd rightly be
 pourtray'd,
Hell must lend colours, for a dismal shade.
Climates there are, which burn the natives black,

And scorching day appears a fiery lake.
 In a more horrid climate here we dwell,
 For they are burnt by Heaven, but we by hell.
 Here bosoms oft flame with incestuous fires,
 And many sons are brethren to their sires,
 Our Emp'ror has with high-sprung bastards stor'd
 A thousand beds, and all his sisters whor'd.

Jul. Oh ! monster !

Val. A. Stay ! he drags thee to his bed,
 And then his fear and envy take my head ;
 None whom he fears will he with life entrust,
 And nothing that he likes escapes his lust.

Jul. My chariot !—I abhor a court so lewd ;
 Methinks it has a scent of lust and blood,
 And I shall sicken, if I longer stay ;
 Therefore this very minute I'll away.

Val. A. Canst thou not breathe in the same air
 with vice ?

Then thou must quit the world ; th'art over-nice.
 Well, I'll release thee from this dire abode,
 When I've an hour on some affairs bestow'd.
 Then I'll along ; I hurry thee from hence,
 Only to save thee from lewd violence ;
 Not part with beauty I so highly prize,
 But to secure thee to my arms and eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE, a magnificent part of the palace.

*Enter CALIGULA, CESONIA, VITELLIUS, Attendants,
 Guards.*

Cal. I have been building, madam, since we
 went.

Ces. A palace lofty as the firmament.
 The rooms with wondrous pleasure I behold.

Cal. And mark the doors ! the hinges are of
 gold.

Ces. If artists, sir, can for the work be found,

I'd have the doors yield an harmonious sound,
 As all the Heavens do, whene'er they move,
 And make this palace like the seat of Jove.
 Wou'd this were possible to human skill.

Cal. What is impossible to Cæsar's will?

Vit. No, Cæsar's genius exalts ev'ry mind,
 Gives a great soul to arts of ev'ry kind.

Cal. How do those gardens in thy eye appear?

Ces. The face of winter now frowns ev'rywhere.

Vit. Oh! madam! you're the favourite of a god,
 And charm'd all nature, when you came abroad;
 The rugged winter civilly withdrew,
 And the sweet spring look'd out to gaze on you.
 The zephyrs played, and threw the clouds away,
 As dancers strip to be more light and gay.

Ces. I wou'd enrich these gardens, were they
 mine,
 With rocks of diamonds, and seas of wine.
 Here tides of wine shou'd daily ebb and flow;
 The walks with golden dust and pearls I'd strew,
 And then I might suppose on stars I trod,
 As it becomes the consort of a god.

Cal. Thou shalt have all the wealth that Nature
 yields;
 These gardens shall excel the Elizian fields,
 Or the Hesperian groves, so fam'd of old,
 Where all the trees bore fruit of solid gold.
 And will that please thee? Oh! how sits the wind?
 This golden grove brings Afric to my mind.
 With much impatience I expect from thence
 An obelisk of great magnificence.

A wonder both for stature and extent;
 I've for this wonder a sea-wonder sent,
 A ship which covers half the sea and more,
 And with its burden makes the billows roar.

Vit. Sir, if the ocean can the burden bear,
 'Twill very soon be here, the winds are fair.

Cal. They say that pyramids are regal tombs
Of mighty Kings, the last retiring-rooms.
This spacious universe in war o'ercome,
And laid in ruins, shall be Cæsar's tomb.

Ces. Be Cæsar's tomb? Let me not see the hour
When he is entomb'd.

Cal. We will name tombs no more.

Ces. Their powers to me wou'd destinies resign,
Eternal shou'd be Cæsar's life and mine,
And all our days be smiling and serene;
We wou'd not know what cares or troubles mean.

Cal. Well may we love, I'm sure our souls
agree;
Then may thy life be all serenity.

And that of pleasure thou may'st have thy fill,
Command all Cæsar's power, all human skill.
Now, love, prepare for Cæsar's golden couch;
Th' images smile with hopes of thy approach.
They blaze with gold, we burn with hot desire;
There we shall all appear! nay, be o' fire.

Ces. Is the bed new? for I, when I've my
choice,
Let nothing but my Cæsar touch me twice.

Cal. It is all new, and so I think art thou;
Thou never didst appear so fair as now.

Ces. Perhaps from joy some colour I derive;
But I have drooping beauties I'd revive.
By this day's trouble I've contracted soil;
Therefore, with Cæsar's leave, I'd bathe a-while.
From water then, I'll like a Venus rise,
And in my Cæsar's arms dissolve in joys.

Cal. Water a bath for beauty so divine?

Ces. Water ennobl'd with the richest wine,
Perfumes and pearls dissolv'd.

Cal. Go, bathe an hour!

In pleasure then dissolve an Emperor.

[*Exeunt Ces. and Ladies.*]

Enter PASTOR.

How now, old splendid knight ? thy days decline,
But thou resolv'st to make thy evening shine ;
But all the lustre of thy youth and age,
Has been from buildings, train, and equipage.
How dar'st thou have th' ill manners to abstain
From war, and honour, in a warlike reign ?

Pas. In youth I serv'd in war ; sir, now I'm old,
The relic of a man.

Cal. But wrapp'd in gold.
Well, what's your bus'ness here ?

Pas. With Cæsar's leave,
From Cæsar's glory pleasure to receive.
Also to let my gracious Emp'rour know
News, which perhaps some pleasure may bestow ;
Th' Egyptian wonder is arriv'd at last.

Cal. Th' obelisk ? Where ?

Pas. 'Tis of a size so vast,
That, sir, it will let nothing else appear ;
And, I may say, 'tis almost ev'rywhere.
Sir, I believe, no province is so large
As the great ship that brought this monstrous
charge.

I was of late fore'd, on a small design,
To send to Egypt a young son o' mine ;
And in this ship he found a passage home.
Sir, a great nation might have there found room.

Cal. I'll see this vessel, and it's monstrous
freight ;

I'll go by sea : prepare my gallies straight !
Where is your son ?

Pas. Without, sir.

Cal. Call him here !

Enter LEPIDUS.

Thou venture to the sea ? I rather fear.

Thou hast been polishing thy self awhile,
 In a sweet bath of milk, and wine, and oil.
 The sea wou'd frighten one so soft as thou,
 Unless 'twas smoother than a lady's brow.
 Where blew the wind ?

Lep. In th' East, where now it blows.

Cal. You mean thro' flutes and trumpets, I suppose.

The ocean was in peace with ev'ry cloud ;
 The winds were only in wind-music loud.
 Th'ast found at sea a serene milky way,
 And to those waters went'st to dance and play,
 As ladies do to Wells, when weather's gay.
 Oh ! thou hadst rather Rome, and all the world
 Shou'd be confounded, than thy hair uncurl'd.
 Thou never wou'dst expose to rugged air,
 Rings which allure, and nets which catch the fair.

Lep. Nature, sir, gave me what I value more,
 A great devotion for my Emperor.
 Sir, in that ornament lies all my pride,
 When Cæsar pleases, any thing beside
 I can with infinite delight resign,
 In duty, only I desire to shine.

Cal. Well said !

Vit. A nobler youth I have not seen ;
 I love you, sir, our tempers are akin.

Cal. The Egyptians highly flam'd with zeal of late,
 For Cæsar's glory does their heat abate.

Lep. Cæsar——

Vit. When Cæsar's mention'd by your own,
 Or any tongue, pray, sir, bow humbly down !

Lep. Egypt with gods is plentifully stor'd,
 But divine Cæsar there is most ador'd.

[*Vit. and Lep. bow when Cæsar is nam'd.*]

Vit. Yes, Cæsar makes a glorious figure there,
 Therefore that Kingdom greatly I revere ;

And often tow'rd's that point of Heaven I bend,
Which canopies that happy holy land.

[*Vit. bows toward Egypt.*]

Lep. The Alexandrian Jews each moment feel
Dreadful effects, sir, of Egyptian zeal.

Cal. And they shall quickly feel my fury too ;
And so shall ev'ry disobedient Jew.
Their old dead priests and prophets they prefer
Above a living, new, young Jupiter ;
Cæsar, I mean.

Lep. The Egyptian Jews have sent
A noble agent, learned and eloquent.
His life is pious, and his conduct sage,
He's call'd, by some, the Plato of the age.

Cul. Let's see this second Plato !

[*Exit Lep.*]

Enter PHILO.

Welcome, sir !

You are a learned philosopher, I'm told.
Cæsar may well admit of your address,
You have to nature intimate access,
And are her minister ; you shall be heard,
For that's a character deserves regard.
She is my benefactress, I must own ;
I had from nature my Imperial crown.
Nay, more a godhead on me she bestows,
Or so it is my pleasure to suppose.
And who will plunder me of what I love ?
Thunder may easier be snatch'd from Jove.
Your nation spoils my images, will you
Assault my high imaginations too ?

Phil. To such high arrogance who dares ascend ?
Sir, with the Egyptians we alone contend :
We'll not thrust Cæsar down, among the low
Rabble of gods, to which th' Egyptians bow.
A leek in Egypt is a heavenly Lord ;

Cart loads of gods their gardens can afford.
 We'll not mix Cæsar with their herds and flocks,
 Their rams and goats ; nor yoke him with an ox ;
 Nor join him with the monsters of their Nile ;
 Nor link him with an ape, a thing most vile.
 All these are gods in the Egyptian creeds ;
 And for refusing this our nation bleeds.
 No age, no sex, the Alexandrians spare :
 Our men they murder, and they force the fair.

Cal. Jove is a Cæsar in the world above ;
 Cæsar is in this lower world a Jove.
 He thunders oft, indeed, and so do I,
 But he keeps always safe within his sky ;
 And, in my reign, quits not his lofty ground :
 He thunders now ; I do not love that sound—
 Why shou'd I shake when I hear thunder roar,
 For I've no fear ?

Vit. Antipathy, no more.
 Lions are in disorder, when they hear
 A poor cock crow ; yet lions have no fear.
Cal. These foolish qualities in men and beasts
 Are tricks of nature, and her trifling jests.
 Now will this writing knave his Prince defame,
 And with unmanly cowardice blast my name.
 Hew him to pieces, Lictors!—hold—not yet !
 How ready blockheads are to ruin wit !
 Swine shall not root in such a noble bed,
 Whence fame may spring to me when I am dead.

Vit. What divine clemency does Cæsar show !
 What say you now ? Is he a god or no ?

Cal. My galleys I will hasten to the port,
 And see the wonders that must grace the Court.

Vit. A throng of noble youths the honour
 craves

To row you, sir, and be your galley-slaves.

Cal. Well, let them row ! they'll row against the
 stream,

Men must tug hard if they get my esteem.

[*Exeunt Caligula, Vitellius, Attendants, Guards.*]

Enter LEPIDUS and SALOME.

Sul. My father lives, my devout prayers are heard !
Good angels left their Heaven to be his guard.
The tidings of your danger reach'd my ear ;
Ah, what have I endur'd from tott'ring fear ?

Lep. So much it wou'd be cruelty to tell ;
A thousand times she in deep swoonings fell.
When sense return'd grief fail'd not to revive :
Ah ! how she mourn'd because she was alive,
And blam'd us all, who forc'd her to retain
A miserable life, when you were slain,
That to deprive her, we unkindly strove,
Of happy martyrdom for filial love !

Phil. Why wert thou so amaz'd at this report ?
Is danger any news in Cæsar's Court ?
Thou knew'st we to a fiery furnace came,
This raging Prince is always in a flame.
Sleep cools not him, disturb'd by dreams he burns,
And when he wakes, his waking dream returns,
That he's a god : We pity this disease,
And worship not for gods his images,
If th' images be gods, we shou'd adore
The men that made them, they are something
more.

'Tis base-born godhead, which from man descends,
If Cæsar be a god, as he pretends,
His godhead in creation was display'd,
He needs no image but the world he made.
Well, in the shameful Alexandrian rape,
Daughter, you had the happiness to 'scape ;
But in this Court thou'rt in a dang'rous place,
And therefore, always veil thy thoughts and face.

Lep. Ay, madam, here y'are in the face of sin ;
Cæsar will force the fair he cannot win.

Sal. Oh ! you have fill'd my heart with chilling fears !

To fly from him I'd rush o'er swords and spears :
The croaks of ravens, and the shrieks of owls,
All boding sounds threat'ning departing souls,
And to the sick approaching death proclaim,
Are not so dreadful as this tyrant's name. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Room in the Court.*

Enter LEPIDUS and SALOME.

Lep. Oh, madam, I was in a dreadful fright ;
Had you appear'd in our young Emperor's sight.

Sal. Sir, I have no temptations to allure
So great a Prince, and, therefore, I'm secure.

Lep. Oh ! you've all qualities can be desir'd ;
You are by all but by yourself admir'd.
Y'are to a wonder fair, and yet not vain,
Your innocence and fame have not a stain.
Y'are humble tho' of high extraction sprung ;
Devout, and grave, and prudent, tho' [so] young.
Like all your father's works your worth is high,
With great delight perus'd by every eye.
Oh ! if kind Heaven wou'd grant my heart's request,

This work shou'd be immortal like the rest.

Sal. This charity I thankfully receive ;
But affairs call me hence, I take my leave.

Lep. Affairs ? no, madam, you are too severe ;
Why shou'd not you angels sometimes appear ?
But, angel-like, you with the Heavens converse,
And with poor mortals will have no commerce.

Sal. Sir, you oft talk to me of love.

Lep. I do ;
 And shew religion in admiring you.
 If o'er my heart your virtue had no sway,
 Ah ! what celestial law should I obey ?
 What revelation shou'd not I disdain ;
 What miracle to me not shew'd in vain ?
Sal. Till join'd in faith, our hearts, sir, must not
 join ;

Our laws, which many wonders prove divine,
 From foreign love strictly enclose our race.
 Shou'd I climb o'er those walls to your embrace,
 And boldly lay all piety aside,
 You wou'd not, sir, accept me for your bride,
 For to religion shou'd I prove untrue,
 You cou'd not hope I wou'd keep faith with you.
 I sin if to your love I lend an ear,
 Therefore, in generous charity, forbear.

Lep. Oh ! 'tis the nature of a flame to rove,
 My eyes will in your presence talk of love.
 My heavy sighs will silently complain,
 And own my secret languishings and pain.

Sal. Oh ! I'm afraid you own your love else-
 where,
 And it will reach your angry Emperor's ear.
 Have you confest your love to none ?

Lep. I have ;
 I talk so much of love men think I rave.
 I mention not your name ; but fair and young,
 Lovely, and love, dwell always on my tongue ;
 And these serve me for every reply.
 Some ask where Cæsar is—in love—say I ;
 Some ask what new-raisd forces we prepare
 Against the spring ;—I answer, young and fair.
 Some, if the towns that Cæsar took were strong ;
 I answer, wond'rous beautiful and young.

Sal. Oh ! sir ! avoid me, lest I shou'd be won,
 And then you share our fate, and be undone.

To Cæsar's image we'll not humbly fall ;
 And now his fury flames around us all.
 A horror sits on ev'ry Jewish brow ;
 Our nation has a frightful aspect now.
 Sir, for my peace, give your addresses o'er,
 And for your safety never see me more !

Lep. Ah ! cruel doom ! and not to be obey'd ;
 Who can live always in a mournful shade ?
 Well, tho' your laws and you all hope deny,
 Sweet maid ! I must love on.

Sal. Ah ! so must I. *[Aside.*
 Sir, pray retire, I see my father near !
 He'll be displeas'd if he shou'd find you here.

Lep. Since you command, I must, and will with-
 draw ;

But I hope yet in your dividing law
 To find a passage, where our hearts may meet,
 And have delights as innocent as sweet.

[Ex. Lep., Sal. at several doors.]

Enter CALIGULA, Attendants, Guards.

Cal. I went for a dead miracle of art,
 And a fair living wonder charm'd my heart ;
 A divine beauty ! she exceeds all praise.
 I sent Vitellius for her, and he stays.
 How dares he let my pleasure be delay'd ?
 He knows I'm not of patient metal made.
 'Tis dangerous my appetites to pall,
 Or make them wait a minute when they call.

Enter CONSULS and SENATORS.

What wou'd you have ?

1 Con. Cæsar was pleas'd to send
 His orders to us that we shou'd attend.

Cal. My Lords, you are all deep in Cæsar's debt,
 For Cæsar's wars ; and crimes you oft commit.

1 Con. Into Court-mysteries we dare not pry ;

Cæsar's commands are writ, we know not why,
In characters, which can be read by none ;
So into faults we fall to us unknown.

Cal. You say my characters cannot be read ;
Our Roman priests and lawyers earn their bread
By turning laws, and Jupiter's commands,
To mystic stuff, no mortal understands.
Thus they deceive you, yet you ne'er repine ;
You are their fools, why shou'd you not be mine ?

2 Con. Sir, when your will you legibly express,
We to our duty readily address.

Cal. No ! for my wars, when I exact my due,
No streams are louder murmurers than you.
The world is all my own, 'tis all crown-land :
I reign from Heav'n to hell ;——perhaps beyond.
You live on the estates I'm pleas'd to lend,
Yet you'd have me upon your alms depend.
You are the Consuls.

1 Con. Yes, great sir, we are.

Cal. Those offices you shall no longer bear ;
I'll chuse a consul, that has youth and force,
Spirit and fire ; I'll chuse my fav'rite horse.
Y'are rul'd by brutes, who are not half so wise ;
How often fools to magistracy rise !
Elephants carry castles in the East ;
Here tow'rs and towns often support a beast.
You'll honour, only for his noble breed,
A blockhead, and why not a noble steed ?
Our Roman priests rule ev'ry soul and purse,
Yet they've no more religion than my horse.
Begone ! begone ! the charming beauty's won ;
Through all my veins enlivening pleasures run.
[*Exeunt Con., Sen. and*

Enter LUCIUS VITELLIUS.

The news ! the news !

Id. Sir, ere she was aware,

We snatch'd her up, and fore'd her to a chair ;
And then she shriek'd, and tore her beauteous
hair.

Cal. I would lose nothing of her, 'tis confest,
Except her hair ; thou hast brought all the rest ?

M. Yes, sir.

Cal. Go, bring her !

Enter JULIA, forc'd by a GUARD.

Jul. I'm in Cæsar's pow'r ;
I came to Rome in a dark fatal hour.

Oh ! Cæsar ! *[She kneels.]*

Cal. Goddess !—so, no doubt, you are ;
No mortal can be so divinely fair.
Nay, nay, at my request, sweet madam, rise ;
Let all your graces entertain my eyes !
To Cæsar grant the infinite delight
To touch, and see a hand so soft and white.
Were all thy other beauties cheats of art,
This hand might palm a passion on my heart.
Where have you liv'd ?

Jul. In woods remote from hence ;
And, till this hour, in peaceful innocence.

Cal. In woods ? there were no shades, whilst
you shone there :

Why wou'd you not at Cæsar's Court appear,
But hide in a remote and lonely grove,
The only perfect workmanship of Jove ?
I saw you walk by Tiber, all alone,
In a fair garden, bord'ring on my own ;
And in amazing rapture, and transport,
I sent this Lord to bring you to my Court.

Jul. Sir, I am married to a valiant Lord,
Who has serv'd Cæsar nobly with his sword.

Cal. He loves thee not ; else he wou'd love to
shew

The happiness in thee his stars bestow :

For all mankind are ostentations, vain,
 And pleasures, when expos'd, most entertain.
 Men think their fortunes droop when they're conceal'd,

And pleasure sweetest, when 'tis air'd, reveal'd.
 And of my Empire too, he has possess'd
 A part I value above all the rest ;
 By Venus, I wou'd rather quit my throne !
 Madam, I may, and will assume my own.

Jul. A thousand painful deaths I'd rather chuse.

Cal. I die a painful death if you refuse.

Madam, my time, nay more, my life you waste ;
 Yes, madam, now 'tis treason to be chaste.

Jul. Sir, for the world I'd not my honour lose.

Cal. Oh ! I'm the fountain whence all honour flows.

Yes, madam ; sure you are not to be told,
 Men honour nothing more than pow'r, and gold.
 I can make virtue scorn'd and vice esteem'd ;
 I can make hell ador'd, and Heav'n blasphem'd.
 Success, dominion, and the longest sword,
 Make any creeds believ'd, or gods ador'd.

Jul. Oh ! save me ! save me ! all you pow'rs above !

Cal. I will hear nothing, from that voice, but love.

Jul. Assist me, gracious gods, without delay !

Cal. Does she love noise ? then let my music play.

[*Cal. forces her out ; she shrieks, and the music plays. Vit. follows.*]

Enter at another door CESONIA, looking in a glass.

Ces. This bath has cleans'd my blood, and made it thin ;

Has reviv'd all the lillies in my skin,
 The roses in my cheeks, with such a red

The blushing morning leaves her wat'ry bed.
 This way my Cæsar went, as I'm inform'd,—
 The door is shut, the castle must be storm'd.

[She knocks, Vitellius answers within.]

Vit. Who's there ?

Ces. Your Empress !

Euter VITELLIUS.

I look wondrous well. *[She looks in the glass.]*

Now all my sex, nay, I myself excel,
 Fresh roses in my cheeks now sweetly blow.

Your Emp'r'or went this way not long ago.

Vit. Over that beauty ? Yes, I must confess
 That has been long his only paradise.
 There his heart liv'd, there his lips often stray'd ;
 But Cæsar now is by new beauty sway'd. *[Aside.]*
 Madam, your pleasure with your humble slave ?

Ces. I've business—

Vit. With your glass ;—I see you have.
 Well, we have now three Empresses in town ;
 This beauteous Empress here, whose falling crown,
 Unknown to her, sits loosely on her head ;
 One Empress in a glass, and one i' bed. *[Aside.]*

Ces. I think I never look'd so clear and fair ;
 I'll steal on Cæsar, like a shape of air.

Vit. Most sacred madam, Cæsar now retires
 For great affairs, and privacy desires.

Ces. From me ?

Vit. From all the world, for half an hour.

Ces. Dare you oppose me ? then I've lost my
 power ;

And some new beauty over Cæsar reigns :
 My blood will start out of my swelling veins !

Vit. Cæsar, indeed, too often to his cost,
 Injures himself and you ; himself the most,
 And your misfortune you have rightly guessed.

Ces. My heart can never have a moment's rest.

Why do I loiter whilst my int'rests bleed ?

[She offers to go, and he interposes.]

Ha ! stop me ? You are a bold bawd indeed !

Wert thou a flaming mountain I'd not stay,
But thro' thy burning bowels force my way.

Enter CALIGULA.

Cal. How now ? from whence is this presumptuous noise,

Who dares break in on Cæsar's privacies ?

Ces. Love is the offender, sir ; love urg'd me on
To stay your heart, ere 'tis for ever gone.
For I am told my interests decline ;
You have found beauty that charms more than mine.

Cal. Come, madam, y'are luxurious, haughty, vain ;

Cæsar you love because you love to reign.

Ces. Cæsar I love more than his glorious crown ;
And I love Cæsar let him smile or frown.
Etna did never with more fury burn :
I love to madness, and as madly mourn.

Cal. Oh ! you are mad no doubt, for who is not ?

Cowards are mad, they fear they know not what.

What death is to the living ne'er was shewn ;

Life is not more to the unborn unknown.

The brave are mad, for fame they'll madly die,

Which after death they hope not to enjoy.

The learn'd are mad, and madly tear their brains

For knowledge ; which no mortal e'er attains.

And what confusion from learn'd madness springs,

Among religions, laws, states, realms, and Kings !

And yet in schools where thoughtful madness reigns

The mad are free, and books are bound in chains.

The vicious are all mad, by laws confin'd,

The virtuous are more mad, themselves they bind :
And Jove was mad when he made mad mankind.
There's one great flaw runs through the earth and
sky ;

And ev'ry god and man is mad, but I.

Ces. Wou'd I were mad ! I shou'd be more at
ease,

And have no sense of all my miseries.

New beauties vanquish Cæsar ev'ry hour ;

Then how does raging grief my heart devour ?

My heart to Cæsar fixt, more torment feels

Than if he dragg'd me at his chariot wheels.

Cal. I love, and hunt variety, 'tis true,

And does not mother Nature love it too ?

Good gods ! how does she vary human mould,

She often makes new faces o' the old.

If any have in life continued long,

We always say they're old, we do them wrong ;

And if we call them young 'tis but their due,

Their shapes and features are entirely new.

How oft does nature change us ere we die !

She loves new faces, then why shou'd not I ?

In chase of change my nature loves to run,

Yet to amazement I have doted on.

Two years and more I have thy will obeyed ;

Others enjoy'd seem in a night decay'd.

They've sprung to Cæsar's bed, young, lovely, gay ;

And I have thought them old by break of day,

Have thought them dead with age, and I've decreed

To burn them or embowel them with speed.

But to thy arms I've been two years confin'd ;

Th'art an enchantress and canst fix the wind,

Back to its spring canst make a torrent run,

And stop the fiery chariot o' the sun.

Thy beauty only cou'd not have the power

To fix my heart. Never see Cæsar more !

Ces. Oh, these eternal tempests who can bear !

I'll rather sink into profound despair.
 I'm hourly broken on a golden shore,
 A barren beach cou'd not afflict me more.
 I never in your presence will appear;
 I'll labour to forget you ever were.
 No image of you shall my griefs renew :
 And so a long farewell to love and you.

Cal. Come back !

Ces. Only to love, and mourn in vain,
 And be a follower in my rival's train ?

Cal. I'll have thee wrack'd, to make thee own
 the art,

Which thus eternally enslaves my heart.
 When any one but thee I've oft embrac'd,
 Corrupted water has a sweeter taste.
 But thee I never can abandon long :
 Thy tempting beauty and enchanting tongue
 Soon make the wand'ring gods of love return ;
 And now once more with violence I burn.

Ces. Oh, Cæsar, Cæsar, tempt my heart no more !
 For can I moderately love, adore
 A Prince so great, so graceful, so divine ?
 Ah, what do I enjoy whilst Cæsar's mine ?
 And when I lose his heart does he believe
 That I can calmly, moderately grieve ?

Cal. I know in love my godhead I exert,
 Therefore I'm lov'd by thy voluptuous heart.
 Cast from thy mind all jealousy and fear ;
 I'll ne'er forsake thee, by my life I swear.

Ces. Your heart no beauty scarce an hour en-
 dures :

I could dwell years upon a kiss o' yours.

Cal. Thou art a golden harp divinely tun'd,
 What statue would not dance to such a sound ?
 Rase from thy memory my sinful hours,
 And all my little vagabond amours ;
 They're meteors, and like other vagrants poor,

Soon waste their fires, and then appear no more.
 Others no more the riots can supply
 Of such an epicure in love as I,
 Than a plebeian fortune can support
 My guards, my fleets, my armies, and my Court.
 But my excursions from thy arms improve
 Thy joys and mine, and make new springs in love.
 So an Arabian gains by his retreats,
 The livelier sense of his o'ercoming sweets.

Ces. Cost what it will to Cæsar's arms I'll fly,
 I cannot pay too dear for so much joy.

[She runs to Cæsar's embrace.]

Cal. Oh, welcome to my arms my charming love !

Ces. Welcome to mine ; my young illustrious
 Jove !

Oh, my excess of love gluts Cæsar's heart.
 If I were wise I'd temp'rate love with art ;
 But I am too immoderately kind.

Cal. Have I a temp'rate and a mod'rate mind ?
 Is Cæsar to thy heart no better known ?
 Give me extravagant delights or none.
 Mod'rate delight is but a waking dream,
 And of all pleasures love is the supreme.
 And therefore love immoderate love deserves :
 Excess o'ercomes, but moderation starves.
 Fear not my wand'rings, for, go where I will,
 I'm in my Empress's dominion still.

Ces. And tho' he wonders, I love Cæsar still !
 Cæsar ? methinks the name of Cæsar charms.
 Cæsar I love, tho' in a rival's arms.
 More in my own embraces, I confess :
 And I will love to infinite excess.

Cal. Love to excess ? th'art infinitely fair,
 In my delights I can no limits bear.
 But,—for what reason never cou'd be known,—
 Our joys have bounds, and our desires have none.

[Exeunt Caligula, Cesonia, Attendants, Guards.]

Enter VALERIUS ASIATICUS.

Val. A. Oh, I have met with news which makes
me flame ;
And every eye upbraids me with my shame.
My services have met a kind reward :
The hour I quitted my domestic guard,
The Emperor's bawds ravish'd my wife away ;
And he's devouring now the luscious prey.
She comes——

Enter JULIA.

Oh, Julia ! what has Cæsar done ?

Jul. Oh, my Lord ! leave me to my griefs alone.
Do not look on me, I'm a hateful sight,
And long to hide in everlasting night.
As in my garden I walk'd all alone,
Securely, as I thought, unseen, unknown,
The Emperor, from an apartment nigh,
Often beheld me with a greedy eye,
And forc'd me thence. Let me not tell the rest ;
Oh ! thou most wrong'd of men, and yet the best.

Val. A. New giants have bound Jove, so he lies
still,
And lets this filthy tyrant take his fill
Of whoredom, blood, rapes, incest, what he will.
Had Cæsar ravish'd from me all my lands,
Bottomless treasures, numberless commands,
But to thy beauty never had approach'd,
Had left me thee unblemish'd and untouch'd ;
My heart is so devoted to thy love,
I wou'd not have chang'd happiness with Jove.

Jul. Oh ! my dear Lord, your wrongs with
patience bear !
Trust not your dang'rous passions to the air.

Val. A. Revenge, revenge ! my love I must
pursue,

The tyrant with more ease I can subdue,
 And fear him not ; for, as the lofty sky,
 And bright full moon, attract a mad man's eye,
 This gaudy tyrant's meditations gaze
 On the bright splendours that around him blaze,
 And so to others no regard he pays.
 Like a fierce panther I will hunt my prey,
 And with his blood wash all my spots away.
 Come, let me lead thee home!

Jul. Can you endure
 To touch, or to approach one so impure?
 I hate to touch myself ; to draw my breath
 It makes me sick ; and I am sick to death.
 For love I prize, for love I lose my life ;
 I liv'd your chaste, and die your martyr'd wife.

Ful A. Oh ! Cæsar ! Cæsar ! thou shalt feel my
 sword ;
 Shall is too sluggish and too faint a word.
 The tyrant's fallen, on his neck I tread ;
 He's dying by my sword ; nay more, he's dead.
 But can one death for all his crimes atone ?
 He breaks thy laws : oh ! Nature ! break thy own !
 Let him have many lives, be often born,
 That he may often be in pieces torn.

ACT V.

Enter JULIA and her WOMEN.

Jul. Run to my Lord ! desire his swift return,
 For I've drunk poison, and I burn, I burn !

*Enter VALERIUS ASIATICUS, and ANNIUS
 MINUTIANUS.*

Oh ! my dear Lord ! I've done my honour right,
 And death will soon transport me out o' sight ;

For I am all in a consuming flame,
I burn with poison, and I burn with shame.

Val. A. With poison?

Jul. Poison! but I've never been
With a worse poison tainted, shameful sin.
Oh! I abhor the thought,

Val. A. I've no distrust.

Jul. I've been inviolably true, and just.
No one can have a soul more clear than I
From foul desires; for Cæsar's sin I die.

Val. A. I do believe thou art as chaste as fair;
Wound not thy wounded heart, thy griefs I share.
How much I value thee thou hast not known,
Because I love thee more than can be shown.
I, out of love, conceal'd thee in a shade.

Jul. And your commands I boldly disobey'd,
And came to Rome. *[She kneels.*

The fatal fault forgive;
And, at the least, oh! love me, whilst I live.

Val. A. Ay, and for ever! rise, sweet Julia,
rise!

Rise to my arms, thou life of all my joys,
But a departing life my Julia dies.

Jul. Oh! wou'd to Heav'n I had died, before
This shameful violation. Oh! no more:
My blushing cheeks glow with a fiery red;
In thy dear bosom let me hide my head.

An. M. How blest was he, before this heavy
wrong,

In a soft beauty, constant, chaste, and young.
In this sweet lady all perfections join;
I never had a pleasing hour with mine.

Jul. When I am dead, strew me all o'er, I pray,
With flow'rs, to shew that I was chaste as they.

Val. A. As sweet, and lovely too.

Jul. They fade, and die,
When they are rudely touch'd; and so do I.

Oh! my blood rises, my cheeks glow again!
Why shon'd I blush for wicked Cæsar's sin?

Val. A. The least undecent thought thou canst
not bear;

Thy virtue, to its self, is too severe.

Jul. Oh! see! the souls of vestal virgins come
To welcome me, and grace my martyrdom;
They're all in robes, whiter than mountain snow.

Val. A. Alas! she raves.

Jul. Do you not see them?

Val. A. No.

Jul. Then I perceive, the modest beauties shun
The sight of men; therefore begone, — begone!
I shall in triumph to Elizium go;

'Tis a great honour, ladies, you bestow.

Oh! they retire. — Ladies, return again,

Admit me into your sacred spotless train!

I'm chaste as you, tho' not so fair in fame;

For wicked tongues, I know, will wrong my name,

Throw on my mem'ry undeserv'd disgrace;

But your sweet groves will hide my blushing face.

Oh! they are going; stay, sweet virgins, stay!

They're gone! they're gone! y'ave fright'ned them
away.

And I'm with strangers left I know not where.

Val. A. Th'art in his arms, to whom th'art
wondrous dear.

Jul. Ha! you are Cæsar.

Val. A. No, sweet Julia, no!

I'm Cæsar's mortal and eternal foe.

Jul. Well, y'are a man, and ev'ry man I dread.

Who's this? my Lord! I knew not what I said.

In my few moments, that my thoughts shou'd rove
From him, whom I so dearly, dearly love.

Val. A. Lean, lean, my Julia, on my panting
breast!

My love and sorrow cannot be express'd.

Jul. I'm going where no wicked tyrant reigns ;
Preserve my mem'ry.

Val. A. All thy dear remains.

Jul. Heav'n knows how I've been faithful to
your bed !

I've lov'd you to my death, shall love when dead.
Elizium can to me no bliss afford,

Till in those happy shades I meet my Lord :

Till then—farewell ! *[She dies.]*

Val. A. She's going ! she is gone ! *

Ah ! see, what bestial tyranny has done.

Her beauty's gone ! death has deflow'r'd her too,

What I so lov'd I've not the heart to view.

Cover her face ! forbear a while—those pale

Departing beauties death too long will veil.

I will have one cold kiss before we part.

[Kisses her.]

Revenge ! Revenge ! Oh, how it swells my heart !

An. M. Be well prepar'd ! Rome loves a vicious
Prince,

All the corrupt will rise in his defence.

Val. A. Well, if Rome rises, I will raise it
higher,

For I'll exalt it to the clouds in fire.

But 'tis dispirited, and dares not rise :

And Cæsar's scorn'd by all the brave and wise.

An. M. Proud tyrants who no bounds of law
endure

Are common foes ; and never are secure ;

Their lofty thrones they seldom long enjoy :

Fierce lions all men labour to destroy.

Val. A. Oh, tremble Cæsar ! prodigies appear,

Which say, if there be gods, thy fall is near.

Prodigious virtue in this beauty shone ;

Her cause and justice live, tho' she is gone.

Thy own prodigious crimes th'ast cause to dread ;

Vengeance they'll hurl at thy devoted head.

Eclipses are thought frightful omens too :
 This sad eclipse thou may'st with terror view,
 It threatens thy life——View it ? ye gods forbid !
 His frantic lust wou'd violate the dead.
 Methinks I talk too much, in words abound,
 And my revenge evaporates in sound.

An. M. Will you not set the gallant Cassius free ?

Cal. A. And steal by stabs, revenge, and liberty ?
 My honour in full splendour I'll maintain,
 I'll by fair war end this inhuman reign.
 This night, for mine, and universal good,
 The sun shall set in blood, Imperial blood ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter CALIGULA, VITELLIUS, Guards.

Cal. Beauty I love, but I hate toilsome rapes ;
 I love good wine, but wou'd not tread the grapes.
 The chaste are cold, therefore I hate the chaste ;
 Fruits in cold climes have an insipid taste.
 I'm told by oracles my death is nigh.

Vit. Your death ?

Cal. My death ! all I suspect shall die.
 Valerius first shall perish by my sword ;
 He can in battle face his sovereign Lord.

Vit. Nay, he's provok'd ! and therefore dangerous
 grown.

Cal. Provok'd by pride to mount th' Imperial
 throne.

And by revenge provok'd to take my life,
 Because I fore'd his fair, young, virtuous wife.
 Cassius Cherea's honest, tho' not bold,
 Valerius has confin'd him, I am told.
 In the mad revels of his rage, no doubt,
 Valerius let some dangerous secrets out,
 Which now he'd lock up in the dark from me.

But I'll unravel all the villany.

It. The Jews inform'd, that if they dare deny
To worship Cæsar's image they shall die,
Beg audience.

Cal. Villains ! they would not presume
To slight my will, had they not found in Rome
Rebellious spirits, and, when they appear,
A Prince's fall and death are oft too near.
Nay, a young Roman I reprov'd of late,
For being wanton, soft, effeminate,
Useless to Cæsar and to all mankind
Except the fair—has saucily design'd
To wed a Jewess, now in Cæsar's Court ;
With Cæsar's anger none shall dare to sport.
I'll reform Rome, and all shall feel my sword,
Whose names are written in this black Record,
[*He pulls out a pocket-book.*]
Then I'll to Egypt where I'm most ador'd.
Bring in the Jews !

Enter PHILO and the JEWS.

Cal. What wou'd you have ? [To *Philo.*
Those carvings there look well— [To *Vitellius.*

Phi. Permission, sir—

Cal. Permission to rebel ?

Phi. We sacrifice for Cæsar every day,

Cal. You sacrifice for Cæsar oft, you say,
But not to Cæsar. How dare you presume
To give my honour to I don't know whom ?

Phi. Leave to enjoy those rights, we humbly
crave,
Your glorious ancestor Augustus gave.

Cal. What are those rights ?

Phi. They're by long custom known ;
And all deriv'd by the Imperial throne.
The Alexandrians slight our lofty claim,
And hourly put our dwellings in a flame,

Plunder our treasures, seize on all our lands,
And often in our blood embrue their hands.
The lives of thousands.—

Cal. Ha! the lives you say?

Oh! now my water-works begin to play.

[He runs to the side of the stage.]

Phi. Audience from Cæsar water-works can
gain;

A bleeding nation humbly begs in vain.

Cal. These streams are sweeter murmurers than
you,

Now these apartments let's a moment view.

[He goes to the other side of the stage.]

See, there gods ride on clouds!

Vit. Can painting give

A life to shadows? one would think they live.

Cal. You've rights deriv'd from the Imperial
throne? *[To Philo.]*

There I'll have windows of transparent stone,

[To Vitellius.]

Which shall the fury of the sun allay

The fiery river of a flaming day,

Will through those channels coolly, mildly pass:

Glass windows in hot climes are burning glass,

Have you a patent?—come let it be seen—

Phi. Under the Imperial seal—

Cal. Of Heaven, you mean;

For you are the Almighty's darling choice,

Your pray'rs have in Heaven a casting voice.

And all your rams which at your altars die,

Prove batt'ring-rams, it seems, and force the sky.

Go! you are cheated fools or saucy cheats,

And above Cæsar raise your vain conceits.

Throw down the statues of the world's great Lord!

Whilst your imaginations are ador'd,

I will put all your nation to the sword.

Vit. A glorious Prince!

Phi. We patiently resign
Ourselves to Heaven's will.

Cal. And shall to mine.
You have a daughter now in Rome, 'tis said,
Whom a young Roman dares presume to wed.

Enter PASTOR.

Oh! Pastor, you've a son, who dares design
To wed a fair young enemy of mine.

Pas. I never heard this dreadful news before ;
If thunder-stricken cou'd I tremble more ?

Phi. Sir, our unhappy children I perceive
Have wickedly, without their parent's leave
Or knowledge, stol'n into a marriage vow ;
I never knew they leagu'd or lov'd till now.

Cal. On this offence I'll lay a dreadful fine ;
Which shall be paid, by thy son's blood or mine.
[*To Pastor.*
Secure the old knight ; and then with speed and
care,

Search for his son ! conceal him they that dare.
Philosopher, you'd have your tribes submit,
Not to my will, but to your aspiring wit.
Say my pretences to celestial power
Are lofty frolics of my mind, no more ;
Will you presume to give my pleasure law ?
I'll be ador'd to keep the world in awe ;
Ay, and by you ; if you dare disobey,
Your death shall be among my sports to-day.

[*Exeunt Cal., Vit., Guard.—Pas. led out a prisoner.*

Phi. We must adore him ! if he's disobey'd
We die, for Cæsar's sport were nations made
By power celestial, infinitely good,
For Cæsar's lust to glory, power, and blood !

Enter LEPIDUS.

Oh ! sir ! you've wrong'd me ! cruelly beguil'd

Your friend of his belov'd and only child.

Lep. Indeed I have not, sir ; I will confess.
I sought to gain her, but with no success.
Sir, my addresses she wou'd not receive,
Or lend an ear to them, without your leave ;
And that I sought not, for I fear'd 'twas vain,
I know your zeal. But, sir, did she complain ?

Phi. I heard the news in Court, and not till
now ;

It has reach'd Cæsar's ears, I know not how.
The Emperor no contempt with ease endures :
'Till you appear your father he secures,
And, if from Cæsar's fierce revenge you fly,
Your aged father for your fault will die.

[Exeunt Philo and the Jews at one door.]

At another, Enter SALOME.

Lep. Oh ! lovely maid ! for death I must prepare.
My sweet commerce with one so wondrous fair
Has fallen, it seems, under the envious eye
Of some Court-whisperer, and I must die.

Sal. This dire event I always did forebode,
And lost the pleasure which thy love bestow'd.
I've lov'd thee, tho' my love I have not shown.
More than 'twas fit a modest maid should own.

Lep. Oh ! what delightful harmony I hear !
But I must meet the death which is too near.
For angry Cæsar now in Court secures
My tender father, and he threatens yours.
If I abscond they both will die, I fear ;
Therefore, to save them both I must appear.

Sal. Ah ! dreadful news ! then th'art ensnared
indeed !

Almighty father of the world, with speed
To this brave pious youth send succour down !
For the religion to his father shewn.
Let not the world so great a treasure lose ;

But let some other angel interpose.

Lep. Some other angel? then thou think'st me one;

What happiness I lose! I must begone,
Methinks I hear my suffering father groan.
Farewell, sweet love—

Sal. Farewell? ah! killing word!
He parts from me to rush on Cæsar's sword.
From loving me my gen'rous lover dies.

Lep. And yet that love above my life I prize.
Ah! Cæsar comes; trust me to Heaven's defence,
But not thy beauty to this lustful Prince.

Sal. Oh! I had rather be in pieces torn
By raging lions, or in Ætna burn. [*Exit. Sal.*]

*Enter, at another door, CALIGULA, VITELLIUS,
GUARD.*

Lep. Sir, to redeem my father, I appear
Unfore'd, unbound, and come a volunteer.

Cal. You love a Jewess?

Lep. Sir, I do indeed!
I love her beauty, virtue, not her creed.
We may accept good foreign coin, tho' there
The images of Cæsar's foes appear.

Cal. Were she worth love, she wou'd thy love
despise;

And rather choose a lover, brave and wise,
Whose cheeks are drain'd of all their blood by
wounds,

But his good sword with noble blood abounds;
His locks are gone, old time has cut that comb,
But fame and wisdom sprout up in the room;
Than a young fool, whose brains flow all in hair,
But has no heart, and a wit bald and bare.

Lep. This from the most effeminate Prince alive?
With thy own lusts and vices Cæsar strive.

[*Aside.*]

Cal. Too many worthless youths now cumber
 Rome,
 Who derive all their honours from the womb,
 They bask in lustre, which their birth bestows,
 And in the lap of fortune dully dose.
 To leave their sloth, and take a noble course,
 The trumpets seem with frequent summons hoarse.
 The grumbling drums urge them to war in vain ;
 The drones have warlike glory in disdain,
 And from their wealth and ease no more can rise,
 Than from their amber tombs poor lifeless flies.
 Begone ! th'art an offence to Caesar's eye :
 Go to thy father and prepare to die.

Lep. Myself to death with pleasure I resign,
 Hoping I shall redeem his life with mine.

[*Ec. Lep. guarded.*]

Cal. Go, let Cheræa speedily be brought.

Enter CASSIUS CHERÆA, with a Guard.

Vit. He's come !

Cal. A prisoner, Cassius ? What's thy fault ?

Cas. C. My Lord ! Valerius, who has been my
 friend,

Sir, 'twas my great misfortune to offend.

Cal. Confess the truth, save thy own life and
 mine :

From his proud heart some dangerous design

Broke in thy hearing, ere he was aware,

And then he lock'd it up from taking air.

Cas. C. He's close and dark, I believe loyal too ;

I love a virgin in the dark, 'tis true,

Not treason, sir, with the most lovely face :

But I've not seen him since his last disgrace.

Cal. His nature's visible enough, he's proud ;

He courts the Senate, purchases the crowd,

By their assistance to ascend the throne :

Power is the idol of his heart, 'tis known.

This night the memory of Augustus claims
 With all munificence, and public games,
 I fail not to adorn it, ev'ry year ;
 And I shall have a great assembly here.
 This evening my Tragedians represent
 Some of those fables priests of hell invent.
 Then Rome shall be a hell and flow in blood,
 A noble fable for an interlude.
 Cassius, I'll try the metal of thy sword,
 Thou shalt have the honour to obey thy Lord.

Cas. Cæsar makes bloody hangmen of his
 Guard——

We to a noble office are prefer'd.
 When his mind changes,—which will be soon,
 For it has more new faces than the moon,
 And influences more this lower world,—
 We, by new hangmen, shall to hell be hurl'd.
 My resolutions I have let you know,
 And you embrac'd them ; now let's give the blow,
 For which sick trembling Rome in secret longs ;
 Let's give her freedom and revenge her wrongs !
 The tyrant by our aid, robs, burns, devours :
 Let's put an end to all her guilt and ours !

[*Aside to the Guards.*

Cal. Rome has inborn aversions to a Prince ;
 And I am warn'd to stand on my defence
 By oracles and dreams—Sleep shuns my eyes ;
 I'm angry that I need such poor supplies.
 Time by immortal natures may be spar'd ;
 But from short life to take a third seems hard.

Vit. Thanks to the gods ! in yonder beauteous
 bower

You slept of late.

Cal. How long ?

Vit. Almost an hour,

Ten minutes short : for, sir, I proudly own,
 I number'd them, and then I penn'd them down.

Whatever Cæsar does,—a Prince ador'd
By half mankind,—is worthy of record.

Cal. Then did I dream from Heaven,—where I
was crown'd,—

Jove spurn'd me to the earth; nay, under the
ground.

The earth then yawn'd, and with a frightful roar
Clos'd o'er my head, and I was seen no more.
Dark treason lurks in Rome, I know not where.
I'm in disorder——Rogues will call it fear,
And so will impudent historians too;
How do they blacken Kings, they never knew!
Of their own vain imaginations proud,
Into their stories saucily they crowd
Their own reflections, dreams, and false conceits;
So lie with Kings, in the same fine wrought sheets.
All Rome but I now with delight abounds:
Let music try, with sweet enchanting sounds
To calm my stormy thoughts, to lull my care.
Music charm'd hell and all the furies there.

[After a short entertainment of music and dancing, shrieks and tumultuous noises are heard from behind the scenes. Vit. goes out.]

My guards! my guards!

Re-enter VITELLIUS.

How now! does Rome rebel?

Vit. One of your statues shook and groan'd,
then fell;
Th' assembly fright'ned then, in tumults rose;
And with blood rain'd from Heav'n the pavement
flows.

Cal. For Cæsar's danger nature is in pain:
There is more truth in marble than in men.
The fall of Rome, or Cæsar's death is near:
I'll have the blood of all I've cause to fear!
Go and prepare for this design to-night,

And we'll to-morrow forage in delight.

[*Exit Vit.*

Cas. Now our great work no longer let's retard.
Strike when I strike !

[*Aside to the guard.*

Sir, I am on the guard :

[*He approaches the Emperor.*

Be pleas'd to give the word.

Cal. Stay, let me see !——

Priapus ;—that is a fit word for thee.

[*Cassius Cherea wounds the Emperor and the
Guard seconds him. The Emperor falls.*

Cal. Ha ! I am murder'd ! murder'd by my
guard !

Cas. Ch. No, no ! a murderer meets his just reward.

[*The Emperor strives to get up.*

Cal. I am yet alive !

Cas. Ch. How many lives hast thou ?

Thou hast a thousand if th'art living now.

[*They all wound him again.*

Had we not kill'd thee thousands must have died

By us ; as victims to thy bloody pride,

They cou'd no way but by thy fall escape :

'Twas on my innocence a cruel rape.

Death I expect, and I'll prepare to die,

Not by the councils of philosophy ;

I will converse with beauty more divine,

And be inspir'd by love, and songs, and wine.

Myself for death with pleasure I'll compose,

And give my life an entertaining close.

[*Clashing of arms is heard.*

What shou'd this mean ? No matter what, away !

Lest you be cut in pieces if you stay.

[*Exeunt Cassius and the Guard.*

Cal. I am yet living, and the villains fly ;

I shall revenge my death before I die !

[*He endeavours to rise.*

*Enter VALERIUS ASIATICUS, ANNIUS MINUTIANUS,
and their party, driving soldiers before them.*

*[Caligula rises and staggers. Val., Min. and their
party return.]*

Val. A. Where is the ravisher of beauteous
wives,

Of virgins, realms, religions, laws, and lives ?

Cal. Valerius ? then my death was thy design ;
I'm butcher'd here, by cowardly rogues o' thine.

Val. A. Cowards I hate, and cowardly treason
scorn,

I'll keep unstain'd the laurels I have worn.

A brave revenge I fairly sought and won ;

I've beat thy guards, and thou art left alone.

I've given thy dreadful power a dangerous blow :

Thou and thy lofty throne both struggle now.

Cal. I'm going ! going ! whither—who can tell ?

Val. A. Whither all tyrants go ; to burning hell !

Cal. I'd rather sink into the hell I dread,
Than at a rascal's foot—thus—lay my head.

[Caligula falls and dies.]

Val. A. So, he is fallen ! he who lately trod
On all mankind and call'd himself a god !

That he was mortal to his cost he found,

And in his blood now wallows on the ground.

An. M. He wish'd all Rome had but one neck,
'tis said,

That at one blow he might all Rome behead.

Val. A. Ay, but he found too many hands in
town,

And hands it seems as bloody as his own.

A debauch'd vicious Prince does often find

'Tis very dangerous to corrupt mankind.

'Tis odds, he by his own corruption dies,

And crimes by crimes justly the gods chastise.

For coffins speedily search all the town !

For he has wrong'd my honour and his own.
 He wrought no doubt the villany I fear'd ;
 But by his death my honour shall be clear'd.

Enter CESONIA and her woman.

Ces. My Cæsar murder'd ? stand away—forbear !
 Now I've lost Cæsar, what have I to fear ?
 Oh ! here's my Cæsar I so lov'd, ador'd,
 Lord of the world, I'm sure Cesonia's Lord,
 Mangled by villains, here in blood he lies !
 In his own blood—Cæsar, who gave my eyes,
 Ay, and my heart such infinite delight,
 Is now a mournful and a dreadful sight.
 The world to me is all a desert now ;
 For a lost Cæsar, gods, revenge bestow !
 Revenge all Princes, by this horrid deed
 All thrones are shaken, and all Princes bleed.
 Revenge two lovers, here by villains torn ;
 One murder'd, and I only live to mourn ;
 Revenge my princely babe, from Cæsar sprung !
 It cannot sin, why shou'd it suffer wrong ?
 Now the tree's fallen, the little branch will soon
 Decay and wither—Oh ! I faint ! I swoon—

Val. A. Help her !

Ces. Stand off ! I've pleasure in my grief
 Except revenge, I desire no relief.
 Take up the precious relics of your Prince :
 Oh, take them up, whilst I've remains of sense.
 Oh, gently, gently, if you be humane,
 His wounds pain me, and he feels all my pain,
 For his Cesonia he more dearly loves,
 Than all the beauties in th' Elizian groves.

[They take up the Emperor.]

Come, my dead Lord with thy Cesonia dwell :
 In love at least I all my sex excel.
 Now in the dead, and death are all my joys :

I'll weep till tears and death have quench'd my eyes.

[Exeunt Cesonia and her Attendants with the body of the Emperor.]

Val. A. Unhappy Princess ! the worst fault she had

Was an excess of love for one so bad ;
Now bring the sentence'd pris'ners in, with speed !
Whose unjust deaths, the tyrant had decreed.

Enter PASTOR, LEPIDUS, PHILO, and the JEWS.

Your fortunes and your freedoms I restore !
The tyrant's dead, he'll plague the world no more.

Pas. The dreadful Emp'ror dead ! good news indeed !

Oh ! to his vices may no Prince succeed.

Enter SALOME, she runs to LEPIDUS.

Sal. Oh ! my dear love !

Lep. My love ! art thou so near ?

Oh ! how durst thou expose thy beauty here ?

Sal. Ask me no questions, I am mad with joy !
And have not sense to make thee a reply.

I in distraction came to die with thee,
Die in thy arms, and find thee safe and free.

Val. A. Go, marry ! of each other take your fill ;

And now you Jews, go ! believe what you will.

Pas. Yes, marry, son ! th'ast nobly earn'd my leave.

Lep. Oh ! with what joy this favour I receive.

Phi. Most gallant youth, not many minutes since,

When the keen weapon of a dreadful Prince
Was on your father drawn, you stepped between :
Such an example we have rarely seen.
Now shall we turn the edge of law on you !

More favour to your piety is due.

My daughter, sir, I to your arms resign.

Lep. Oh ! my dear love, th'art mine.

Sal. And thou art mine.

Kal. A. The Imperial throne I can with ease ascend,

I know no power which can with mine contend.

But should I reign, the world which thinks me proud

Will charge me with the guilt of Cæsar's blood,

And say, the horrid villany was done

By my command ; that I might mount the throne.

I'd rather be an honest slave, I swear,

Than buy the Empire of the world so dear.

I never yet in crimes employ'd my sword.

When I've the Senate to their right restor'd,

And reveng'd Cæsar, as our laws require,

I'll to some quiet privacy retire,

And there disarm'd, and all my powers laid down,

I will be great in nothing but renown,

And in my solitude till death I'll mourn

Over my martyr'd Julia's sacred urn. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.

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